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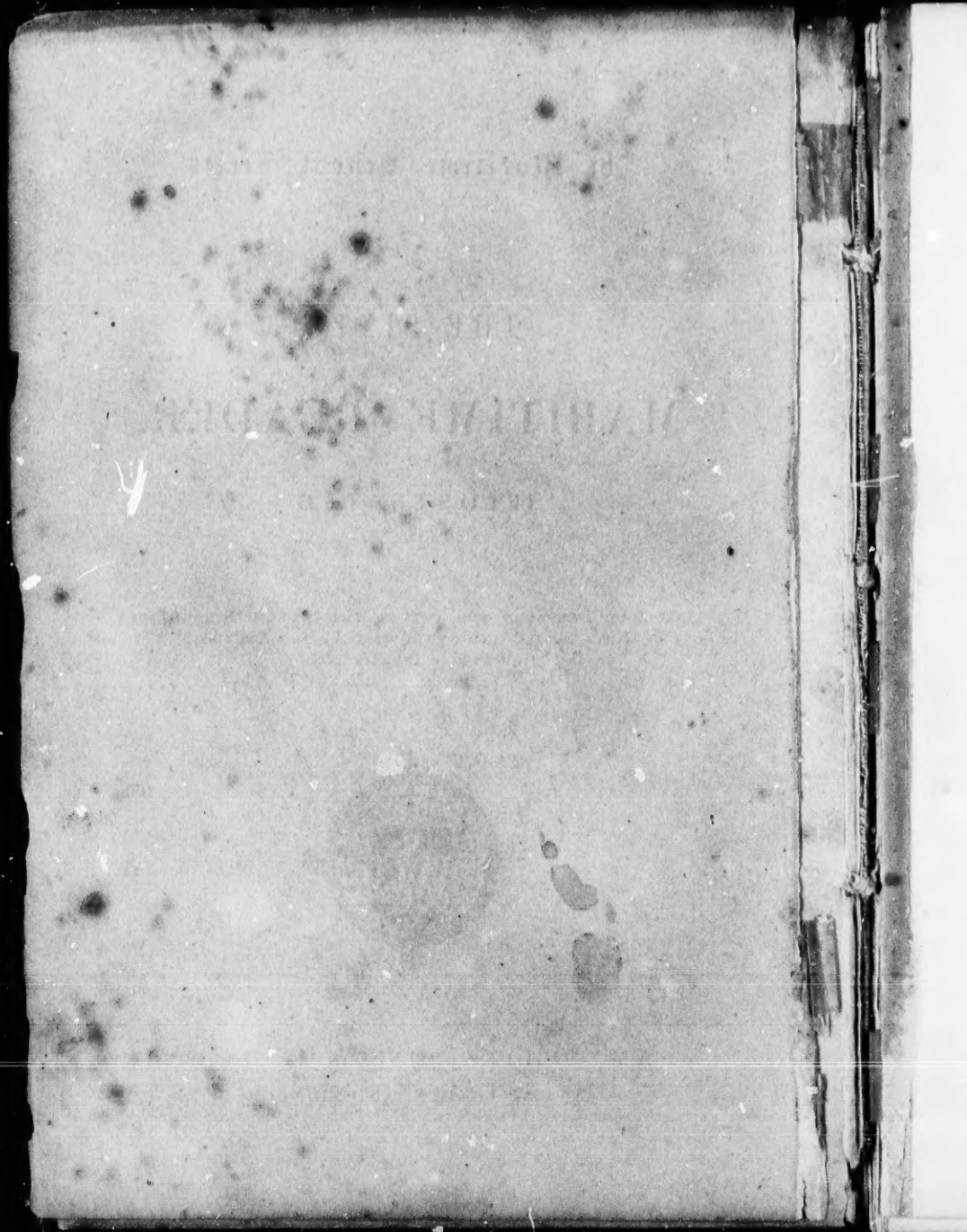
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The Maritime School Series.

THE SIXTH
MARITIME READER,
ILLUSTRATED.

SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR USE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF
NOVA SCOTIA, AND AUTHORISED BY THE COUNCIL
OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.



WM. COLLINS, SONS, & CO., LIMITED
GLASGOW, LONDON, AND EDINBURGH.

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PREFACE.

THE SIXTH MARTIME READER has been constructed on the same general plan as the Fifth. The Lessons have been arranged promiscuously, so as to give that variety which is so necessary to arouse the interest and secure the attention of the young.

The selection of topics has been made with very great care, and with a due regard to the age and mental development of those who may be presumed to use this Book. A large proportion of the extracts is from standard English Authors. Too much novelty in a Book of this kind is not a desirable quality. Accordingly, whilst it is believed that a great deal of fresh matter will be found in the Reader, it was not deemed advisable to exclude old and long-tried favourites, merely because they may have appeared in other books of a similar nature to this.

The cultivation of the Memory, which has of late been too much neglected, is once again beginning to assert its rightful place in the work of the School. *Memoria excolendo augetur*; but, if it is not exercised in youth, the exercise of it in after years will be all the more difficult. In addition to the decided benefit arising to the individual from the cultivation of the Memory, it is of the utmost importance to store the youthful mind with some of those choice thoughts in which our Literature is so rich. With the view of enabling the Teacher to do this systematically, numerous poetical pieces have been inserted; and, in particular, one Lesson in each section is devoted to Poetic Gems. These gems have been culled from a wide field, and, whilst in themselves beautiful, all inculcate some great moral lesson.

With the view of securing for Composition the attention which, at the present day it deserves, Composition Exercises have been appended to the first five sections, based, in the main, on the Lessons in these sections. A double object is thus secured. The scholar is furnished with material from which to compose—no light matter, as every teacher is aware—

and the master is enabled, from the pupil's Composition Exercise, to ascertain in how far the salient points of the Lesson have been understood.

No formal attempt has been made to render the Reader a scientific text-book. Any such attempt would have been alien to the design of this Series. That design is to secure good intelligent reading, with an understanding of the meaning and scope of the particular Lesson. To combine such a design with that of teaching science could not but prove a failure. Various Lessons on Science will, notwithstanding, be found in the Reader, but it is the science of *observation*, and not that of vague *technical terms*.

Full explanations of the more difficult words occurring in the Lessons have been given. These explanations are not mere dictionary definitions, but the actual meanings of the words in the particular passage under treatment.

To many of the Poetical Pieces, short analyses, or explanatory statements, have been prefixed, whilst copious notes have been added in every case where they seemed necessary to elucidate the meaning. To many of the Lessons questions have been appended, with the view of enabling either the scholar himself or his parents to test whether the lessons have been duly prepared. In several cases, questions on matter not directly contained in the Lesson, but arising naturally from that matter, have been given. These questions are printed in *italics*.

In the Notes a good many *parallel passages* have been quoted, which thus serve the important purpose of directing the minds of the young to the various modes whereby different writers give *expression* to the same idea.

The Editor has to return his most grateful thanks to the following publishers for their kindness in giving permission to use extracts from books published by them:—Messrs. Longmans & Co., for an extract from the admirable books by the Rev. J. G. Wood, *Strange Dwellings* and *Out of Doors*, books which ought to be in the hands of every schoolboy; Messrs. Chapman & Hall, for extracts from the works of Charles Dickens; Messrs. Macmillan & Co., for extracts from Sir Samuel Baker's *Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia*; Messrs. Nisbet & Co., for an extract from the works of the late Dr. James Hamilton; Mr. Heywood, of Manchester, for most valuable extracts from the Science Lectures published by him; and to the representatives of the late Mrs. Barrett Browning, for an extract from one of her poems.

T. M.

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THE SIXTH MARITIME READER.

SECTION I.

I.—THE GREAT FIRE IN ST. JOHN.

Calamitous, disastrous.
Misfortune, calamity.
Proverb, common saying.
Conflagration, a great fire.
Associated, closely connected.
Intelligence, tidings.
Originated, began.
Gradually, by degrees.
Honourable, respectable.
Succumb, yield.

Surround'ed, girt around.
Neigh'bouring, situated near.
Enveloped, encircled.
Amassed, collected.
Possessions, property.
Edifices, fine buildings.
Miscreant, a vile wretch.
Baffles, defies.
Destruction, ruin.
Powerless, unable.

THE year 1877 was a calamitous year for New Brunswick. That misfortune never comes single-handed is an old proverb, which seems to have been realized in the history of the great fires of this province. The destruction of life and property in Miramichi was not the only disaster which befell the country in 1825; for in other districts, especially at Oromocto and Fredericton, the people suffered from forest fires. And so it was in 1877, when the greater part of the city of St. John was destroyed by a terrible conflagration; that great calamity had been preceded by fires in St. Stephen and Woodstock, and was followed by fires in Portland and Fredericton. But the great fires alone are distinctly remembered. For as the year 1825 will always be regarded as a land-mark in New Brunswick history, on account of the Miramichi fire; so will 1877 always be associated with the St. John Fire, which carried distress to thousands of families.

On the afternoon of 20th June, just as the children were returning home from school, the alarm bells rung out the intelligence that a fire had broken out among the houses near York Point, a crowded part of the city. The fire-engines, as usual, lost not a moment in reaching the district; but though they kept a perfect torrent of water on the flames, it soon became evident that the fire could not be confined to the building in which it had originated.

At this moment, a strong wind was blowing towards the south-east, the direction in which the business part of the city lay. Gradually the fire gained ground, notwithstanding every effort. The high wind fanned the flames, which now tore along towards Market Square, and carried with it, along the principal streets, heavy clouds of smoke, and the red-hot cinders of shingles and other material. The alarm now became general among the citizens. The merchants, finding that their fine buildings must succumb to the destroyer, saved what they could, and then fled for safety to the higher parts of the city. The poor people thronged the streets. Men saw the property they had amassed after many years' toil reduced to ashes, while others mournfully thought of an honourable occupation gone. The very wharfs began to burn, until at last the firemen were driven to King's Street, for the whole of Market Square was surrounded with walls of living flame.

But while this awful scene was being witnessed in one part of the city, a faggot, borne along by the wind, had set fire to a building in Lower Cove, a district to the south. The neighbouring houses, being built mostly of wood were soon enveloped in flames. Here again the poor people were driven into the streets homeless, and scarcely knowing which way to turn for safety. A number carried all they could save to the grass plots on Queen's Square, and there, hovering round the little mound of their earthly possessions, they watched for some time the progress of the mighty conflagration.

Meantime the fire had spread along Prince William Street and King Street, sweeping everything before it. Long lines of brick and stone buildings crumbled to sand

before the terrible heat. The proudest and strongest edifices seemed to melt like wax. There was no resisting the destroying blast. On it swept from one building to another, from the magnificent Post Office to the Bank of New Brunswick, from the stately Ritchie's Building to the City Building, and thence along the street from hotel to store, until at last there was no hope even for the Custom House, the finest structure in the city. The whole of the western side of the city proper was now nothing but a mass of smoke, flame, and red-hot ashes; for a cinder had fallen on the roof of the old Grammar School, and the fire had extended to that palace of hotels, the Victoria.

The flames now began to eat their way from house to house, along the streets running from west to east. Some thought, however, that the fire would not cross Sydney Street, the dividing line of the peninsula. But the water began to fail, and the engines were kept too far apart to act as a check. Still there was hope, for the wind was veering more towards the south. "The fire will surely stop at the Victoria School," said many; "and then the other part of the city will be saved." But just then a miscreant set fire to some inflammable material near the Court House, which soon raised another storm of smoke and flame to encircle the fated School. There was now no hope for the eastern district of the city.

The scene around the Victoria School baffles description. Thinking that there was little danger to such a strongly built structure, hundreds of people had stored their valuables in the rooms of the basement. Around the building large crowds collected, watching this as a sort of forlorn hope. Some one sent for an engine, but no engine could be spared. The people were now wild with despair. There was their property, lying in the track of a destruction which they were powerless to check. Can nothing be done to save it? There is fire on two sides of the building, and yet it stands. All the buildings on Sydney Street are burned to the ground, and yet not a pane of glass is broken in the Victoria. But there is no hope. The tongues of fire behind are shooting out towards it,

greedy to devour it and the poor people's property. Hither and thither the people ran bemoaning their fate, some with bundles on their shoulders, others bargaining with hard-hearted cartmen, some helping their friends, many wringing their hands in despair and crying like children. It was an awful scene.

Adapted.

QUESTIONS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What event do you associate with the year 1825? 2. What fires occurred in New Brunswick in 1877? 3. Which fire was the most disastrous? 4. What was the date of the St. John Fire? 5. How did it first begin? 6. Where is York Point? | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 7. What caused the fire to spread rapidly? 8. Describe the scene around Market Square. 9. Where did the second fire start? 10. How did it spread? 11. Name some of the buildings which were destroyed. 12. Describe the scene witnessed around the Victoria School. |
|---|--|

THE VOICE OF THE SHELL.

I have seen

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
 Of inland ground, applying to his ear
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
 To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
 Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
 Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within
 Were heard—sonorous cadences! whereby,
 To his belief, the monitor expressed
 Mysterious union with its native sea.
 Even such a shell the universe itself
 Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
 I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
 Authentic tidings of invisible things;
 Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
 And central peace, subsisting at the heart
 Of endless agitation.—*Wordsworth.*

II.—THE CLIMATE OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Peculiarities, characteristics	Dispersed', driven away.
Temperatures, degree of heat	Transformed', changed.
Corresponding, of the same degree.	Miraculous, marvellous.
Capricious, changeable.	Myriads, thousands.
Thermom'eter, heat measurer.	Decorated, adorned.

ONE of the most striking peculiarities of the climate of the Maritime Provinces, and indeed of all North America, is the low mean annual temperature and the greater extremes of heat and cold, as compared with the climate of other places in corresponding latitudes in Europe. The changes of temperature are perhaps not more capricious than they are in Great Britain; yet they run to a greater extent, and exert an influence over vegetation scarcely known in that country. Edinburgh is nine degrees farther to the north than Quebec, yet its mean annual temperature is six degrees higher than that of the latter place.

From the great breadth of the American continent towards the North Pole, a vast surface is overspread by snow and ice, which almost bids defiance to the summer heat. From that cause alone, the winds which blow from the north and north-west are cool even in the hottest months of the year; and in winter they immediately lower the mercury of the thermometer, and occasion intense freezing. Their influence is manifest from Baffin's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico. From having passed over an expanse of water, a north-east wind brings a damp atmosphere over Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which is severely chilly rather than intensely cold. Frequently also it brings rain or snow, but never fog.

Along the whole Atlantic coast, and especially in Nova Scotia, a south wind is always warm. The heat imparted to the atmosphere by the Gulf Stream, which sweeps the southern border of the continent, greatly increases the temperature of the coasts. A south-west wind, from passing along the land of the American continent, is warm and agreeable, except on the shores of the Bay of Fundy, where its vapour is condensed in thick fogs, which prevail during the summer. These fogs lie along the

shores, and do not extend beyond fifteen or twenty miles into the interior, where, by the increased heat of the air, they are quickly dispersed.

The shortness of summer is abundantly compensated by the almost miraculous rapidity of vegetation, and the short period necessary for ripening the productions of the country. Only ninety days are required to grow and ripen wheat, rye, barley, and oats. It has been said that the provinces have only two seasons, the hot and the cold, and that the country has little of spring or autumn. To such as entertain that opinion, the verdure of May, with its early fragrant flowers, has no charms. Even before the ground is altogether cleared of deep drifts along the lanes and fences, vegetation begins to spring and the trees put forth their leaves. Before June arrives, Nature, in myriads of forms, begins to display her beauties. The overflown streams begin to retreat within their summer bounds, and the whole country is enlivened by the music of the songsters of the forest.

The beauty of the autumn in North America is unrivalled in any other part of the world. After a few sharp night frosts, as the season advances, the boundless verdure of the forest, and of the coppice wood on the borders of the streams, is transformed into every tint of colour. The leaves of the maple are stained scarlet; the fluttering poplar is of a sombre brown; and other trees display rich dresses of red, violet, and yellow, glittering in endless variety. The firs and other evergreens, always prepared for winter, alone resist the change by which the mountain forests appear to be decorated in holiday attire, before the period arrives when their trunks and limbs are to be loaded with ice, and their gay leaves scattered by the piercing winds.—*Gesner*.

QUESTIONS.

1. Compare the climate of the Maritime Provinces with that of other countries.
2. "Edinburgh is nine degrees farther to the north than Quebec." What do you mean by that?
3. Why are the north and north-west winds in our country generally cool?
4. Why is the south wind generally
5. How long does summer last in the Maritime Provinces?
6. Describe the vegetation in May and June.
7. Which is the most pleasant of all the seasons?
8. What adds to the beauty of the forest after the first appearance of frost?

III.—PROGRESS IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Allegiance, loyalty.
Veneration, respect.
Ordeal, trial.
Revenue, amount raised by taxation.
Administration, rule, government.
Dissipated, caused to disappear.

Illusion, false idea.
Resources, means of living.
Uncontradicted, unchallenged.
Accumulated, collected.
Computation, calculation.
Miserable, wretched.

THE honourable gentleman told us that our allegiance to the mother land was weakened; that our veneration for existing institutions had departed. Sir, I am sorry that a man occupying his position, with his acknowledged talents, his means of usefulness, and power for mischief, has not taken that stand in this debate which he ought to have taken. I do not believe that the loyal feelings of this people are weakened, or that the respect for the sovereign has decreased; but I admit that the people of this country have passed through an ordeal which has tried their feelings, though it has not sapped their loyalty. He attempted to make us believe that the revenue had, during his administration, greatly increased by some management of his own, and from that drew the conclusion that we were chargeable with a falling off. I thought his friend had dissipated that illusion for him last year.

The story of the destruction of our industrial resources has been allowed to go uncontradicted long enough, and much political capital has been made out of it by the honourable gentleman and his friends. I take this ground boldly, that the man who says that Nova Scotia contrasts unfavourably with surrounding states, affirms that which is a libel on our country. Many of the neighbouring states were settled, and had large flourishing populations before Nova Scotia was peopled by any except the Acadian settlers on the marshes of the west. Halifax was founded in 1749. There were then no inhabitants in the province except the Indians in the forests and the French on our prairies. When Cornwallis sailed up Halifax Harbour, what greeted his eyes? Unbroken foliage down to the water's edge! At that time not an Englishman, Scotchman, or Irishman owned

a house upon our soil. There was not a road, a bridge, or a church in the country, hardly an acre of cultivated upland, nor any of those public improvements which are now spread everywhere beneath the eye. What have our fathers done? Have they left us the miserable, degraded country he described to us last night? No, Sir. They have left us a land teeming with resources, on and around the shores of which, within a century, fifteen millions' worth of property has been accumulated. I take the computation of my honourable friend the Financial Secretary, who made the statement here last year, that man for man, every inhabitant of this province owned fifty pounds' worth of property—a trifle higher than the amount owned by the population of the state of New York. This is my answer to the cry of ruin, which the learned member is for ever raising. Steadily, year by year, has this province increased in wealth and population, and as steadily has its domestic industry expanded, down to the present hour.—*Joseph Howe.*

"Honourable gentleman"—In this manner members of parliament address their associates. The lesson is an extract from the Hon. Joseph Howe's celebrated speech on the Constitution.

The Founding of Halifax is an important event in the history of Nova Scotia. Previous to this Annapolis was the capital, but the influence of the English governors, who had their head-quarters at Annapolis was not very great among the population of the colony, nor among the Acadians who were established in the more fertile districts.

QUESTIONS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. What is meant by the allegiance of a people? | 4. When was Halifax founded? |
| 2. How did Mr. Howe show that the country had made great progress? | 5. How much property had the Nova Scotians accumulated at the time spoken of by Mr. Howe? |
| 3. Who was the first Governor of Nova Scotia stationed at Halifax? | 6. What proportion was this to each inhabitant? |

MUSIC

THE very essence, and, as it were, springhead and origin of all music, is the very pleasant sound which the trees of the forest do make when they grow.—*Old English Tale.*

IV.—BOADICEA.

[WILLIAM COWPER was the son of a clergyman of a good family. He was born at Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, in 1731, and died in 1800. Through the influence of his family, he was appointed to the valuable and honourable situation of Clerk to the House of Lords; but his nervousness and timidity were such, that he was obliged to resign it. Although subject to fits of great mental depression, he was not only a very voluminous writer, but a poet of first-rate merit. His best known and most popular work is "The Task." His poetry marks the beginning of a new era in English literature. It served to call men's minds from the purely artificial style which prevailed for many years previous to his time, and did much to stimulate a natural and healthy tone.]

Indignant, offended.
Sage, wise.
Resentment, anger.
Abhorred, hated.

Progeny, offspring, descendants.
Invincible, that cannot be conquered.
Pregnant, full of.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak,
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief.

Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs;
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates.

"Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew,
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Sending, as he swept the chords
Of his sweet, but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rush'd to battle, fought and died;
Dying, hurled them at the foe:

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you!"

Boadicea was queen of the Iceni, a British tribe, in the reign of Nero. Having been shamefully treated by the Romans, she raised a general insurrection of the Britons; but was finally defeated in a decisive battle, by Suetonius, a Roman general. She died A.D. 61. In the poem she is represented as consulting her gods, immediately after her ignominious treatment, and, animated by the burning words of the Druid, as rushing into battle and there dying.

Roman rods—The Roman chief magistrates, the consuls, were always attended by officers, called *Lictors*, who carried, as emblematic of the authority of the magistrates, a bundle of rods (Latin, *Fasces*), with an axe (Latin, *securis*) stuck in the middle. The rod signified that the magistrates had the power of *scourging*; the axe, that they had the power of inflicting *death*. Compare John xix, 1; Acts xvi, 22, 23; xxii, 24. One of the indignities to which Boadicea had been subjected was, that she had been scourged.

Druid—The Druids were the priests of the original British tribes. They formed a distinct and separate class, and were armed with great authority. They performed all the rites of religion, administered justice, and determined what kind and amount of punishment should be inflicted on the various classes of offenders. They also practised soothsaying. They paid great reverence to the mistletoe, and regarded the oak as sacred. From this circumstance they are supposed to derive their name. The Greek word for an oak is *ὄkus* (*drus*), hence the word *Druid*.

The terrors of our tongues—The Druids were believed to have power to bring down heaven's curse upon any individual or nation that might oppose their authority. Compare Balak's belief in Balaam's power (Num. xxii, 6).

The Gaul is at her gates—The Gaul is here taken to include all the northern nations, and the reference is to the irruption of the northern nations into Italy, by which the Roman power was destroyed.

Other Romans—The modern Italians, who have been more celebrated for their music than for their military glory.

Armed with thunder—Referring to the use of cannon.

Clad with wings—Referring to England's power at sea. "*Wings*," poetical for "*sails*."

Cæsar—This title was given to twelve emperors of Rome, beginning with Augustus. The particular *Cæsar* here referred to was the infamous Nero.

Eagles—The eagle was the Roman standard.

Bard—The priests of ancient times generally delivered the messages of the gods in the form of verse. These *bards* formed a distinct class among the Druids. Compare Gray's poem, entitled "*The Bard*."

Swept the chords—The bard, who was also prophet or soothsayer, required the use of music to bring on the inspiration. Compare 2 Kings iii, 15.

QUESTIONS.

1. Who was Boadicea?
2. To what indignity had she been subjected by the Romans?
3. What is meant by "The Roman rods"?
4. Who were the Druids?
5. Why is the Druid represented as seated beneath an oak?
6. What explanation does he give of his weeping?
7. What is meant by "the terrors of our tongues"?
8. Mention some of the states on which Rome trampled.
9. What is referred to in the expression, "The Gaul is at her gates"?
10. Who were the "*other Romans*" who were to arise?
11. Wherein were they to differ from the old Romans?
12. What is meant when it is said, that "Boadicea's progeny should be armed with thunder, clad with wings"?
13. What is meant by Cæsar?
14. Who is the particular *Cæsar* referred to?
15. Who were the "*Bards*"?
16. What is the reference when it is said, that the bard "swept the chords" of his lyre?
17. Give illustrations of this ode from Scripture.

THE ABUSE OF POWER.

Oh! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Shakespeare.

V.—THE DEVIL FISH IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Animated, alive.	Amputated, dismembered.
Protruded, protruding.	Entwin'ed, encircled.
Petrified, made stone.	Undulating, waving.
Fascinated, entranced.	Glutinous, sticky.
Adhesive, clinging.	Mandibles, jaws.
Malignant, evil.	Crafty, cunning.
Enormous, very great.	Irritated, made angry.
Locomotion, power of moving from place to place.	Inappropriately, incorrectly.

On the 26th October, 1873, two fishermen were out in a small punt, off the eastern end of Belle Isle, in Conception Bay. Observing something floating on the surface of the water which they took to be a sail or portion of a wreck, they rowed close to it; when one of them struck it with his boat-hook. Instantly the mass, by putting itself in motion, showed that it was animated; a huge beak, "as large as a six gallon keg," the men declare, reared itself from among the folds, and struck the boat violently, and a pair of dark prominent eyes glared at them ferociously, as if with some savage and malignant purpose. The men, as may be imagined, were petrified with terror, and, for a moment, so fascinated by the horrible sight that they were powerless. Before they could make any effort to escape, there suddenly shot out from around its head two arms of corpse-like fleshiness, grappling for the boat and seeking to envelop it in their livid folds. Had these lithe, slimy arms, with their death-like adhesive powers, once fastened themselves on the boat or the men, by their powerful suckers, the boat would, in an instant, have been dragged beneath the surface of the water, and the victims brought within reach of the beak, which was ready to dart on them. With wonderful presence of mind, one of the men seized a small tomahawk, which was fortunately at hand, and severed the two arms which lay over the gunwale of the boat. The monster uttered no cry of pain, but immediately moved off from the boat, and ejected an enormous quantity of inky fluid which darkened the water for two or three hundred yards. The men declare that had this inky stream which they could see spouting forcibly from the "funnel," reached them in the boat, it would have stifled them.

They saw the fish for a short time afterwards, and had a full view of it. Its body they describe as sixty feet in length, and the tail, at the thickest part, ten feet across. Its shape and mode of locomotion were the same as the common squid. In a few minutes it disappeared beneath the waves, and the men dragged the amputated arms into the boat, and brought their trophies ashore. Unfortunately, they were ignorant of the importance of their prize, and let the shorter of the arms be destroyed.

I am satisfied that the monster seen by these men was certainly of enormous size, not less, at a low estimate, than from thirty to forty feet. It is difficult to conceive of a more horrible fate than to be entwined in the embrace of those clumsy, corpse-like arms, and to feel their folds creeping and gliding around you, and the discs, with their cold adhesive touch, gluing themselves to you with a grasp which nothing could relax. The cold slimy touch is extremely sickening, and sends a shudder through the whole frame, while the ferocious glare of the cruel eyes strikes terror to the heart of the victim. The monster darts out its long arms with a snake-like undulating motion: swiftly they glide round and round their victim, with a pressure like a tightening cord, the suckers feeling like so many mouths devouring him at the same time. Gradually the paralyzed victim encircled in the terrible arms, which are as supple as leather, almost as tough as steel, and cold as death is pressed against the glutinous mass which forms the body, and then the powerful mandibles descend, rending and devouring. The creature is known to be extremely crafty, and when irritated, most ferocious. Not inappropriately have the English sailors named it the Devil Fish.—*Harvey.*

The Devil Fish or Octopus is supposed to be a gigantic species of cuttle fish. This marine monster's method of seizing its prey is thus described: "A crab was so fastened that the string could be withdrawn, and was lowered near to the great Octopus. He was sleepy, and required a great deal of tempting, but the sight of its favourite food overcame his laziness, and he lunged out an arm to seize the precious morsel. It was withdrawn from his reach; and so, at last, he turned out of bed, rushed at it, and got it under him against the plate glass, just as I desired. In a second the crab was completely pinioned. The action of an Octopus when seizing its prey for its necessary food, is

very like that of a cat pouncing on a mouse, and holding it down beneath its paws. The movement is as sudden, the scuffle as brief, and the escape of the prisoner even less probable. The fate of the crab is not really more terrible than that of the mouse, or of a minnow swallowed by a perch; but there is a repulsiveness about the form, colour, and attitudes of the Octopus which invests it with a kind of tragic horror."

QUESTIONS.

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| 1. Where did the fishermen first observe the monster?
2. Describe its appearance in the water.
3. What did the monster eject when the arms were cut off? | 4. What was the length of the animal according to the fishermen's account?
5. Describe the manner in which it attacks its victims. |
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VI.—THE BAY OF FUNDY TIDES.

[JOHN W. DAWSON is a native of Pictou, Nova Scotia. After finishing his collegiate course at Edinburgh University, he returned to his native province, where he became Superintendent of Education. As Principal of McGill College, Montreal, he has attained to a distinguished position as a scientist and author.]

Convulsion, disturbance.
 Phenomenon, natural appearance.
 Instantaneously, in a moment.
 Dissolved in, mingled with.
 Estuaries, mouths of rivers.
 Rapidly, velocity.

Alluvium, earthy deposits on land from the tide.
 Colonization, settlement.
 Indefinite, continuous.
 Estimated, calculated.

THE western part of Nova Scotia presents some fine examples of marine alluvial deposits. The tide-wave that sweeps to the north-east, along the Atlantic coast of the United States, entering the funnel-like mouth of the Bay of Fundy, becomes compressed and elevated, as the sides of the bay gradually approach each other, until in the narrower parts the water runs at the rate of six or seven miles per hour, and the vertical rise of the tide amounts to sixty feet or more.

In Cobequid and Chiegnecto Bays, these tides, to an unaccustomed spectator, have rather the aspect of some rare convulsion of nature than of an ordinary daily phenomenon. At low tide wide flats of brown mud are seen to extend for miles, as if the sea had retired altogether from its bed, and the distant channel appears as a mere stripe of muddy water. At the commencement of flood a slight ripple is seen to break over the edge of the

flats. It rushes swiftly forward, and covering the lower flats almost instantaneously, gains rapidly on the higher swells of mud, which appear as if they were being dissolved in the turbid waters. At the same time the torrent of red mud enters all the channels, creeks, and estuaries; surging, whirling, and foaming, and often having in its front a white breaking wave, or "bore," which runs steadily forward, meeting and swallowing up the remains of the ebb still trickling down the channels.

The mud flats are soon covered, and then, as the stranger sees the water gaining with noiseless and steady rapidity on the steep sides of banks and cliffs, a sense of insecurity creeps over him, as if no limit could be set to the advancing deluge. In a little time, however, he sees that the fiat "hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther," has been issued to the great bay tide; its retreat commences, and the waters rush back as rapidly as they entered.

The rising tide sweeps away the fine material from every exposed bank and cliff, and becomes loaded with mud and extremely fine sand, which, as it stagnates at high water, it deposits in a thin layer on the surface of the flats. This layer, which may vary in thickness from a quarter of an inch to a quarter of a line, is coarser and thicker at the outer edge of the flats than nearer the shore; and hence these flats, as well as the marshes, are usually higher near the channels than at their inner edge. The falling tide has little effect on these deposits, and hence the gradual growth of the flats, until they reach such a height that they can be overflowed only by the high spring tides. They then become natural or salt marsh, covered with the coarse grasses which grow in such places.

So far the process is carried on by the hand of nature; and before the colonization of Nova Scotia there were large tracts of this grassy alluvium to excite the wonder and delight of the first settlers on the shores of the Bay of Fundy. Man, however, carries the landmaking process farther; and by diking and draining excludes the sea water, and produces a soil capable of yielding for an indefinite period, without manure, the most valuable cultivated grains and grasses. Already there are in Nova

Scotia more than forty thousand acres of diked marsh, the average value of which cannot be estimated at less than twenty pounds per acre.—*Dawson.*

QUESTIONS.

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| 1. Describe the ebb and flow of the tides in the Bay of Fundy.
2. What appearance have the tides in Chignecto and Cobequid Bays to an unaccustomed spectator?
3. How do the tides rise at first on the marsh land?
4. How are the marshes made fertile? | 5. What do the alluvial deposits consist of?
6. How is the salt marsh eventually protected from the tides?
7. Name the products raised from land thus reclaimed from the sea.
8. Describe the shores of the Bay of Fundy |
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VII.—EXPATRIATION OF THE ACADIANS.

[THOMAS C. HALIBURTON was born in Windsor, Nova Scotia. After finishing his education at King's College, he settled as a lawyer in Annapolis for which place he was elected representative in the House of Assembly. He was afterwards appointed Judge of the Supreme Court. Retiring to England he became member of the Imperial Parliament. The lesson is an extract from his *History of Nova Scotia*. Haliburton was author of Sam Slick and other popular works. He died in 1865.

Accessory, providing assistance.
 Temerity, rashness.
 Perfidious, traitorous.
 Displeasure, disapprobation.
 Permission, liberty.
 Fortitude, valour.

Peremptorily, positively.
 Reluctant, unwilling.
 Unmerited, undeserved
 Unreflecting, careless.
 Testimony, witness.
 Embarkation, going on board.

So operative were the terrors that surrounded the Acadians, that of twenty-four young men, who deserted from a transport, twenty-two were glad to return of themselves, the others being shot by sentinels; and one of their friends, who was supposed to have been accessory to their escape, was carried on shore to behold the destruction of his house and effects, which were burned in his presence, as a punishment for his temerity and perfidious aid to his comrades. The prisoners expressed the greatest concern at having incurred his Majesty's displeasure; and, in a petition addressed to Colonel Winslow, entreated him to detain a part of them as sureties for the appearance of the rest, who were desirous of visiting their families, and consoling them in their distress and misfortunes. To comply with this request of holding a few as hostages for

the surrender of the whole body was deemed inconsistent with his instructions : but, as there could be no objection to allow a small number of them to return to their homes, permission was given to them to choose ten for the district of Minas (Horton), and ten for the district of Canard (Cornwallis), to whom leave of absence was given for one day, and on whose return a similar number were indulged in the same manner. They bore their confinement, and received their sentence, with a fortitude and resignation altogether unexpected ; but when the hour of embarkation arrived, in which they were to leave the land of their nativity for ever—to part with their friends and relatives, without the hope of ever seeing them again, and to be dispersed among strangers, whose language, customs, and religion, were opposed to their own, the weakness of human nature prevailed, and they were overpowered with the sense of their miseries.

The preparations having been all completed, the 10th of September was fixed upon as the day of departure. The prisoners were drawn up six deep, and the young men, one hundred and sixty-one in number, were ordered to go first on board the vessels. This they instantly and peremptorily refused to do, declaring that they would not leave their parents ; but expressed a willingness to comply with the order, provided they were permitted to embark with their families. This request was immediately rejected, and the troops were ordered to fix bayonets and advance towards the prisoners, a motion which had the effect of producing obedience on the part of the young men, who forthwith commenced their march.

The road from the chapel to the shore, just one mile in length, was crowded with women and children ; who, on their knees, greeted them as they passed with their tears and blessings ; while the prisoners advanced with slow and reluctant steps, weeping, praying, and singing hymns. This detachment was followed by the seniors, who passed through the same scene of sorrow and distress. In this manner was the whole male part of the population of the district of Minas put on board the five transports, stationed in the river Gaspereaux ; each vessel being guarded by

six non-commissioned officers, and eighty privates. As soon as the other vessels arrived, their wives and children followed, and the whole were transported from Nova Scotia.

The haste with which these measures were carried into execution did not admit of those preparations for their comfort which, if unmerited by their disloyalty, were at least due in pity to the severity of their punishment. The hurry, confusion, and excitement, connected with the embarkation, had scarcely subsided, when the Provincials were appalled at the work of their own hands. The novelty and peculiarity of their situation could not but force itself upon the attention of even the unreflecting soldiery. Stationed in the midst of a beautiful and fertile country, they suddenly found themselves without a foe to subdue, and without a population to protect. The volumes of smoke which the half-expiring embers emitted, while they marked the site of the peasant's humble cottage, bore testimony to the extent of the work of destruction. For several successive evenings the cattle assembled round the smouldering ruins, as if in anxious expectation of the return of their masters; while all night long the faithful watch-dogs of the Neutrals howled over the scene of desolation, and mourned alike the hand that had fed, and the house that had sheltered them.—*Haliburton*.

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|---|---|
| 1. How many of the young men who deserted the transport were killed? | 5. What was the scene witnessed at the embarkation? |
| 2. How was the young men's friend punished? | 6. What was the date of their departure? |
| 3. What did the prisoners say in their petition to Col. Winslow? | 7. Describe the scene on the road from the chapel to the shore. |
| 4. Name the two districts to which some of them were allowed to return. | 8. Write as an abstract the last paragraph, after reading it twice. |

MAN.

WHAT a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god!—*Shakespeare*.

VIII.—HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

[The following lines describe a scene very common on our coast. A vessel is drawing near her destination. A sailor is stationed on deck to heave the lead; i.e., to take soundings in order to ascertain the depth of water. The depth diminishes as the vessel nears land, until at last she is safely berthed in the harbour.]

Scudding, running before the
wind.

Pilot, the person in charge of a
ship.

Beacon, a danger signal.

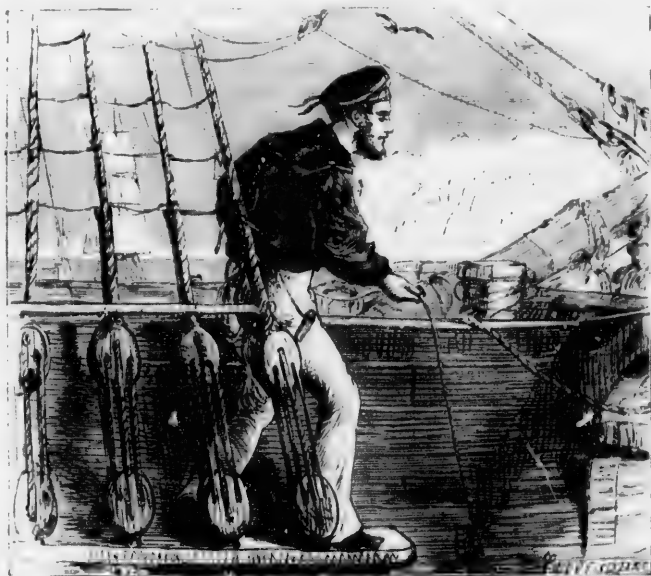
Transport, great joy.

Matchless, unequalled.

Berth, the place occupied by a
vessel in harbour.

Cable, rope or chain for holding a
ship in harbour.

Proclaim, cry out.



For England, when with favouring gale
Our gallant ship up Channel steered,
And, scudding under easy sail,
The high blue western land appeared;
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
And to the pilot cheerily sung,
"By the deep—nine."

And bearing up to gain the port,
 Some well known object kept in view;
 An abbey tower, the harbour fort,
 Or beacon to the vessel true;
 While yet the lead the seaman flung,
 And to the pilot cheerily sung,
 "By the mark—seven."

And as the much-loved shore we near,
 With transport we behold the roof
 Where dwells a friend or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof.
 The lead once more the seaman flung,
 And to the watchful pilot sung,
 "Quarter less—five."

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh,
 We shorten sail—she feels the tide.
 "Stand clear the cable," is the cry,
 The anchor's gone: we safely ride,
 The watch is set, and through the night
 We hear the seaman with delight
 Proclaim—"All's well."

Anonymous.

Heaving of the lead—A heavy piece of lead is attached to a long line, measured off into fathoms. Whenever a vessel approaches land, or gets near shallows, it is customary to heave the lead into the sea, so as to ascertain the depth, which is easily read off from the line to which the lead is attached.

Channel—"The Channel" is now always used for the English Channel, which separates England from France.

Pilot—Within certain limits, in narrow channels, estuaries of rivers, &c., no one is allowed to take charge of a vessel save a licensed pilot, who is thoroughly acquainted with the coast.

Shorten sail—This is done when nearing the harbour to arrest the vessel's way, so as to prevent her running against the quay.

The watch is set—Vessels, when in harbour, have one or more men, according to circumstances, appointed to watch over them at night.

QUESTIONS.

1. What wind did the ship experience in sailing up Channel?
2. What is meant by "Channel"?
3. Why is the land described as blue?
4. What is meant by "heaving the lead"?
5. Who is a pilot, and why is one necessary?
6. What comes in view as they bear up to gain the harbour?

7. What is a "beacon"?
8. With what feelings does the seaman gaze on the land?
9. What produces these feelings?
10. What is done when the ship draws near her berth?
11. What cry is heard during the night?
12. Why is it necessary to set a watch on board vessels when they are in harbour?

IX.—THE SECOND SIEGE OF LOUISBOURG.

Magnificent, splendid,
 Indulged, retained.
 Opportunity, chance.
 Subsid'ed, went down.
 Practicable, possible.
 Stimulated, encouraged.

Exertions, endeavours
 Assail'ants, opponents.
 Despite, notwithstanding.
 Repell'ed, driven back.
 Dismount'ed, thrown down.
 Squa'dron, a detachment.

On the 19th of February, a magnificent fleet sailed from Portsmouth, which carried out General Amherst and an army of ten thousand men. It was long detained by contrary winds, and after a stormy passage reached Halifax on the 28th of May where Boscawen's fleet was met coming out of the harbour, the gallant admiral being weary of inaction. At dawn on the 2nd of June, the entire armament, embracing twenty-two ships of the line, fifteen frigates, one hundred and twenty smaller vessels, and eleven thousand six hundred troops, arrived off Louisbourg. Amherst indulged in the hope that he would be able to surprise its garrison, and issued orders for the silent landing of the troops. But for six days a rough sea, and the heavy surf which broke upon the rugged beach, rendered the disembarkation impossible. During this interval the French toiled night and day to strengthen their position, and fired upon the ships at every opportunity.

On the evening of the seventh the wind lulled, the fog cleared off, and the heavy sea gradually subsided, but a violent surf still continued to break on the beach. On the following morning, just before daylight, three divisions of boats received the troops: at dawn Commodore Durell examined the shore, and reported a landing to be practicable. Seven frigates now opened fire to cover the advance to land. In a few minutes afterwards the left division, led by Brigadier Wolfe, began to row in-shore, and was speedily followed by Whitmore and Lawrence with their brigades, while two small vessels were sent past the mouth of the harbour to distract the attention of the enemy, and induce them to divide their force.

The left division was the first to reach the beach, at a

point about four miles from the town. Wolfe would not allow a shot to be fired, stimulated the rowers to fresh exertions, and on coming to shoal water boldly jumped out into the sea to lead on his men.

The French stood firm, and retained their fire till their assailants were close to land. Then as the boats rose on the last swell, which brought them into the surf, they poured in a close and deadly volley from every gun and musket they could bring to bear. Wolfe's flag-staff was shivered by a bar-shot; many soldiers were killed; several boats were wrecked by the surf; but still he cheered on his men, who had not yet returned a shot; and in a few minutes, with fiery valour, they had burst through the breast-works of the French, who fled in disorder. The victors pressed rapidly on in pursuit, and despite a rugged country inflicted a severe loss on the fugitives, captured seventy prisoners, and invested Louisbourg the same day.

Wolfe's light troops were speedily in possession of the different forts deserted by the French, and on the twentieth of June a battery opened upon the ships and land defences. For many days the slow operations of the siege continued under great difficulties to the British, owing to the marshy nature of the ground, and heavy rains which flooded the trenches. But science, a sufficient force, union among the principal officers overcame every obstacle, and promised speedy success. A sortie on the ninth of July by ⁴¹the besieged was speedily repelled, and day and night batteries thundered against the ramparts, the citadel, and the shipping.

On the twenty-first of July three of the French men-of-war were set on fire by a shell, the following day the citadel was in a blaze, the next the barracks were burned down, while Wolfe's trenches were pushed close to the town, and the French driven from their guns by the British sharpshooters. On the night of the twenty-fifth two captains of Boscawen's fleet swept into the harbour with a squadron of boats under a furious fire, and burned one of the remaining men-of-war and carried off another. Boscawen prepared to send in six ships of the line to

attack the other French vessels, but the town was already a heap of ruins, the greater part of its guns dismounted, and its garrison without a safe place to rest in. On this account the Governor of Louisbourg resolved to capitulate at discretion, such being the only terms he could get

M. Mullen.

QUESTIONS.

1. Name the generals engaged in the second siege of Louisbourg.
2. When did the fleet approach Louisbourg, and how long had the army to wait before landing?
3. Who led the first detachment in the boats?
4. How far were the British soldiers from the city when they landed?
5. Explain how the city was taken.
6. What happened on the 21st of July, and on the night of the 25th?
7. On what terms did the Governor of Louisbourg resolve to capitulate?

X.—THE LAST WOLVES OF SCOTLAND.

Ravine, a deep hollow formed by a mountain stream.
 Depredations, thefts, plundering.
 Perilous, dangerous.
 Enterprise, undertaking.
 Covert, hiding-place, the den.
 Sentinel, watchman.
 Dirk, a short sharp pointed sword.
 Despatch, to kill.

Described, observed.
 Panic, fear.
 Vengeance, revenge.
 Mutilated, torn.
 Momentary, lasting for a moment.
 Assailant, enemy, one who attacks.
 Dastard, coward.
 Function, office.
 Criminal, guilty person.

THE last wolves known to have existed in Scotland had their den in a deep, sandy ravine under the Knock of Brae-Moray, a lofty mountain in the upper part of Elginshire. Two brothers, residing at a little village in the district, boldly undertook to watch one day until the old ones had gone forth in quest of food, and then to kill their young; and as every peasant had suffered more or less from their depredations, the excitement to learn the result of the perilous enterprise was universal. Having seen the parent animals quit their covert, the one brother stationed himself as a sentinel to give the alarm in case the wolves returned, while the other threw off his plaid, and, armed with his dirk alone, crawled in to despatch the cubs. He had not been long in the den, when the watchman descried the wolves stealing back to the ravine. A sudden panic seized the wretched man; he fled without giving the promised warning, and never paused until he crossed a

small stream two miles off. There, conscience-stricken for his cowardice, he wounded himself in various places with his dirk; and, on reaching the village, asserted that the wolves had surprised them in the den, that his brother was killed, and that it was with extreme difficulty that he, wounded as he was, had effected his escape.

A shout of vengeance rent the air, and the villagers, laying their hands on the nearest weapons, set off in a body to rescue, at all hazards, the mutilated remains of their friend. What, then, was their astonishment, when, on reaching a small hill overlooking the ravine, they beheld the mangled and bleeding form of him whom they supposed dead, dragging himself towards them. For a moment they thought it was a ghost, and dreaded to approach him; but some of the boldest recovered from their momentary fright, and lent him the assistance the poor creature stood in need of. His story was soon told. After killing the cubs, he was in the act of making his way from the den, when the mouth of the hole was darkened, and the she-wolf threw herself upon him. With one lucky thrust of his dirk, he despatched her at once: but his struggle with her mate was longer and more severe. Fortunately the body of the brute he had killed afforded some protection; and, after receiving several wounds, he succeeded in driving his knife into the heart of his ferocious assailant.

The indignation of the people against the dastard who had abandoned his brother to what seemed certain death, and who had then endeavoured by falsehood to conceal his guilt, was unbounded. They dragged him before the laird, who, on hearing the case, assumed, as was not unusual in those rude days, the function of a judge, and ordered the criminal to be hanged on the summit of the highest hill, a sentence that was immediately and willingly carried into execution.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder.

Elginshire, or Moray—A fertile and romantic county of Scotland, bounded on the north by the Moray Firth, on the east by Banffshire, on the south by Aberdeen and Inverness-shire, and on the west by Nairnshire. The Knock is a conspicuous landmark, in the southern

THE LAST WOLVES OF SCOTLAND.

extremity of the county. The Highland Railway now passes along its eastern base.

The Laird. A Scottish term for *proprietor*. In the north of Scotland until within a comparatively recent period, the laird exercised the power of a judge. The government was essentially of the patriarchal type, and the power of the laird over his vassals was almost unbounded. In many parishes, the *gallows-hill* is still pointed out.

QUESTIONS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Where are the last wolves known to have existed in Scotland? 2. Who undertook to destroy them? 3. What part did each brother undertake? 4. How did he who was sentinel act when he saw the wolves returning? 5. What story did he make up to conceal his cowardice? | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6. What did the villagers do when they heard his story? 7. What did they see when they approached the den? 8. What account of the matter did the other brother give? 9. What was done to the brother who fled? |
|--|---|

XI.—TUBAL CAIN.

Analysis. The poem is founded on Genesis iv, 22. Tubal Cain is represented as manufacturing swords and spears, for which he finds plenty of customers. After a time, it grieves him to see the use to which mankind puts these implements; and he sets himself to fashion a ploughshare. This led to the cultivation of the arts of peace, and the plough took the place of the sword, which has its use, however, and may be lawfully used against the tyrant and the oppressor.

Brawny, muscular, strong.

Fashioned, formed.

Wield, use.

Carnage, slaughter.

Brooding, sadly thinking, meditating.

Forbore, ceased.

Smould'ered, burned without giving forth smoke.

Staunch, steadfast.

Oppression, tyranny.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
 In the days when earth was young ;
 By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
 The strokes of his hammer rung ;
 And he lifted high his brawny hand
 On the iron growing clear,
 Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
 As he fashioned the sword and spear.
 And he sang—" Hurra for my handywork !
 Hurra for the spear and sword !
 Hurra for the hand that shall wield them well,
 For he shall be king and lord !"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire ;
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire ;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee ;
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang—" Hurra for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew !
Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,
And hurra for the metal true !"

But a sudden change came over his heart
Ere the setting of the sun ;
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain,
For the evil he had done ;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind ;
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said—" Alas ! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword, for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man."

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe ;
And his hand forbore to strike the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang—" Hurra for my handiwork !"
And the red sparks lit the air.
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made ;"
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands ;
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lauds.
And sang—" Hurra for Tubal Cain !
Our good staunch friend is he ;

And for the ploughshare and the plough,
 To him our praise shall be ;
 But while oppression lifts its head,
 Or a tyrant would be lord,
 Though we may thank him for the plough,
 We'll not forget the sword !

Charles Mackay.

The crown of his desire—The highest object of his desire. The word *crown* is often used in this sense. Tennyson sings—

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow
 Is remembering happier things."

Made war upon their kind—"The earth also was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence," Gen. vi, 11.
 Hung the sword in the hall—"And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people, and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks," Isaiah ii, 4.

QUESTIONS.

- * 1. Who was Tubal Cain?
2. What kind of implements did he first fashion?
3. What did he receive in exchange for his swords and spears?
4. What change came over Tubal Cain?
5. What was the cause of this change?
6. To what better use did he purpose turning his skill in metals?
7. What effect had the introduction of the plough upon human society?
8. In what circumstances may the sword be used?
9. Quote any passages of Scripture alluded to in this poem.

XII.—THE LEGEND OF ROMULUS.

Destruction, overthrow.
 Ancestor, progenitor, forefather.
 Confe'deracy, union.
 Subsided, fell to the ordinary level.
 Bearing, carriage, demeanour.
 Usurp'd, seized unlawfully.
 Asylum, a refuge.
 Vagabonds, wanderers.

Communities, states.
 Device, plan.
 Outrage, injury accompanied with violence.
 Combatants, those engaged in fighting.
 Conclud'd, entered into.
 Involved, mixed up in.
 Marvellous, wonderful.

THE story about the foundation of Rome runs as follows :—
Eneas, one of the Trojan heroes, is said, after the destruction of his native city by the Greeks, to have arrived in Italy with a number of followers ; to have founded a city there, and thus to have become the ancestor of a long line of kings. His son and successor founded a new city, which henceforth became the seat of government, and is

said to have been the head of a confederacy of thirty neighbouring towns. Procas, one of its last kings, at his death left two sons, Numitor and Amulius. The former, being the elder, succeeded his father; but Amulius rebelled against his brother, drove him from the throne, and, in order to secure his unjust possession of it, ordered the son of Numitor to be put to death, and then compelled the daughter to become a vestal virgin, whereby she was obliged to remain unmarried. But by the god Mars she became the mother of twin sons, *Romulus* and *Remus*. Thereupon the usurper caused her to be killed, and her infants to be thrown into the river Tiber. The river at the time happened to have overflowed its banks, so that, after a short time, when the waters subsided, the basket containing the babes remained standing on dry land. There they were suckled by a she-wolf, and fed by a woodpecker, until they were found by a shepherd, who took them to his own home. When the boys had grown up to manhood, they distinguished themselves by their bravery and their noble bearing. By an accident they became acquainted with their own history, and, with the assistance of their comrades, drove Amulius from his usurped throne, which was now restored to their grandfather, Numitor.

This being accomplished, they resolved to build a town near the spot where they had been saved. When the new town was finished, a dispute arose as to which of the two brothers should give it its name: from words it came to blows, and Romulus slew his brother. In order to increase the number of inhabitants, Romulus opened an asylum, inviting all and sundry to come and settle in the new place. Vagabonds of every description came, and all were welcome. But as there were no women among them, the population would soon have died out, and, in order to prevent this, Romulus applied to the neighbouring communities to obtain wives for his subjects. This request was scornfully rejected, and Romulus then resolved to obtain by a cunning device what had been refused to his fair demand. He invited the neighbouring tribes to a festival to be celebrated in honour of the god Neptune; and while

the strangers were witnessing the games, the Romans suddenly seized their daughters and carried them by force to their homes. To avenge this outrage, two of the neighbouring states took up arms against Rome. The former were easily defeated; but during the heat of the fight, the women who had been carried off threw themselves between the combatants, imploring them to desist from destroying one another, and declared themselves willing to remain with their new husbands. A peace was concluded, and finally the contending states coalesced, and formed one nation, with Romulus as king. Soon after this, Romulus became involved in war with various tribes, in all of which he was successful. After a reign of 38 years, he was removed from the earth in as marvellous a manner as that in which he had come into it; for one day, while he was reviewing his troops, his father, Mars, descended in a tempest and bore him up into heaven. He was ever after worshipped as a god, and regarded as the guardian and protector of the city he had founded.*

Legend—The early history of Rome, as recorded by Livy and other Roman historians, is now generally believed to be, in the main, mythical—i.e., purely fanciful or imaginary, though it is quite probable that these legends had some sort of foundation in fact.

Troy—A city, situated in the north-western corner of Asia Minor. It is said to have sustained a ten years' siege by the Greeks, who finally took it by stratagem. This siege gave occasion for the two greatest epic poems of ancient times—the *Iliad* of Homer, and the *Æneid* of Virgil.

Vestal virgin—Vesta was the goddess of fire, and was waited upon by certain priestesses, named *Vestals*; each of whom had to take a vow of perpetual virginity. Their duty was to watch over the fire on the altar of their goddess, which was never allowed to go out. Fire-worship seems at one time to have extended over nearly all Europe.

Romulus cast into the Tiber—Compare the story of Moses. The Tiber, though a comparatively small river, is famous from its connection with Rome.

Vagabonds—Literally, *wanderers* (from the Latin word *vagor*, I wander about); but as these wanderers were generally men of loose character, the word came to be used in a bad sense. Compare our modern word *tramp*. For the use of the word in its original meaning, see Acts xix, 13.

The device of Romulus—Compare the account given in the book of Judges regarding the mode of finding wives for the remnant of Benjamin—Judges xxi, 19-23.

* Adapted from Dr. Schmitz's *History of Rome for Junior Classes*. (William Collins, Sons, & Company, Ld.)

Disappearance of Romulus - Compare the traditions regarding the disappearance of King Arthur of the Round Table, and of James IV. of Scotland after the battle of Flodden.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is meant by a "legend"?
2. What is the general opinion now regarding the early history of Rome as narrated by the Roman historians?
3. Where was Troy, and for what was it celebrated?
4. What two great poems are connected with the fate of Troy?
5. Give the legendary history of the birth and preservation of Romulus and Remus.
6. What portion of Scripture does this story resemble?
7. How did Romulus increase the number of the inhabitants of his new town?
8. What is the original meaning of "vagabond"? Give an example of its use in this sense. What does the word mean now?
9. How did Romulus obtain wives for his new subjects?
10. What Bible story closely resembles this?
11. Give an account of the disappearance of Romulus.
12. With what traditions in our own history may you compare this account?
13. Who were MARS and NEPTUNE?
14. When and where was the battle of Flodden fought?

XIII.—COWPER'S TAME HARES.

[For notice of COWPER, see p. 17].

Indispo'sed, ill, unwell.
Inca'pable, unable.
Divert'ing, amusing.
Le'veret, a young hare.
Intru'ding, forcing one's way into.
Molest', annoy.
Per'secute, torment.
Significantly, in a way not to be mistaken.
Tract'able, easily managed.
Repast, a meal.

Habituated, accustomed.
Drum'ming, patting with the paws.
Misinter'pret, misunderstood.
Rhe'toric, pleading.
Sympt'oms, signs.
Sur'liness, sulkiness.
Feats, exploits.
Droll'ery, fun.
Gam'bols, sports, rapid movements.
Indignity, insult.

IN the year 1774, being much indisposed both in mind and body, incapable of diverting myself either with company or books, and yet in a condition that made some diversion necessary, I was glad of anything that would engage my attention without fatiguing it. The children of a neighbour of mine had a leveret given them for a plaything. Understanding better how to tease the poor creature than to feed it, and soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father, who saw it pining and growing leaner every day, should offer it to my acceptance. I was willing enough to take the prisoner under my protection, perceiving that in the management of such an

animal, and in the attempt to tame it, I should find just that sort of employment which my case required. It was soon known among the neighbours that I was pleased with the present, and the consequence was, that in a short time I had the offer of many leverets. I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them—Puss, Tiny, and Bess. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houses to sleep in. In the daytime they had the range of the hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up, and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen asleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows, that they might not molest him, and by constant care, and trying with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery; a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unsaluted; a ceremony which he never performed but once again upon a similar occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself, generally under the leaves of the cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening: in the leaves also of that vine he found a favourite repast. I had not long habituated him to this taste of liberty, before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression that it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetoric did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull it with all his force. Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed, the shyness of his nature was done away, and on the whole it was visible by many symptoms, that

he was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

Not so Tiny; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He, too, was sick, and, in his sickness, had an equal share of my attention; but if after his recovery I took the liberty to stroke him, he would growl, strike with his fore feet, spring forward and bite. He was, however, very entertaining in his way; even his surliness was matter of mirth, and in his play he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such solemnity of manner, that in him too I had an agreeable companion.

Bess was a hare of great humour and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage. Tiny was not to be tamed at all; and Bess had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlour after supper, when the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk and bound, and play a thousand gambols, in which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior to the rest. One evening the cat being in the room, had the hardihood to pat Bess upon the cheek, an indignity which he resented by drumming upon her back with such violence that the cat was happy to escape from under his paws, and hide herself.

Indisposition of mind and body--In 1773, Cowper was assailed by religious despondency, and endured a partial alienation of mind for some years. It was during this time that he amused himself with the hares, as stated in the foregoing extract from his account of his tame hares, which first appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

QUESTIONS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. What rendered it necessary for Cowper to have some amusement?
2. How many hares did he endeavour to tame? | 3. Give the character of each.
4. What signs of intelligence did Puss in particular exhibit? |
|---|---|

A PLEASANT WELCOME HOME.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
 Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

Byron.

XIV.—SCOTTISH MUSIC.

[JAMES BRATTIE, a native of Laureneekirk, Kincardineshire, was born in 1735. Having finished his studies at Marischal College, Aberdeen, he became Professor of Moral Philosophy in that University in 1760. He died in 1803. His chief prose work is his *Essay on Truth*; but he is better known by his poem of the *Minstrel*, which retains its popularity to this day.]

Characterize', mark out, distinguish.

Phenomena, peculiarities.

Picturesque', beautiful to the eye.

Obscured', darkened.

Intersect', cut up, divide.

Portentous, ominous, foreshadowing evil.

Grotesque', strange, fantastic.

Compatible, consistent with, agreeable to.

Tincture, to give a colour to.

Tranquillity, calmness, peace.

Authenticity, genuineness.

Antiquity, a period of time long past.

THERE is a certain style of melody peculiar to each musical country, which the people of that country are apt to prefer to every other style. That they should prefer their own is not surprising; and that the melody of one people should differ from that of another is not more surprising, perhaps, than that the language of one people should differ from that of another. But there is something not unworthy of notice in the particular expression and style that characterize the music of one nation or province, and distinguish it from every other sort of music. Of this diversity Scotland supplies a striking example. The native melody of the Highlands and Western Isles is as different from that of the southern parts of the kingdom as the Irish language is different from the English or Scotch. Let us take it for granted that different sentiments in the mind of the musician will give different and peculiar expressions to his music; and upon this principle it will not, perhaps, be impossible to account for some of the phenomena of a national ear.

The Highlands of Scotland are a picturesque, but, in general, a melancholy country. Long tracts of mountainous desert, covered with dark heath, and often obscured by misty weather; narrow valleys, thinly inhabited, and bounded by precipices resounding with the fall of torrents; a soil so rugged and a climate so dreary as in many parts to admit neither the amusements of pasturage, nor the labours of agriculture; the mournful dashing of waves

along the firths and lakes that intersect the country ; the portentous noises which every change of the wind and every increase and diminution of the waters is apt to raise in a lonely region, full of echoes, and rocks, and caverns ; the grotesque and ghastly appearance of such a landscape by the light of the moon—objects like these diffuse a gloom over the fancy, which may be compatible enough with occasional and social merriment, but cannot fail to tincture the thoughts of a native in the hour of silence and solitude.

What, then, would it be reasonable to expect from the musicians and poets of such a region ? Strains expressive of joy, tranquillity, or the softer passions ? No ; their style must have been better suited to their circumstances. And so we find in fact that their music is. The wildest irregularity appears in its composition ; the expression is warlike and melancholy, and approaches even to the terrible. And that their poetry is almost universally mournful, and their views of nature dark and dreary, will be allowed by all who admit of the authenticity of Ossian ; and not doubted by any who believe those fragments of Highland poetry to be genuine, which many people, now alive, of that country remember to have heard in their youth, and were then taught to refer to a pretty high antiquity.

Some of the southern provinces of Scotland present a very different prospect. Smooth and lofty hills covered with verdure ; clear streams winding through long and beautiful valleys ; trees produced without culture, here straggling or single, and there crowding into little groves and bowers, with other circumstances peculiar to the districts I allude to, render them fit for pasturage, and favourable to romantic leisure, and tender passions. Several of the old Scotch songs take their names from the rivulets, villages, and hills, adjoining to the Tweed, near Melrose : a region distinguished by many charming varieties of rural scenery, and which, whether we consider the face of the country, or the genius of the people, may properly enough be termed the Arcadia of Scotland. And all these songs are sweetly and powerfully expressive of

love and tenderness, and other emotions suited to the tranquillity of pastoral life.

Highlands—This term is popularly given to that part of Scotland which lies to the north of the Grampian range of mountains.

Pasturage and agriculture—The former term refers to land that is suited for the rearing and feeding of flocks without cultivation; the latter to land which is arable, and suited for the raising of crops. It is a mistake to contrast the *amusements* of pasturage with the *labours* of agriculture. There is as much *labour* in the one as in the other.

Authentic—genuine—These two words differ in this respect—a work is said to be *authentic* when we are certain that it was written by the author whose name it bears, and to be *genuine* if we possess it exactly as the author wrote it. *Authenticity* refers to the authorship—*genuineness* to the purity of the text.

Ossian—Ossian was the most celebrated of the Celtic bards, who is supposed to have flourished about the year 300. In 1760 appeared a volume, entitled *Remains of Ancient Poetry*, collected in the Highlands, and translated from the Gaelic by James M'Pherson. Thus, and several subsequent volumes of a similar nature, gave rise to a long literary controversy. Many maintained that M'Pherson's translations were forgeries; others, that they were genuine translations from Gaelic poems, but could not be traced to Ossian. The controversy has never been satisfactorily settled.

The Tweed—is by far the most famous of Scottish rivers, in so far as connection with song is concerned.

Arcadia—is the name given to the middle and highest parts of the Morea in Greece. It has been termed the Switzerland of Greece. The chief deity of the people was Pan, the god of shepherds, and the occupations of the people were almost entirely pastoral. This, together with the romantic character of the country, led the pastoral poets to select Arcadia as the type of any pastoral district.

QUESTIONS.

1. What do you remark regarding the melody peculiar to each musical country?

2. With what may this musical peculiarity be compared?

3. Where have we a striking example of the diversity existing in musical expression in the same country?

4. To what may this diversity be attributed?

5. What are the characteristic features of Highland scenery?

6. What effect have these features on the imagination?

7. How is that effect shown in the poetry of the Highlands?

8. Who was Ossian?

9. On what grounds has his authenticity been questioned?

10. Contrast the features of the southern provinces of Scotland with those of the Highlands.

11. What difference can you trace in the poetry of these two districts of the kingdom?

12. Why may the southern portion of Scotland be called its *Arcadia*?

EVERY PLEASURE HAS ITS PAIN.

In the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells.—*Shakespeare.*

XV.—AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

Analysis.—In our last war with China, the Commander of the American squadron in Chinese waters, observing our vessels hard pressed, at once sent his own ships into action, and justified himself for so acting on his own responsibility by the remark, "Blood is thicker than water." These words furnish the key to the following striking lines by an American author. The ties that connect the two countries are so many that they may be regarded as one. In the first stanza we have the address; in the second reference is made to the fact that the two nations are of one blood; in the third to the fact that they both use the same noble language; and in the fourth we are taught that, while each nation is moulded after its own type, and separated by the ocean, still the *voice of blood* will proclaim that the two are one.

Gigan'tic, huge, very large.

Ma'gic, wonderful.

Blast'ed, scorched by fire.

Mould, fashion, shape.

Communion, intercourse.

Aud'ible, easily heard.

ALL hail ! thou noble land,
 Our fathers' native soil !
 O stretch thy mighty hand
 Gigantic grown by toil,
 O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore,
 For thou, with magic might,
 Can'st reach to where the light
 Of Phœbus travels bright
 The world o'er.

Though ages long have passed
 Since our fathers left their home,
 Their pilot in the blast,
 O'er untravelled seas to roam;
 Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
 And shall we not proclaim
 That blood of honest fame
 Which no tyranny can tame
 By its chains?

While the language free and bold,
 Which the bard of Avon sung;
 In which our Milton told
 How the vault of heaven rung,
 When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;
 While this, with reverence meet,
 Ten thousand echoes greet,
 From rock to rock repeat,
 Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,
 That mould a nation's soul,
 Still cling around our hearts,
 Between let ocean roll,
 Our joint communion breaking with the sun;
 'et still, from either beach,
 The voice of blood shall reach,
 More audible than speech,
 "We are one!"—*Washington Allston.*

Gigantic grown by toil—In reference to the enormous development of English trade and manufactures.

Phoebus—The Greek name for Apollo, the sun god, hence used by the poets for the sun itself. The reference is to the widespread extent of the British Empire.

Ages long have passed—The Pilgrim Fathers left England in the ship "Mayflower" in the year 1620.

Bard of Avon—Shakespeare, born at Stratford-on-Avon.

Milton—The author, among other poems, of *Paradise Lost*, in which he treats of the expulsion from heaven of Satan and the fallen angels.

QUESTIONS.

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| 1. Where is the Atlantic Ocean? | 5. Why does the writer say "Our Milton"? |
| 2. When did the Pilgrim Fathers leave Britain? | 6. What is the leading idea of the lesson? |
| 3. Who was the bard of Avon? | |
| 4. What was Milton's great work? | |

XVI.—NOBLE REVENGE.

Irritation, anger, annoyance.
 Inexorable, unbending.
 Redress, remedy, righting a wrong.
 Menace, a threat.
 Intercepted, cut off, prevented.
 Remorse, regret for an injury committed.
 Partial, in which only a part of the army was engaged.
 Spectator, onlooker.
 Martial, warlike.

Skirmish, slight engagement.
 Recaptured, retaken.
 Volunteered, offered themselves.
 Gore, blood.
 Homage, in token of respect.
 Mystery, something strange or secret.
 Recognition, knowledge of each other.
 Martyr, one who dies for his faith.
 Indignity, insult.

A YOUNG officer had so far forgotten himself, in a moment of irritation, as to strike a private soldier, full of personal dignity (as sometimes happens in all ranks), and distinguished for his courage. The inexorable laws of military discipline forbade to the injured soldier any practical redress. He could look for no retaliation by act; words only were at his command, and in a tumult of indignation, as he turned away, the soldier said to his officer

that he would "make him repent it." This, wearing the shape of a menace, naturally rekindled the officer's anger, and intercepted any disposition which might be rising within him towards a sentiment of remorse ; and thus the irritation between the two young men grew hotter than before.

Some weeks after this a partial action took place with the enemy. Suppose yourself a spectator, and looking



down into a valley occupied by two armies. They are facing each other, you see, in martial array. But it is no more than a skirmish which is going on ; in the course of which, however, an occasion suddenly arises for a desperate service. A redoubt, which has fallen into the enemy's hands, must be recaptured at any price, and under circumstances of all but hopeless difficulty. A strong party has volunteered for the service ; there is a cry for somebody to head them : you see a soldier step out from the ranks

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to assume this dangerous leadership; the party moves rapidly forward; in a few minutes it is swallowed up from your eyes in clouds of smoke; for one half-hour from behind those clouds you receive hieroglyphic reports of bloody strife, fierce repeating signals, flashes from the guns, rolling musketry, and exulting hurrahs, advancing or receding, slackening or redoubling.

At length all is over: the redoubt has been recovered; that which was lost is found again; the jewel which has been made captive is ransomed with blood. Crimsoned with glorious gore, the wreck of the conquering party is relieved, and at liberty to return. From the river you see it ascending. The plume-crested officer in command rushes forward, with his left hand raising his hat in homage to the blackened fragments of what once was a flag; whilst with his right hand he seizes that of the leader, though no more than a private from the ranks. *That* perplexes you not: mystery you see none in that. For distinctions of order perish, ranks are confounded, "high and low" are words without meaning, and to wreck goes every notion or feeling that divides the noble from the noble, or the brave man from the brave.

But wherefore is it that now, when suddenly they wheel into mutual recognition, suddenly they pause? This soldier, this officer, who are they? O reader, once before they have stood face to face—the soldier it is that was struck; the officer it is that struck him. Once again they are meeting; and the gaze of armies is upon them. If for a moment a doubt divides them, in a moment the doubt has perished. One glance exchanged between them publishes the forgiveness that is sealed for ever. As one who recovers a brother whom he has accounted dead, the officer sprang forward, threw his arms round the neck of the soldier and kissed him, as if he were some martyr glorified by that shadow of death from which he was returning: while on *his* part, the soldier, stepping back, and carrying his open hand through the beautiful motions of the military salute to a superior, makes this immortal answer—that answer which shut up for ever the memory of the indignity offered to him, even whilst for the last time

alluding to it: "Sir," said he, "I told you before that I would *make you repent it*."—*De Quincey*.

Redoubt A redoubt is a small square work without any defence, but in front, thrown up to protect soldiers when engaged in approaching a town by regular siege work. It is applied, however, to any small work used for the protection of soldiers in war.

Hieroglyphic—The word literally means *sacred engraving*, and was applied by ancient writers exclusively to the sculpture and inscriptions on public monuments in Egypt, because it was thought that the priests alone were acquainted with their meaning. In modern times, the word is used to describe any mode of representing ideas by means of visible objects. In the lesson, it is applied to the report of the guns, which conveyed to the onlooker the only idea he could have of the progress of the contest.

QUESTIONS.

1. What led to the ill feeling between the young officer and the soldier?
2. How was the soldier prevented from retaliating?
3. What did he say to the officer?
4. What effect had this upon the officer's mind?
5. What occasion soon arose for a display of courage on the part of the soldier?
6. What is a *redoubt*?
7. What did the soldier volunteer to do?
8. What is meant by *hieroglyphic reports*?
9. What success attended the enterprise?
10. How did the officer welcome back the conquering party?
11. What took place when the officer and soldier again faced each other?
12. How long did this hesitation last?
13. How did the officer show his appreciation of the soldier's bravery?
14. How did the soldier return this acknowledgment?
15. How may we best *make one repent* of any indignity he may have offered us?

XVII.—THE EARTHWORM.

Designs, plans.

Efficient, capable of producing the intended effect.

Requirements, the wants or necessities.

Structure, organization.

Cylindrical, barrel-shaped.

Conical, shaped like a cone, *e.g.*, a sugar-loaf.

Obstruction, obstacle.

Burrowing, boring under ground.

Organic, possessed of organs.

Probability, likelihood.

I HAVE to speak of jointed animals, in all of which the chief idea is locomotion, or moving from place to place. We find among them all sorts of designs for effecting this object, some more and others less efficient; but in each case exactly suited to the requirements of the animal possessing them.

The simplest plans of locomotive structure are seen in the different kinds of worms. The common earthworm is a very interesting little creature. It is formed in every respect for living under ground. The rings of its body are more plainly marked than in the leech. Its body may be said, on the whole, to be cylindrical; but at the front end it is conical, and comes to a rather fine point. At the hinder part, the body is flattened above and below, so that it has one edge on each side. This form of its body has a good deal to do with its success in making its way under ground. The earthworm has the power of lengthening and shortening itself; and to suit its peculiar circumstances, it is also provided on each ring with four pairs of fine bristles, each of them having the points directed backwards. You can easily prove this, if you take up an earthworm, and pull it through your hands. If you take hold of the head part of the worm, and pass your hand towards the tail, it goes without any obstruction; but if you try to pass it the other way you cannot—your hand is held by these little spines. Now, the effect of these spines is, that the hinder part of the worm can be fixed immovably in its hole, while the front part is being pushed forward to extend the hole in the ground. At the slender front end of the worm is the mouth, which is simply an opening; but just above it there is a little finger, as it were, the office of which is to keep putting soil into the mouth; for it is a fact that the worm, to a very considerable extent, eats its way through the earth, when it is burrowing. The food of the worm is the actual soil; that which nourishes it, of course, being the organic matter which happens to be mixed with it.

During last summer, I was making some observations on earthworms, and I had occasion to dig up as many as I could find in my garden, and I was surprised to see that a very considerable number of the worms had new tails. It was evident that they were not the original tails, because they were badly fitted; they were smaller in proportion than the rest of the body, as well as paler in colour. I asked myself, as well as others, how it hap-

pened that these worms had new tails, and the only explanation I received was that, in all probability, the gardener had been digging, and had chopped the worm in two. Now, I knew very well that my gardener had not been so actively at work as to chop off all these worms' tails, so I was obliged to seek another explanation, which I think I found.

Worms, in making their way through the ground, and feeding in the manner I have described, eat a great deal of soil, and you know they frequently cast out a large quantity of this soil, in the form of worm-like moulds, which you see on the surface. Now, if you knock one of those heaps on one side, you will find a worm hole immediately under it. It is clear, then, that the worm must come up, tail first, to void this rejected matter. Now, that being the case, it struck me at once, that birds on the outlook for something to eat, would very soon spy where a worm was in the act of producing one of those little heaps, would hop to the place, lay hold of the worm, and try to pull it out of its hole. But I told you that the worm has the power of resisting strongly being pulled in that direction; it won't come, but will sooner submit to having its tail bitten off—so you see how Providence orders these matters—the bird gets a good meal, and the worm goes back to its hole and grows a new tail.

Dr. Alcock.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the chief idea in all jointed animals?
2. What have you to remark on the efficiency of the locomotive power of all jointed animals?
3. Where do we find the simplest plan of locomotive structure?
4. What kind of life is the earthworm fitted to live?
5. Describe the shape of its body.
6. What peculiarity do you observe in connection with the rings of the earthworm?
7. How are the points of these bristles directed?
8. How can this be proved?
9. What effect follows from this construction?
10. Where is the mouth of the earthworm?
11. What is the food of the earthworm?
12. What is meant by "organic matter"?
13. What is the common explanation of the fact that many earthworms have new tails?
14. How is it known that they have new tails?
15. What seems to be the true explanation of this fact?
16. Show the wisdom of God in this arrangement.
17. Name any other creature that can repair the loss of a member in the same way as the earthworm.

XVIII.—CUNNING OF THE CROCODILE.

Exposed' to, quite open to.

Beguiled', cheated.

Beaks, bills.

Absorbed', wholly occupied.

Engulfs, swallows up.

Manœuv're, trick.

Feigned, pretended.

Fatal, deadly.

Membrane, a thin white skin that covers any member of the body.

FEW creatures are so sly and wary as the crocodile. I watch them continually as they attack the dense flocks of small birds that throng the bushes at the water's edge. These birds are perfectly aware of the danger, and they fly from the attack if possible. The crocodile then quietly and innocently lies upon the surface, as though it had appeared quite by an accident; it then attracts the attention of the birds, and it slowly sails away to a considerable distance exposed to their view. The birds, thus beguiled by the deceiver, believe that the danger is removed, and they again flock to the bush, and once more dip their thirsty beaks into the stream. Thus absorbed in slaking their thirst, they do not observe that their enemy is no longer on the surface. A sudden splash, followed by a huge pair of jaws beneath the bush, that engulfs some dozens of victims, is the signal unexpectedly given of the crocodile's return, who has thus slyly dived and hastened under cover of water to his victims. I have seen the crocodiles repeat this manœuvre constantly; they deceive by a feigned retreat, and then attack from below.

In like manner the crocodile perceives, while it is floating on the surface in mid-stream, or from the opposite side of the river, a woman filling her girba, or an animal drinking. Sinking immediately, it swims perhaps a hundred yards nearer, and again appearing for an instant upon the surface, it assures itself of the position of its prey by a stealthy look; once more it sinks, and reaches the exact spot above which the person or animal may be. Seeing distinctly through the water, it generally makes its fatal rush from beneath—sometimes seizing with its jaws, and at other times striking the object into the water with its tail, after which it is seized and carried off.

The crocodile does not attempt to swallow a large prey

at once, but generally carries it away, and keeps it for a considerable time in its jaws, in some deep hole beneath a rock, or the root of a tree, where it eats it at leisure. The tongue of the crocodile is so unlike that of any other creature, that it can hardly be called by the same name; no portion throughout the entire length is detached from the flesh of the lower jaw. It is more like a thickened membrane from the gullet to about half-way along the length of the jaw.

Sir Samuel Baker.

Cirba—An Arabic word meaning *water-skin*, the name given to the vessels used for carrying water.

QUESTIONS.

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| 1. In what way does the crocodile deceive the birds that come to the river to drink?
2. When he has them off their guard, what is his mode of attack? | 3. How does he reach a woman filling her girba, or an animal drinking?
4. What does the crocodile generally do with his prey, when he has seized it?
5. Describe the crocodile's tongue. |
|--|--|

XIX.—POETIC GEMS.

Coronets, small crowns worn by the nobility.	Propriety, fitness.
Confederate, leagued.	Inspired, filled.
Withes, bands formed of twigs.	Unpresumptuous, modest.
Mansions, palaces, stately dwellings.	Polished, accomplished, graceful.
Resplendent, shining brightly.	Sensibility, delicacy of feeling.
	Needlessly, without cause.
	Inadvertent, careless.

1.—TRUE MANLINESS.

I dare do all that may *become* a man.
 Who dares do more is none.

Shakespeare.

2.—TRUE NOBILITY.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
 'Tis only *noble* to be good;
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman blood.

Tennyson.

3.—TRUE FREEDOM.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
 And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
 That hellish foes confederate for his harm
 Can wind around him, but he casts it off
 With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
 He looks abroad into the varied field
 Of nature, and, though poor perhaps, compared
 With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
 Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
 His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
 And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
 With a propriety that none can feel,
 But who, with filial confidence inspired,
 Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
 And smiling say—"My Father made them all!"

Cowper.

4.—TRUE HAPPINESS.

If solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breast this jewel lies ;
 And they are fools who roam.
 The world has nothing to bestow,
 From our own selves our joys must flow,
 And that dear hut, our home.

Cotton.

True happiness has no localities,
 No tone provincial, no peculiar garb,
 Where'er a tear is dried, a wounded heart
 Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew
 Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
 Of honest suffering soothed, or injury
 Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven ;
 Where'er an evil passion is subdued—
 There is a high and holy place, a spot
 Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
 Where happiness, descending, sits and smiles.

Pollok.

5.—TRUE HONOUR.

Honour and shame from no condition rise ;
 Act well your part—there all the honour lies.

Pope.

6.—TRUE SENSIBILITY.

I would not enter on my list of friends
 (Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
 Yet wanting sensibility), the man
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
 An inadvertent step may crush the snail
 That crawls at evening in the public path;
 But he that has humanity, forewarned,
 Will turn aside, and let the reptile live.

Corper.

Norman blood—Many of the nobility trace their descent from the Normans. The older the family, the higher dignity it is supposed to possess.

Samson, his green withes—Compare Judges xvi, 6-9.

Whom the truth makes free—Compare John viii, 32.

QUESTIONS.

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|---|---|
| 1. In what does true manliness consist?
2. Mention some things which become a man.
3. Mention some things unbecoming a man, and therefore <i>unmanly</i> .
4. Which is the highest and best nobility?
5. What are <i>coronets</i> ?
6. What is meant by NORMAN Blood?
7. Who alone is the freeman?
8. What is the condition of all others?
9. On what portion of Scripture is this description of true freedom based? | 10. Explain the allusion to Samson in this passage?
11. On what ground can the Christian freeman claim all nature as his own?
12. Where must we seek for true happiness?
13. On what do honour and shame depend?
14. How is true honour to be obtained?
15. What is meant by sensibility?
16. In what estimation does the poet hold it?
17. What frequently leads to cruelty to animals? |
|---|---|

XX.—COMPOSITION EXERCISES.

1. Give an account in your own words of the common earthworm.
2. Give an account in your own words of the climate of the Maritime Provinces.
3. Give an account in your own words of the destruction of the last wolves in Scotland.
4. Write an Essay on Tubal Cain from the questions to Lesson XI.
5. Write the legendary history of Romulus.
6. "The physical conditions of a country will influence the

music of that country." Illustrate this statement by reference to the music of the Highlands of Scotland.

7. Show by examples that true manliness consists in doing what may become a man.

8. Show by examples that doing things unbecoming a man is *unmanly*.

9. Write an essay from these heads:—

(a) The desire of happiness is natural to man.

(b) Men seek happiness in various ways.

(c) Mere external things cannot give true happiness.

(d) True happiness must always be sought from within.

(e) For true happiness there is no place like home.

10. Quote passages to show that true happiness depends upon ourselves and not on external circumstances.

EXAMPLES.

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

Paradise Lost, book I, line 254.

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

Southwell, "Look Home."

11. On cruelty to animals.

12. Give an account in your own words of the form and habits of the Devil Fish.

13. Give an account of any pet animals you may have.

14. Describe the material, position, and structure of the nest of any bird.

15. Describe the process of building a house.

16. Describe how the ground is prepared for seed.

17. Describe a snowball fight.

18. Give an account of a holiday spent on the ice.

SECTION II.

XXI.—DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

[WASHINGTON IRVING (b. 1783, d. 1859), descended from an old Orkney family, was born at New York. He is the author of various works, which have attained deserved popularity. The extract is from his *Life of Columbus*.]

Clam'orous, boisterous.
 Turbulence, tumult.
 Manifestations, signs.
 Re'cently, lately.
 Artificially, done by art, by the hand.
 Mu'tiny, disobedience to orders.
 San'guine, hopeful.
 Invar'iable, constant.
 Impres'sive, earnest, solemn.
 Augment'ed, increased.
 Poop, the highest deck of a ship.

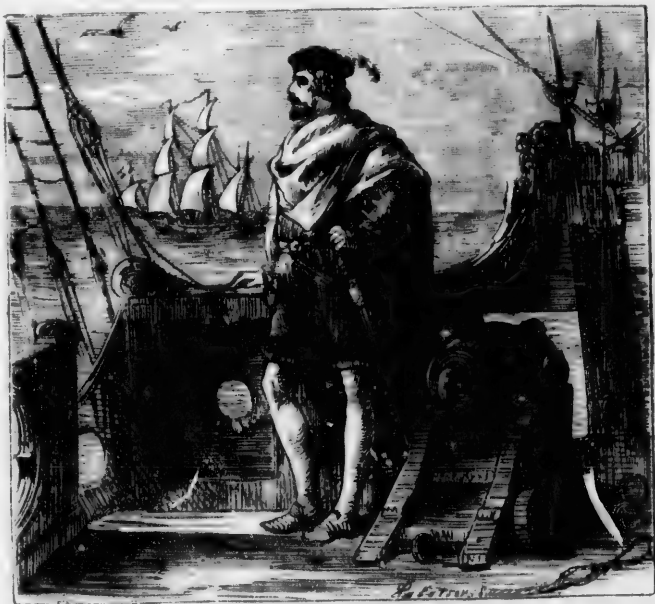
Unremit'ting, unceasing.
 Affirm'ative, yes.
 Delu'sion, error.
 Tran'sient, passing quickly.
 Tumult'uous, greatly agitated.
 Mys'tery, secret.
 Sa'ges, wise men.
 Conjectures, guesses, opinions.
 Aromatic, sweet-smelling.
 Specula'tions, thoughts.
 Fanes, temples.
 Orient'al, eastern.

WHEN on the evening of the third day the sailors beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless horizon, they broke forth into clamorous turbulence. Fortunately, however, the manifestations of neighbouring land were such on the following day as no longer to admit a doubt. Besides a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish of a kind which keeps about rocks; then a branch of thorn with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought-for land.

In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board of the admiral's ship, the mariners had sung the *Salve Regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by such soft and

favouring breezes across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate. The greatest animation prevailed



throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin, on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety; and now, when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the

dusky horizon, in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance! Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to one of his companions, and inquired whether he saw a light in that direction; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called one of the sailors, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round house, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards, in sudden and passing gleams; as it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking in the waves; or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them. Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was first discovered by a mariner, named Roderigo de Triano; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant; whereupon they took in sail and lay to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established—he had secured to himself a glory, which must be as durable as the world itself. It is difficult even for the imagination to conceive the feelings of such a man at the moment of so sublime a discovery. What a bewildering crowd of conjectures must have thronged upon his mind as to the land which lay before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived in the balmy

air the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light which he had beheld, proved that it was the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe? or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination in those times was prone to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian Sea? Or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away, wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves and glittering fanes, and golden cities, and all the splendour of oriental civilization.

Washington Irving.

Salve Regina—Two Latin words, meaning, *Hail, O Queen*, forming the first words of a hymn to the Virgin Mary. Almost all the Christian hymns of that age were in Latin. A *Vesper* hymn is a hymn sung at evening worship, as *Matins* refer to morning service.

Columbus—The discoverer of America, was born at Genoa in 1435. He early showed a strong passion for geographical knowledge, and took to a seafaring life. He became convinced that the other side of the globe contained land, belonging to Eastern Asia, and that it could be reached by sailing to the west. He set out in August, 1492, and discovered land on the 11th of October. He died in Spain in the year 1506.

Pinta—The name of one of the vessels which carried Columbus and his men.

His theory—Has been already referred to. It was briefly this:—The earth is round, and accordingly he thought that, by constant sailing to the west, he would reach Asia. The common theory was that the eastern side of Asia could only be reached by a south-east course round Africa. The views of Columbus were treated with ridicule; and for eighteen long years he had vainly tried to enlist public sympathy in his efforts. It was while seeking to reach Asia that he discovered America.

Strange and monstrous race—Shakespeare makes Othello, in telling of his travels, speak of

The cannibals, that each other eat;
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

Cipango—Also written Zipango, is described as an island in Marco Polo's *Travels* (book 3, chap. 2) extremely rich and beautiful.

QUESTIONS.

1. What indications of land were observed towards the end of the voyage?
2. Why was *the staff artificially carved* the best indication of all?
3. What was the substance of the address of Columbus to his men on the night previous to the discovery of land?
4. What are *Vespers* and *Matins*?
5. State what you know of Columbus.
6. Where did Columbus station himself on the evening on which land was discovered?
7. What sign of land did he observe?
8. How did the majority of the seamen treat this sign?
9. When, and by whom, was land discovered?
10. Describe the feelings of Columbus at this discovery.
11. What was the theory of Columbus regarding a passage to the eastern parts of Asia?
12. How was this theory regarded by the learned men of his time?
13. What was the popular opinion of that age regarding the inhabitants of remote and unknown regions?
14. Quote Othello's description of them.
15. Point out all the sea phrases or words occurring in the lesson.
16. Explain these words and phrases:
— *The breeze had been fresh; With more sea than usual; They stood to the west; The Pinta keeping the lead; Poop; They took in sail; They lay to.*
17. Explain these words:— *Artificially; Mutiny; Salve Regina; Horizon; Affirmative; Admiral; Mystery; Aromatic.*

XXII.—SCENE FROM IVANHOE.

[SIR WALTER SCOTT (*b.* 1771, *d.* 1832) is so well known to every schoolboy, as to render any account of his life unnecessary.]

Connection—The scene of the novel of *Ivanhoe* is laid in the reign of Richard I (1189 A.D.—1199 A.D.) During Richard's absence at the Crusades, his brother John attempted to usurp the crown. He held a great tournament at Ashby, in the county of Leicester, and, on its conclusion, some games took place for the benefit of the yeomen. The fusion of the Norman and Saxon race was not then complete, and the Saxons were little better than slaves. All the prince's retinue consisted of Normans, and, to the annoyance and chagrin of Prince John, a Saxon archer, named Locksley, carried off all the honours. This Locksley was the famous Robin Hood. Our lesson gives an account of the trial of skill in archery.

Braggart, boaster.
Wa'ger, condition, terms.
Proffer, offer.
Cra'ven, coward.
Infamy, disgrace.
Avenue, passage.
Precedence, foremost place
Shafts, arrows.

Succes'sion, one after another.
Conclu'sions, contest.
Delibera'tion, caution.
Run'agate, fugitive.
Adversary, opponent.
Compo'sure, calmness.
Vin'dicated, justified.
Acclama'tions, shouts of joy.

"WHAT is thy name, yeoman?" asked Prince John.
"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles;

but if thou lovest it, thou shalt be stript of thy Lincoln green, and scourged out of the lists with bow strings, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

"And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman. "Your grace's power, supported, as it is, by so many men-at-arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me; but cannot compel me to bend or draw my bow."

"If thou refusest my fair proffer," said the prince, "the



provost of the lists shall cut thy bow string, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern

avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were in the target, and the others ranged so near it, that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver, to the provost of the sports."

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition, that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," replied Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill thy bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can do but his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonour his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of the left arm, he drew his bow string to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed

station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance, as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bow string; yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the centre than that of Hubert.

"By the light of Heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou suffer that rufegate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows."

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An your highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow"——

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John; "shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully, that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger.

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it alighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamour.

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country."

He then left the lists, but returned almost immediately with a willow wand, about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a

target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. "For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life, and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the buckler."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah, Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man that ever did so."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

He then took his aim, with great deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill; his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; but Locksley, after giving the prize of twenty nobles to Hubert, mixed with the crowd and was seen no more.

Yeoman—A man of small estate, or a farmer.

Nobles—Gold coins, worth about 6s. 8d. sterling.

Lists—Was the name given to the ground in which the sports took place. It was marked off by ropes suspended on posts fixed in the earth, as in our games of cricket and football. The *provoat* of the lists corresponded to what we term *umpire*.

Targets—Were generally oval shaped, with a white spot in the centre—what we term the bull's eye. At regular intervals round this centre were drawn white oval lines. To hit the centre or bull's eye was the perfection of archery.

Hastings—In Sussex, where the battle was fought (1066 A.D.) which established the Normans in England, and gave the crown to William, commonly called the Conqueror.

King Arthur's round table—King Arthur was a mythical king of the ancient Britons, who opposed the Saxons. He instituted a famous order of knighthood. The number was limited to 60, and, to prevent disputes about precedence, they sat at a round table, all being thus on a footing of equality.

QUESTIONS.

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| 1. What was a tournament?
2. What is meant by <i>lists</i> ? Who was the <i>Provost of the lists</i> ?
3. In whose reign is the story of <i>Ivanhoe</i> placed?
4. Who were the knights of the round table? | 5. What two distinct races inhabited England at the time of the story?
6. What was the relative condition of the two?
7. Tell what you know of Robin Hood. |
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XXIII.—OUR FATHERS.

Indus'trial, relating to the arts.
 Contribution, literary production.
 Spontaneous, voluntary.
 Plaudits, audible praises.
 Mel'ow, ripe.
 Fruitage, product.

Artizans, workmen.
 Rhetoric'ian, orator.
 Harmonious, concordant.
 Reverberates, resounds.
 Measured, equally paced.
 Audience, attention.

In November, 1854, an Industrial Exhibition, doing great credit to Nova Scotia, and to those who originated the idea and worked out the details, was held in and around the Provincial Building. Mr. Howe's contribution was given in the following spirited lines :—

Room for the dead ! Your living hands may pile
 Treasures of art the stately tents within ;
 Beauty may grace them with her richest smile,
 And Genius here spontaneous plaudits win.
 But yet, amidst the tumults and the din
 Of gathering thousands, let me audience crave :
 Place claim I for the dead. 'Twere mortal sin,
 When banners o'er our country's treasures wave,
 Unmark'd to leave the wealth safe garnered in the grave.

The fields may furnish forth their lowing kine,
 The forest spoils in rich abundance lie,
 The mellow fruitage of the clustered vine
 Mingle with flowers of every varied dye :
 Swart artisans their rival skill may try,
 And, while the rhetorician wins the ear,
 The pencil's graceful shadows charm the eye ;
 But yet, do not withhold the grateful tear
 For those, and for their works, who are not here.

Not here ? Oh ! yes, our hearts their presence feel,
 Viewless, not voiceless, from the deepest shells
 On memory's shore, harmonious echoes steal ;
 And names, which, in the days gone by, were spells,

M. R. VI.

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Are blent with that soft music. If there dwells
 The spirit here our country's fame to spread,
 While every breast with joy and triumph swells,
 And earth reverberates to our measured tread,
 Banner and wreath should own our reverence for the dead.

Look up, their walls enclose us. Look around,
 Who won the verdant meadows from the sea?
 Whose sturdy hands the noble highways wound
 Through forests dense, o'er mountain, moor, and lea?
 Who spanned the streams? Tell me whose works they be,—
 The busy marts, where commerce ebbs and flows?
 Who quelled the savage? And who spared the tree
 That pleasant shelter o'er the pathway throws?
 Who made the land they loved to blossom as the rose?

Who, in frail barques, the ocean surge defied,
 And trained the race that live upon the wave?
 What shore so distant where they have not died?
 In ev'ry sea they found a watery grave.
 Honour, for ever, to the true and brave
 Who seaward led their sons with spirits high,
 Bearing the red-cross flag their fathers gave;
 Long as the billows flout the arching sky,
 They'll seaward bear it still—to venture, or to die.

The Roman gathered in a stately urn
 The dust he honour'd—while the sacred fire,
 Nourished by vestal hands, was made to burn
 From age to age. If fitly you'd aspire,
 Honour the dead; and let the sounding lyre
 Recount their virtues in your festal hours;
 Gather their ashes—higher still, and higher
 Nourish the patriot flame that history dowers;
 And o'er the Old Men's graves, go strew your choicest flowers.

"The wealth safe garnered in the grave," refers to the perseverance and industry of those who had improved the country and laboured for its prosperity.

"Their walls enclose us." The structure of the Provincial Building in which the Exhibition was held.

"The dust he honoured." The body of the dead Roman was burned, and the ashes placed in an urn.

QUESTIONS.

1. When was the Industrial Exhibition held which the poet refers to?
2. How does the poem describe the Exhibition?
3. Why are our forefathers to be remembered?
4. In what way can we best honour them?
5. How had Nova Scotia been improved in early times?
6. What do you mean by the line—"Bearing the red-cross flag their fathers gave"?
7. Repeat the last two lines and paraphrase them.

Paraphrase the first stanza on slates.

XXIV.—THE COAL FIELDS OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Des'titute, in want.	Combus'tible, inflammable.
Meas'ures, beds or strata.	Expecta'tion, conjecture.
Inexhaus'tible, incalculable in its extent.	Alter'nately, in reciprocal succession.
Sin'ews, muscles, means of strength.	Under'mine, excavate the earth beneath.
Commercial, mercantile.	Specimens, examples.
Prosperity, success, good fortune.	Observa'tion, examination.
Conspic'uous, easy to be seen.	Founda'tion, ground-work, basis.
Con'stituted, formed.	
Illus'trate, exemplify.	

COAL is one of the greatest treasures which the mineral world bestows upon man. The importance of great Britain as the manufacturing power of the world is owing, in no slight degree, to the vast coal fields that keep her thousands of furnaces in full blast. This valuable mineral is scattered widely over the earth's surface. Nearly every state in Europe rejoices in its own bed of coal. It appears in India, China, and the islands of the Indian Ocean; the African island of Madagascar is not destitute of it; even in remote Australia it is to be found; and in the southern continent of our western hemisphere, the Republic of Chili, is the happy possessor of coal measures. But nowhere is coal to be found in greater quantity than in North America. In the United States the coal fields extend from Michigan to Alabama, covering an area of nearly two hundred thousand square miles. Of greater interest to us, however, are the coal measures of our own country, which occur in Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and New Brunswick, and are supposed to extend as far as the

Magdalen Islands. These extensive deposits of coal cover an area of thirty-six thousand square miles, affording an almost inexhaustible supply of what has been fitly termed the sinews of commercial prosperity. Although these coal fields are spread over so large a part of the Maritime Provinces, they are generally connected with the name of Nova Scotia, because in that province they are most conspicuous.

Coal is not a stone in the same sense as limestone or granite are called stones. It consists almost entirely of carbon or charcoal, and represents the remains of vegetable life, that flourished hundreds of thousands of years ago. Geologists suppose that the great coal regions of Nova Scotia and the adjoining provinces were at one time immense swamps at the mouths of great rivers, which brought down in their course trunks of trees, and quantities of mud and sand, which mingled with, and overlaid, the aquatic plants growing in the swamps. The water plants and trees, decaying, furnished layers of coal, and the mud and sand constituted the shale and sandstone that lies between them. In order to illustrate this change, Sir Charles Lyell, the celebrated geologist, states that "when ever any part of a swamp in Louisiana is dried up, during an unusually hot season, and the wood set on fire, pits are burnt into the ground many feet deep," showing the combustible nature of deposits now going on.

Such being the origin of coal, we should naturally expect to find some traces of vegetable organization in the structure of this mineral. These, however, are not visible, as everybody knows, in the majority of lumps of coal that fill our stoves and fire-places. But were we to visit a coal mine, our expectation would soon be realized. On Chiegnecto Bay, an arm of the Bay of Fundy, in Nova Scotia, there is a line of lofty cliffs about two hundred feet in height, called the South Joggins. The appearance of these cliffs is of the most interesting character. Alternately with shales and sandstones, are to be seen the edges of numerous seams of coal, varying from two inches to four feet in thickness; and, rooting in these seams, appear petrified trunks of trees, from eight to twenty-five feet in

height. Year by year, the high tides of the Bay of Fundy, which rise more than sixty feet, undermine and wear away the face of the cliffs, revealing new specimens of fossil vegetation. In addition to the trunks and stumps of these trees, which are called *Tigillonia*, and are unlike any at present existing in the world, the coal measures of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton abound in fossil *Equisetaceæ*, the horse-tails or scouring rushes of our swamps, and other remarkable trees and plants.

Each of the layers or seams of coal indicates a distinct period of vegetable life. It has hence been concluded that no fewer than fifty-nine great swamp-forests must have contributed to form the Sydney coal field in Cape Breton. We know, from observation, how slowly the formation of coal is going on at the present day; how great, therefore, must be the period of time that has elapsed since the first of these forests rose from the silent swamp, fell before the power of the watercourse, and became the foundation of fifty-eight successive beds, repeating the story of its own existence!—*Adapted.*

QUESTIONS.

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. How has coal added to the importance of Great Britain as a commercial nation? 2. Name the countries in which coal is to be found? 3. Where is it found in very large quantities? 4. What is the extent of the coal deposits in the Maritime Provinces? | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 5. How do geologists explain the formation of coal? 6. What does Sir Charles Lyell say about the swamps in Louisiana? 7. Describe the coal-field on the shore of Chignecto Bay. 8. Name some of the vegetable organisms found in coal beds. |
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SORROW.

He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend.
 Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
 For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
 Where sorrow's held intrusive, and turned out,
 There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
 Nor aught that dignifies humanity.

Henry Taylor

XXV.—A SHIPWRECK.

Cloud-rack, thin, flying, broken
 cloud
 Landward, towards the shore.
 Weltering, rolling.
 Tremulous, quivering.

Hurricane, furious gale.
 Profound, deep.
 Revolving, going round.
 Hideous, dreadful, terrible.
 Engulf, swallow up.

Steadily blows the north-east wind,
 And the harbour flag blows straight from the mast ;
 And the sailors lounge and look on the pier,
 And smoke their pipes and think it will last.

Yonder the cloud-rack lowers and glooms,
 And the sweet blue sky is hidden away ;
 Whilst the muttering waves grow hoarse and loud,
 And you have to shout the thing that they say.

Away in the distance is the white-sailed ship
 Coming hastening landward with wet black sides,
 As it leans to the push of the gusty wind,
 Now a rush, now a pause, on the weltering tides.

The shining froth of the rock-vexed waves
 Gathers in creaming yeast on the sand ;
 Then away in fluttering flocks it speeds
 For hedges and hillsides far inland.

The sea-birds dip and wheel in the air,
 And search the surges with greedy eyes ;
 They hang with tremulous wing on the brink
 Then away on the blast with their shrill sad cries.

Yonder the people crowd to the cliff,
 Where the long gray grass is flattened and bent ;
 As the stress of the hurricane passes by,
 Every eye to seaward is fixed intent.

Far down below are the cruel rocks,
 All black and slippery with black sea-weed ;
 And pits profound, where the whirlpools run,
 For ever revolving with hideous speed.

How the ship comes ! Let her come, poor barque ;
 Here is the harbour quiet and still ;
 Once entered, the weary crew can sleep,
 And dream of their home without fear of ill.

How the ship comes ! What's that ? Her helm
Is carried away, and she drifts to the blast,
Over her deck sweeps a roaring wave,
And up in the rigging the crew run fast.

On she comes for the rocks ! O men !
O maids and mothers ! O daughters and wives !
You are sitting at home by the hearth-fire warm,
And the sea has a hold of your loved ones' lives !

The life boat draws near her ! She strikes !
The aid is late ; she must tremble and roll,
Till at last a great third wave will come
And break her up, and engulf the whole.—*Anonymous.*

QUESTIONS.

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| 1. Describe in your own words the beginning of the storm. | 5. What was it that "searched the surges with greedy eyes?" |
| 2. What was the appearance of the sky and the sea? | 6. When did there appear to be any danger? |
| 3. How did the ship behave under the influence of the increasing breeze? | 7. What do you mean by "she drifts to the blast?" |
| 4. As the wind rose high, what was left by the tide on the sandy beach? | 8. Repeat the second and last stanzas. |
| | 9. Paraphrase the fourth and fifth stanzas. |

UNDER THE SNOW.

Under the snow the roses lie,
And violets blue as the summer sky,
They reck not how fiercely the North winds blow,
Under the snowdrifts, under the snow.

Under the snow the mountain streams
Babble all day of their nightly dreams,
Whisper and frolic as on they go,
Under the snowdrifts, under the snow.

Under the snow in bowers of moss,
The Dryads are weaving their robes of floss,
Robes that in summer will sparkle and glow,
Under the snowdrifts, under the snow.

Under the snow are voiceless lips,
And tender eyes in dark eclipse,
And hearts are pulseless, yet I know
A spring is coming to melt the snow.

XXVI.—CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

Impetuously, vigorously, strongly.	Dilated, expanded, stretched out.
Invisible, that cannot be seen.	Interspersed, scattered.
Capillaries, small <i>hair-like</i> tubes,	Deleterious, injurious
from the Latin word <i>capillus</i> , a	Expelled, driven out.
hair.	Contraction, drawing together.
Microscopic, very minute.	Inhaled, drawn in by the breath.
Tissues, minute elementary parts.	Vitiated, spoiled,
Appropriating, making its own.	Pitiable, wretched.

THE blood is a mighty river of life. As long as life itself lasts it is impetuously rushing through every part of our bodies, by means of a network of canals. It issues from the heart, bright and red, through one great artery, named the *aorta*, which branches and branches like the boughs of a tree, the vessels becoming smaller and smaller as they divide, till at last they are invisible to the naked eye. They are then no longer called arteries, but *capillaries*. Through the walls of these microscopic tubes, with which the whole body is crowded, the blood may be said to hold communication with the tissues composing the various organs. The tissues are gradually wasting away, consumed by the vital action of the organs which they form. But the blood comes to their aid, and out of some forty substances which it carries about in its ceaseless flow, each tissue has the power of appropriating and converting into a part of itself whatever is necessary for its repair. This is the process of *assimilation*.

But the blood does more. It not only supplies the new material, but carries away the old. It not only brings fuel to feed the flame of life, but removes the ashes which that flame has left. Having thus exchanged its glowing red for a much darker hue, it now leaves the capillaries, and enters the veins. In general form these are similar to the arteries; only the blood flows through them in an opposite direction. It is gathered up first by the smallest branches, along which it flows till they gradually unite, and pour the whole by a single stream into one of the cavities of the heart.

But this blood has no longer any life-giving power, and

before it be sent out again to the tissues, some means must be found to purify it. Its impurities have mostly assumed the form of carbonic acid, which must be exchanged for oxygen before it can become again the supporter of life. Oxygen forms about a fifth of the



Fig. 1. — HEART AND GREAT VESSELS OF FISH. *a, a, a*, Veins; *b, b*, right and left extremities of the single auricle of the heart; *c*, ventricle of heart; *d*, bulbus arteriosus; *e, e*, branchial arteries which convey the dark blood from the heart into the gills, to be purified before passing on into the branchial veins, and thence into *f*, the aorta.

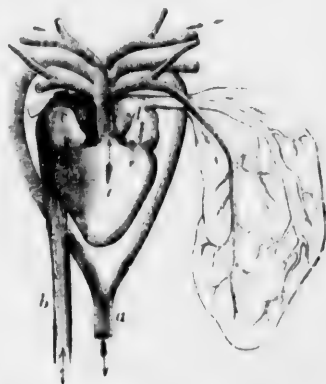


Fig. 2. — HEART AND GREAT VESSELS OF FROG. *a*, Aorta; *b*, venous trunk carrying dark blood to *c*, the right auricle of the heart; *d*, left auricle receiving aerated blood from the lungs; *e*, ventricle receiving blood from both auricles, and propelling the mixed fluid up the truncus arteriosus, both into the lungs and the system; *f*, left lung.

whole atmosphere; but how is that oxygen to be brought into contact with the polluted blood? To accomplish this is the object of the lungs, it is for this that we are made to breathe. The heart again expels the blood; but this time by a different channel. The arteries which now convey it spread themselves over the lungs, exactly as

those formerly mentioned did over the body. Meanwhile another process is going on. By a muscular effort the chest is dilated, and the air rushes in through the mouth or nostrils, and thence along the wind-pipe, to fill up the vacuum. The wind-pipe sends out branches over the lungs, like those of the arteries, and these terminate in minute air vessels, which are interspersed among the capillaries containing the blood. Through the delicate sides of their respective vessels the blood receives a supply of oxygen from the air, and in its turn carries off the carbonic acid, and other deleterious substances from the blood. The result is, that the blood resumes its bright colour and life-giving energy, and returns to the heart to recommence its journey over the body.

At every breathing, a portion of the air in the lungs, laden with carbonic acid, is expelled by a contraction of the chest. Another supply is then drawn in as before, and so on, the same processes being repeated. But if the air inhaled is itself impure, the whole contents of the lungs must soon become vitiated, and the blood will return to the heart unpurified. Hence the necessity for a constant supply of pure air. None of the conditions of health is so sadly neglected as this is. Pigsties and dunghills are kept close to crowded dwelling-houses; streets are allowed to remain covered with dust and filth; houses are too often damp, ill-ventilated, and unswept; schools and churches are kept as close as if it were wrong to admit the pure air of heaven, or allow the carbonic acid breathed from hundreds of lungs to escape. No mistake could be more dangerous, none is more fatal.

In the year 1757, one hundred and forty-six persons were locked up for the night, in a room in Calcutta, which was only 18 feet square. The next morning only twenty-three of the number were left alive. The rest perished, after enduring intense sufferings. The room, where this terrible tragedy was enacted, obtained the name of the Black Hole of Calcutta. A similar accident occurred more lately, on the 2nd of December, 1848, when the steamer *Londonderry* sailed from Ligo to Liverpool, with two hundred emigrants on board. A gale of wind came on,

and the captain ordered the passengers below. They were packed together in a small cabin. Not content with fastening down the hatches, he covered them with tarpaulin. The agony endured by these unfortunate people in this dungeon was frightful, and so tightly were they imprisoned, that seventy-three of the two hundred perished, before their pitiable condition was discovered. These persons died from suffocation; the air which surrounded them was so charged with carbonic acid, that the black venous blood which entered their lungs could not obtain its supply of oxygen, and, consequently, could not be purified.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the colour of the blood on leaving from the heart?
2. What is the name of the artery by which it issues?
3. What are *capillaries*, and why so called?
4. What is constantly happening to the tissues of the body?
5. How is the waste of these tissues repaired?
6. What is the process of *assimilation*?
7. What second duty does the blood perform?
8. How is this second office of the blood performed?
9. What is the state of the blood which has been returned to the heart by the veins?
10. Explain the process of purification.
11. What gas is necessary for the purification of the blood?
12. What gas is expelled from the lungs by the process of breathing?
13. What happens if the air inhaled is impure?
14. How can this fact be turned to advantage in securing health?
15. Give examples of the evil effects resulting from impure air?

XXVII.—INERTIA.

Material, composed of matter.
 Obvious, clear.
 Displacement, removal from its place.
 Rewards, hindrances.
 Oppose, resist.
 Progressive, moving forward.
 Proportional, equal to.
 Inherent, belonging to itself.

Mechanism, mechanical structure.
 Supposition, view, hypothesis.
 Obstructions, hindrances, impediments.
 Unavoidable, that cannot be prevented.
 Unerring, never varying.
 Undiminished, not lessened.
 Launched, hurled, projected.

FOREMOST in importance among the properties of matter is that known as *inertia*. Every material body must be either at rest or in motion. Now inertia consists in this, that, if a body be at rest, it cannot put itself in motion, and if it be in motion, it cannot change that motion.

reduce itself to rest. The first of these two statements—namely, that a body at rest cannot of itself begin to move—will be at once understood and agreed to. But the truth of the second is not so obvious. It does seem, at first sight, that matter is more inclined to rest than to motion; for, if we roll a stone along the surface of the ground, it gradually moves more and more slowly, till at last it stops altogether. It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that the stone stops in virtue of any power of its own. If the ground is made level, and the stone round and smooth, it will roll longer and farther, and on a sheet of ice longer and farther still. It appears then, that the *friction*, as it is called, arising from the roughness of the stone itself, and of the surface on which it moves, tends to stop its motion.

Besides, even if there were no friction, the stone has to move through the air, making way for itself as it goes by the displacement of that fluid; this also retards its progress, and would at length bring it to a state of rest. Friction, then, and the resistance of the air, are among the influences which oppose the continuance of motion in all bodies near the earth's surface, and the effect of their operation is so constant and so gradual, that we are apt to think moving bodies stop of their own accord. But it is only living bodies which have any such power. Nay more, it is not easy nor safe for even a living body, when in rapid motion, to stop suddenly. When a man leaps from a railway carriage in motion, his body retains, in virtue of its inertia, all the progressive motion which it had in common with the carriage. But no sooner do his feet touch the ground, than their motion is suddenly arrested, and the rest of the body, having still a tendency to go on, falls in the direction of the train's motion, and with a violence proportional to its speed. The same effect will be felt, though in a less degree, in leaping from an ordinary gig or cart.

We cannot, it is true, prove by actual experiment that a moving body has no inherent tendency to stop, because we cannot get rid of disturbing influences. But we have the strongest reasons for believing that, if these were removed, a motion once begun would continue for ever in the

same direction, and at the same rate. In the heavens we have a vast mechanism whose movements cannot be explained on any other supposition. The planets, and other celestial bodies, removed from all the casual obstructions and resistances which are unavoidable on the surface of the earth, roll on in their appointed paths with unerring regularity, preserving undiminished all that motion which they received at their creation from the Hand that launched them into space.

Friction—(From Latin *frico*, I rub,) is the name given to that resistance to the motion of bodies caused by their rubbing against some other substance. Thus, when a stone is thrown along a smooth surface it will run farther than when thrown along a rough surface, because the friction in the former case is less than in the latter. When a heavily-loaded waggon is descending a steep street, the carter generally clogs one wheel so as to increase the friction, and prevent the waggon from moving too fast. For the same reason, our carriages, &c., are fitted with *drags*.

Planet—(From a Greek root) means literally a wanderer, and is applied to those heavenly bodies which move round the sun as their centre, and change their places, and also their distances, in respect to each other. This earth is a planet. Planets are opposed to what are called the fixed stars, which always preserve the same relative positions in the heavens.

QUESTIONS.

1. Give a definition of *inertia*.
2. What is that which retards the progress of a stone when hurled along the ground?
3. Explain the meaning of *friction*.
4. Give some practical examples of the application of the law of *friction*.
5. What else besides *friction* tends to retard the motion of the stone?
6. What bodies alone possess the power of arresting their own progress?
7. When is it unsafe for even a living body to stop suddenly?
8. Give practical examples of the danger arising from the too sudden arrest of the motion of a living body?
9. In descending from a carriage or vehicle in motion, how ought we to step, and why?
10. Why can we not prove by actual experiment that a body once set in motion will go on for ever?
11. Where do we find illustrations of this law?
12. What are the *planets*, and why are they so called?
13. How do you account for the continuance of motion in the planets?

THE MIND.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God or nature hath assigned;
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Sir Edmund Dier.

XXVIII.—THE EXTENT AND RESOURCES OF CANADA.

This lesson is an extract from Joseph Howe's celebrated speech on the organization of the Empire. The speech was delivered on the occasion of a motion in the House of Assembly to promote a union of the Provinces of British North America. It was extensively circulated and much admired on this side of the Atlantic at the time of its delivery, and when republished in England in 1855, attracted a great deal of attention from the British press.

Territory, extent of country.
 Descendants, offspring.
 Accommodation, convenience.
 Countless, very large.
 Politically organized, arranged
 into distinct provinces.
 Controlled, regulated.
 Recollections, memories.
 Achievements, heroic deeds.
 Dimensions, size, extent.

Rigorous, severely cold.
 Originally, in earlier times.
 Sterile, barren.
 Resources, available means or
 capabilities.
 Peculiarly, especially.
 Commodities, merchandise.
 Diversified, distinguished by a
 variety of aspects.
 Prediction, something foretold.

THE first question which we men of the North must put to ourselves is—Have we a territory broad enough of which to make a nation? I think it can be shown that we have Beneath, around, and behind us, stretching away from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are four million square miles of territory. All Europe, with its family of nations, contains nearly two hundred and ninety-two thousand less. The United States include nearly eight thousand square miles less than British America. The vain-glorious Republican sometimes exclaims:—

“No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
 The whole unbounded continent is ours!”

But he forgets that the largest portion does not belong to him at all, but to us, the men of the North, whose descendants will control its destinies for ever.

Sir, the whole globe contains but thirty-seven million square miles; and we, North Americans, living under the British flag, have one-ninth of the whole—a space surely sufficient for the accommodation and support of a countless population. It is true that all this territory is not yet politically organized, but there are five hundred thousand square miles which have settled land marks, and are controlled by provincial legislation.

The great province of Canada is equal in size to Great Britain, France, and Prussia. Charmed by her classic recollections, how apt are we to magnify everything in the Old World, and to imagine that Providence has been kind to her alone. Yet the noble St. Lawrence is equal in proportion to the Nile—the great granary of the East, which, from the days of the patriarchs, has fed millions with its produce. Take the Frenchman's Rhone, the Englishman's Thames, the German's Rhine, and the Spaniard's Tagus, and roll them all into one channel, and you then only have a stream equal to the St. Lawrence.

The great lakes of Canada are larger in volume than the Caspian Sea, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence is as large as the Black Sea, on which the proud fleets of four hostile nations may at this very moment be engaged in conflict. Accustomed to think and feel as colonists, it is difficult for us to imagine that the Baltic, illustrated by Nelson's achievements and Campbell's verse, is not something different from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and yet it is not. Its dimensions are about the same; its climate rigorous; its coasts originally sterile, and the sea-kings and warriors who came from them, made of no better stuff than are the men who shoot seals on the ice floes of Newfoundland, till farms on the green hills of Pictou, or fell trees in the forests of New Brunswick.

But, sir, a country must have resources as well as breadth of soil. Are we destitute of these? I think not. Between the extremes of cold and heat lies a broad region peculiarly adapted for the growth of wheat and the other cereals. About half of this belongs to Canada. The soil of Lower Canada, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island is also highly productive. Boundless forests supply us with materials for ships, and with an inexhaustible export. Are there no mineral resources? I believe that the riches of the copper mines of Lake Superior have scarcely yet been dreamed of. We know that, in the Lower Provinces, we have iron and coal in abundance.

I have spoken of the St. Lawrence; but have we no other navigable rivers? What shall we say of the noble Ottawa, the beautiful Richelieu, the deep Saguenay?

what of the broad Miramichi, of the lovely St. John? Nova Scotia, being nearly an island, has no mighty rivers, but she has what is better than them all—open harbours throughout the year. She has old ocean wrapping her round; drawing down from every creek, and cove, and harbour, her children to share the treasures of an exhaustless fishery, or to carry commodities across her bosom. Though not large, how beautiful and diversified are the lakes and streams which everywhere gladden the eye, and give to our country water carriage and water power in every section of the interior.

Already Nova Scotia has shown what she can draw from a soil of generous fertility, and what she can do upon the sea. Sir, I am not a prophet, and my head will be cold long before my prediction is verified; but I know that the day must come when Nova Scotia, small as she is, will maintain half a million of men upon the sea.

Howe.

QUESTIONS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. What is the extent of British North America?</p> <p>2. Compare it with that of Europe and the United States</p> <p>3. What is wrong with the expression, "The whole unbounded continent is ours"?</p> <p>4. What expression in the second paragraph would lead you to suppose that this speech had been delivered previous to confederation?</p> <p>5. What three countries in Europe placed together would equal Canada?</p> | <p>6. Compare the rivers of Canada with other rivers in Europe.</p> <p>7. Explain the expression, "On which the proud fleets of four hostile nations."</p> <p>8. Compare the Gulf of St. Lawrence with the Baltic Sea.</p> <p>9. What must a country have besides extent, in order to be a great country?</p> <p>10. What are some of the resources of Canada?</p> <p>11. What was Mr. Howe's prediction?</p> <p>12. Has it yet been realized?</p> |
|---|--|

THE STORM.

Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,
That 'bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? Oh I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou mayest shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Shakespeare, "King Lear."

XXIX.—THE HARDSHIPS OF THE LOYALISTS IN
NEW BRUNSWICK.

Extremely, intensely.
 Subdued, reclaimed.
 Pam'phlet, a small unbound volume.
 Insurmountable, not to be overcome.
 Adjacent, lying near to.
 Exhibiting, presenting.
 Desolate, waste, uninhabited.
 Aspect, appearance.
 Continued, unbroken.
 Rigours, severities.

Straits, difficulties.
 Alay, to appease.
 Precarious, doubtful.
 Dispensed with, done without.
 Alternately, by turns.
 Expedients, contrivances.
 Unremitting, ceaseless.
 Judicious, prudent.
 Ameliorated, improved.
 Inclinations, tastes, dispositions.

THREE thousand persons from Nantucket arrived at the river St. John in the spring succeeding the peace with the United States. Many of these were men who had served during the war. Twelve hundred more from the same place followed during the autumn of the same year. The sufferings of these settlers were extremely severe. They had previously enjoyed all the comforts which a country, subdued and cultivated by the endurance and industry of their forefathers, afforded, and they had at once to encounter all the horrors of an approaching winter, without houses to shelter them, amid the wilds of New Brunswick.

Their sufferings are described as follows, in a small pamphlet descriptive of the province:—"The difficulties," the writer says, "which the first settlers were exposed to, continued for a long time almost insurmountable. On their arrival, they found a few hovels where St. John is now built, the adjacent country exhibiting a most desolate aspect, which was peculiarly discouraging to people who had just left their homes in the beautiful and cultivated parts of the United States. Up the river St. John, the country appeared better, and a few cultivated spots were found unoccupied by old settlers. At St. Ann's, where Fredericton is now built, a few scattered French huts were found; the country all round being a continued wilderness, uninhabited and untrodden, except by the savages and wild animals; and scarcely had these firm friends of their country, the Loyalists, begun to construct

their cabins, when they were surprised by the rigours of an untried climate; their habitations being enveloped in snow before they were tenatable. The climate at that period (from what cause has not yet been satisfactorily ascertained,) being far more severe than at present, they were frequently put to the greatest straits for food and clothing to preserve their existence; a few roots were all that tender mothers could at times procure to allay the importunate calls of their children for food. Sir Guy Carleton had ordered their provisions for the first year, at the expense of government; but, as the country was not much cultivated at that time, food could scarcely be procured on any terms. Frequently had these settlers to go from fifty to one hundred miles, with hand-sleds, or toboggans, through wild woods, or on the ice, to procure a precarious supply for their famishing families.

“The privations and sufferings of these people almost exceed belief. The want of food and clothing in a wild country was not easily dispensed with, or soon remedied. Frequently, in the piercing cold of winter, some of the family had to remain up during the night to keep fire in their huts to prevent the others from freezing. Some very destitute families made use of boards to supply the want of bedding; the father, or some of the older children, remaining up by turns, and warming two suitable pieces of boards, which they applied alternately to the smaller children to keep them warm, with many similar expedients.

“Many of these Loyalists were in the prime of life when they came to this country, and most of them had young families. To establish these, they wore out their lives in toil and poverty, and by their unremitting exertions subdued the wilderness, and covered the face of the country with habitations, villages, and towns. I have not noticed these circumstances as if they were peculiar to the settlers of New Brunswick, but to hold up to the descendants of those sufferers the hardships endured by their parents: and to place in a striking point of view the many comforts they possess through the suffering, perseverance, and industry of their fathers.

"Under the judicious and paternal care of Governor Carleton, assisted by several of the leading characters, many of the difficulties of settling an infant and distant country were lessened. The condition of the settlers was gradually ameliorated. The governor himself set a pattern, in which he was followed by several of the leading men in the different offices. A variety of grains and roots were cultivated with success, and considerable progress made in clearing the wilderness."

In 1784, a royal charter was granted to New Brunswick as a distinct province, and the administration confided to Governor Carleton. The safety of property, and the personal protection of the inhabitants, secured the improvement of the country; and its settlements, agriculture, and trade, advanced from this time with little interruption: the inhabitants following such pursuits as necessity directed, or those that were most profitable, or at least agreeable to their inclinations.—*M'Gregor.*

Nantucket—a sea-port town in the state of Massachusetts, about 105 miles from Boston.

Loyalists—those who during the revolutionary war in America adhered to the royal cause, and afterwards removed to Canada and the other provinces.

QUESTIONS.

1. When did three thousand persons arrive at the river St. John from Nantucket?
2. How many more followed in the autumn?
3. Contrast the sufferings of these people on the St. John with their former comforts.
4. Of what nature were their first difficulties?
5. What did they find on reaching the place where St. John now stands?
6. What was the state of the country farther up the river?
7. What were found at St. Ann's?
8. With these exceptions, what was the state of the country then all around?
9. Besides the wilderness, what occasioned great hardships to the early settlers?
10. Describe the straits they were often reduced to.
11. Who was Governor at that time, and how did he try to meet their wants?
12. With all Governor Carleton's care, what difficulties did the settlers experience in procuring the necessaries of life?
13. Describe some expedients resorted to in the scarcity of food and clothing.
14. What effect had the labours of these pioneers upon the Province?
15. With what feelings should these brave men be regarded by their descendants?
16. What means were employed by the Governor and others to improve the condition of the people?
17. When did New Brunswick become a separate Province?
18. Describe its gradual advancement from that time.

XXX.—PASSING CLOUDS.

Analysis.—The main idea running through these beautiful lines is that however dark and cheerless our course through life may be, yet faith can see a silver lining on every dark cloud. The swallows have disappeared, only to return with the advent of genial weather. Flowers die only to spring up afresh, when winter is past. The sun hides himself behind the clouds, only to burst forth with renewed splendour. Hope seems lost; but from the silence of despair, angels' silver voices will stir the air.

WHERE are the swallows fled?
 Frozen and dead
 Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
 O doubting heart!
 Far o'er the purple seas,
 They wait, in sunny ease,
 The balmy southern breeze,
 To waft them to their northern home once more

Why must the flowers die?
 Prisoners they lie
 In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
 O doubting heart!
 They only sleep below
 The soft white ermine snow,
 While winter winds shall blow,
 To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid his rays
 These many days;
 Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
 O doubting heart!
 The stormy clouds on high
 Veil the same sunny sky,
 That soon (for spring is nigh)
 Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
 Is quenched in night;
 What sound can break the silence of despair?
 O doubting heart!
 The sky is overcast,
 Yet stars shall rise at last,
 Brighter for darkness past,
 And angels' silver voices stir the air.

Household Words, March 10, 1855

XXXI. THE THOUSAND ISLES.

Archipelago, a sea studded with
islands.
Romantic, wild, fanciful.
Delicacy, pleasantness.
Composed of, made up of.
Singular, peculiar.

Stratified, arranged in layers.
Frequent, resort to.
Sequestered, secluded.
Velocity, speed.
Enchanting, charming.
Clustered, arranged in groups.

BEAUTIFUL are the scenes which present themselves to your gaze, as, seated on the deck of the steamer, you thread the mazes of the lovely Archipelago. As you are hurried past, what appear to be creeks seem to run far inland, and appear like chains of silver, and in another moment the channel becomes almost a sheet of water, studded with countless islets of romantic beauty, and forming a picture of the rarest delicacy of tone.

The islands are almost of every possible size and shape, from the small bare granite rock just raising its head above the water, to the large fertile island, several miles in extent, covered with fields of grain, the abode of some hardy settler. They begin to appear a short distance below Brockville, where three of them, called the Sisters, are ranged side by side, forming a sort of advance guard. Above the town they are thickly strewn for about five or six miles, where the river assumes the appearance of a small open lake almost wholly free from islands. At the upper extremity of this lake, which is about seven miles long, they begin again, more thickly studded than before, and crowding together more or less densely as far as Kingston.

The islands are, for the most part, composed of a sort of soft granite, which in some places presents a very singular contrast to the regular stratified limestone found on either side of the river at the same place. Quantities of various kinds of fish are found in the eddies and deep channels, and numerous flocks of wild fowl frequent the sequestered nooks and bays.

Some of the islands are so close together that the confined waters rush with increased velocity through the narrow gorge. Nothing is pleasanter than a week spent amid the scenery of the Archipelago. Scene after scene

that
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four.
oices

appears before you from day to day—each one more attractive than the other, but all enchanting. The deep colour of the evergreens contrast pleasantly with the brighter tints of the oak and maple, whose leaves, as autumn fades into winter, assume a brilliant orange, red, or yellow.

“Hail, Lake of Thousand Isles !

Which clustered lie within thy circling arms,
Their flower-strewn shores kissed by the silver tide,
As fair art thou as aught
That ever in the lap of nature lay.”

QUESTIONS.

1. In passing through the Archipelago of the Thousand Isles, what do the straits between the islands appear to be?
2. What is the composition of the rocks in the Thousand Isles?
3. Describe some of the largest islands.
4. Name the islands which form a sort of advance guard.
5. What do you mean by an “advance guard?”
6. What is the extent of the Archipelago?
7. Describe the scenery.
8. How is it variegated in the autumn?
9. Repeat the stanza placed at the end of the lesson.
10. Write a description of the Thousand Isles.

XXXII.—INTELLIGENCE, INDUSTRY, AND MORALITY.

Rev. Dr. Forrester was a native of Scotland. Educated at Edinburgh University, he became minister of Sorbie in Wigtonshire. At the Disruption in 1843, he was appointed to a pastoral charge in Paisley, where he also conducted science classes. Then he accepted a church in Halifax, where he founded the Free Church College. Afterwards he became Principal of the Normal School, and Superintendent of Education in Nova Scotia. He did much for educational progress in the Maritime Provinces. This lesson is an extract from his *Teachers' Text Book*.

Intelligence, mental power.
Unwearied, persistent.
Influenced, guided.
Operating upon, influencing.
Aspirations, intense desires.
Adequate, proportionate.
Capacity, power.
Complicated, complex.
Mechanism, structure.

Radiance, brightness.
Appointment, decree.
Hierarchy, government.
Revolution, change.
Approximation, approach.
Philanthropist, one who seeks to
do good to mankind.
Equipped, fitted up, arranged.
Mundane, earthly.

INTELLIGENCE is a boon much to be desired, but unless accompanied by unwearied industry, it will be of comparatively little benefit to the possessor. Industry, too, is good, but, if it is not influenced by intelligence, it is but

a degree raised above brute force, it becomes purely a mechanical thing. Intelligence and industry, when combined and mutually operating upon each other, are of vastly greater utility and force than when they exist separately; and were man only a creature of time, with his prospects all bounded by the present scene, they might suffice; but this is not the case. He possesses a nobler nature and a higher destiny. He is a moral and immortal being, and if his longings and aspirations, as such, are not met, he cannot be satisfied, he has not found a bliss adequate to his capacity of enjoyment. Another attribute must, therefore, be added, and that is the attribute of Christian morality,—the fly-wheel that must regulate, and control, and direct the whole of man's complicated mechanism.

Let, then, these three elements be combined, let them be exhibited in all their intrinsic worth, in all their relative and associated excellence; and civil government will assume its true character, will shine forth in all its native radiance, as a divine appointment, an institute of heaven. Then will man appear in all the dignity of his nature, as a gregarious, social being, and share in all the joys and blessings thereto belonging. Then will man on earth form a type of the heavenly hierarchy; and all the ranks and degrees that obtain, will but minister to the gratification of each, whilst it heightens the glory of the whole. True, a mighty revolution must be effected upon human character, both personally and relatively, before such a state of things can be realized in its perfection. But in very proportion to the approximation that is made to it, will man arise to his true dignity as a social, intellectual, moral, religious, and immortal being; and drink in the happiness destined for him in all these relations and prospects.

What patriot, or Christian philanthropist, or heaven-born denizen, would not long, and pray, and labour for the arrival even of the dawn of such a day upon our sin-blighted, plague-smitten world! And yet, is not the appliance at hand, is not the machinery all equipped, is not heaven looking down with earnest expectancy? All

is in readiness, and in the attitude of waiting for the forthcoming of that instrumentality destined to change and renovate the nations. And what, we ask, is that appliance but a popular and Christian education? What is that agency but man, all-impotent in himself, yet all-sufficient when clad in the panoply provided. When, O when, will man awake to a right sense of his present dignity and future destiny! O for the birth-day of true patriotism,—the embodiment of that philanthropy which is god-like in its origin and mundane in its extent! O for the arrival of that time, when, in the right education of the young, faith in the divine testimony shall be in vigorous exercise! Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it!

Dr. Forrester.

QUESTIONS.

1. What characteristic must accompany intelligence in order to make it of some benefit to the possessor?
2. What is industry without intelligence?
3. How do you distinguish man from the lower animals?
4. What are the three elements which ought to be cultivated in every man?
5. How may man be raised to his true dignity as a social, intellectual, moral, and religious being?
6. What does the author mean by "heaven-born denizen," and "the machinery all equipped?"
7. What is meant by the "birth-day of true patriotism?"
8. Repeat the last sentence and explain it.

XXXIII. — CHAMPLAIN'S MISTAKE.

Samuel de Champlain was a native of Brouage in France. In his first voyage to Canada, 1605, he explored the St. Lawrence as far as the mouth of the St. Maurice. On the 3rd of July, 1608, he founded the city of Quebec. Afterwards he explored the country on both sides of the St. Lawrence, and sailed up the Richelieu to Lakes Champlain and George. You have an account of his discovery of these lakes in the lesson. In 1629, his capital was captured by the English, under Sir David Kirke, but it was restored in 1632. Ten years after he was appointed Governor of New France (Canada). He died in 1635.

THE position of Canada invited intercourse with the interior, and eminently favoured her schemes of commerce and policy. The river St. Lawrence, and the chain of the great lakes, opened a vast extent of inland navigation;

while their tributary streams, interlocking with the branches of the Mississippi, afforded ready access to that mighty river, and gave the restless voyager free range over half the continent. But these advantages were well nigh neutralized. Nature opened the way, but a warlike and terrible enemy guarded the portal. The forests of Lake Ontario gave harbourage to the five tribes of the Iroquois, implacable foes of Canada. They waylaid her trading parties, routed her soldiers, murdered her missionaries, and spread havoc and woe through all her settlements.

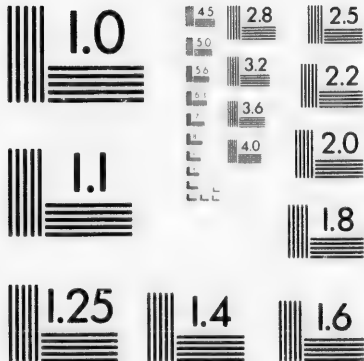
It was an evil hour for Canada, when, on the twenty-eighth of May, 1609, Samuel de Champlain, impelled by his own adventurous spirit, departed from the hamlet of Quebec to follow a war party of Algonquins against their hated enemy, the Iroquois. Ascending the Richelieu, and passing the rapids at Chambly, he embarked on the lake which bears his name, and, with a few French attendants, steered southward, with his savage associates, towards the rocky promontory of Ticonderoga. They moved with all the precaution of Indian warfare; when, at length, as night was closing in, they descried a band of the Iroquois in their large canoes of elm bark approaching through the gloom. Wild yells from either side announced the mutual discovery. Both parties hastened to the shore, and all night long the forest resounded with their discordant war songs and fierce whoops of defiance. Day dawned, and the fight began. Bounding from tree to tree, the Iroquois pressed forward to the attack; but when Champlain advanced from among the Algonquins, and stood full in sight before them, with his strange attire, his shining breastplate, and features unlike their own; when they saw the flash of his arquebuse, and beheld two of their chiefs fall dead, they could not contain their terror, but fled for shelter into the depths of the wood. The Algonquins pursued, slaying many in the flight, and the victory was complete.

Such was the first collision between the white men and the Iroquois; and Champlain flattered himself that the latter had learned for the future to respect the arms of



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France. He was fatally deceived. The Iroquois recovered from their terrors, but they never forgave the injury; and yet it would be unjust to charge upon Champlain the origin of the desolating wars which were soon to scourge the colony. The Indians of Canada, friends and neighbours of the French, had long been harassed by inroads of the fierce confederates, and under any circumstances the French must soon have become parties to the quarrel.

Whatever may have been its origin, the war was fruitful of misery to the youthful colony. The passes were beset by ambushed war parties. The routes between Quebec and Montreal were watched with tiger-like vigilance. Bloodthirsty warriors prowled about the outskirts of the settlements. Again and again the miserable people, driven within the palisades of their forts, looked forth upon wasted harvests and blazing roofs. The island of Montreal was swept with fire and steel. The fur trade was interrupted, since for months together all communication was cut off with the friendly tribes of the west. Agriculture was checked; the fields lay fallow, and frequent famine was the necessary result. The name of the Iroquois became a by-word of horror through the colony, and to the suffering Canadians they seemed no better than troops of incarnate fiends.—*Parkman.*

QUESTIONS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Who was Champlain, and how did he distinguish himself? | 6. Name the hostile tribe. |
| 2. How are the rivers of Canada important? | 7. Describe the meeting of the hostile tribes. |
| 3. Why was their navigation not safe in Champlain's day? | 8. What part did Champlain take in the contest? |
| 4. When did Champlain set out on his voyage up the St. Lawrence and the Richelieu? | 9. In gaining a victory, how was the explorer deceived? |
| 5. What tribe of Indians was friendly to the explorer? | 10. What was Champlain's mistake? |
| | 11. What events afterwards showed that a mistake had been made? |

VICE ITS OWN PUNISHMENT.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.—*Shakespeare.*

XXXIV.—THE EARLY SETTLER IN CANADA.

Wilderness, solitary place.
 Separation, disconnection.
 Immediate, direct.
 Modelled, constructed.
 Frontier, boundary line.
 Destitute of, without.
 Appreciate, estimate.
 Well-tempered, properly hardened.
 Possessions, goods.

Operations, work.
 Assailed, attacked.
 Accumulation, collected mass.
 Decayed, crumbling.
 Elastic, pliable.
 Temperament, disposition.
 Prospect, anticipation.
 Sufficiency, plenty.
 Marvellous, wonderful.



TILL the termination of the American War of Independence, Upper Canada, or Ontario as it is now termed, remained a mere wilderness, with the exception of a few trifling settlements. From that period, till its separation from Lower Canada in 1791, it continued to form a portion of the Province of Quebec, and was under the immediate control of its government. Its population had in the meantime slowly increased, and when erected into a separate province, with a Legislature modelled on the

same principle as that of its sister government, Upper Canada contained about twenty thousand souls. These were scattered along the St. Lawrence from Lake St. Francis upwards to Kingston, and thence round the Bay of Quinté; along the Niagara frontier, at Amherstburg, in the old French settlement on the Thames, and the Iroquois settlement at Grand River.

The backwoodsman, whose fortunes are cast in the remote inland settlements of the present day, far removed from churches, destitute of ministers of the Gospel and medical men, without schools, or roads, or the many conveniences that make life desirable, can alone appreciate, or even understand, the numerous difficulties and hardships that beset the first settler among the ague swamps of Western Canada. The clothes on his back, with a rifle or old musket and a well-tempered axe, were not unfrequently the full extent of his worldly possessions. Thus lightly equipped he took possession of his two hundred acres of closely timbered forest-land and commenced operations. The welkin rings again with his vigorous strokes, as huge tree after tree is assailed and tumbled to the earth; and the sun presently shines in upon the little clearing. The best of the logs are partially squared, and serve to build a shanty; the remainder are given to the flames. Now the rich mould, the accumulation of centuries of decayed vegetation, is gathered into little hillocks, into which potatoes are dibbled. Indian corn is planted in another direction, and perhaps a little wheat. If married, the lonely couple struggle on in their forest oasis, like the solitary traveller over the sands of Sahara, or a boat adrift in the Atlantic. The nearest neighbour lives miles off, and when sickness comes they have to travel far through the forest to claim human sympathy. But fortunately our nature, with elastic temperament, adapts itself to circumstance. By and bye the potatoes peep up, and the corn-blades modestly show themselves around the charred maple stumps and girdled pines, and the prospect of sufficiency of food gives consolation. As winter approaches, a deer now and then adds to the comforts of the solitary people. Such were the mass of the first settlers in Western

Canada. Within the brief space of seventy-six years, how marvellous has been the change.—*M. Mullen.*

QUESTIONS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. What was the condition of Upper Canada previous to the War of Independence?
2. What name has Upper Canada now?
3. When was it separated from Lower Canada?
4. What was its population at this time?
5. Name some of the principal settlements. | 6. Describe the condition of the early settler in Canada.
7. What were generally all his worldly possessions?
8. How did he begin to clear a farm?
9. Why is he compared in the lesson to a solitary traveller in the Sahara?
10. How was he cheered on the approach of winter? |
|---|---|

XXXV.—CHARACTER OF A VILLAGE CLERGYMAN.

[OLIVER GOLDSMITH (*b.* 1728, *d.* 1774), was born in the village of Pallas, in Ireland. The greater part of his life was spent in London, where, after severe struggles, the success of his poems, the "Traveller" and the "Deserted Village," gained him a permanent reputation, and the friendship of such men as Johnson and Burke. His other works are the "Vicar of Wakefield," the character of whose hero strongly resembles that of the subject of the following extract, and two comedies, "The Good Natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer."]

Analysis.—The site of the former residence of the clergyman is described. His charitable disposition attracts many to his house where they receive at once welcome and admonition or advice. The love and admiration of his flock are brought out in the last paragraph. Goldsmith's father and brother are said to have suggested this famous character.

Copse, growth of underwood.
 Mansion, dwelling-house.
 Passing, very, exceedingly.
 Va'grant, wandering, mendicant.
 Fawn, flatter.
 Chid, rebuked.
 Spend'thrift, prodigal.
 Bro'ken, dismissed from service.
 Bade, told, invited.
 Glow, grow warm, sympathetic.

Careless, not anxious to.
 Scan, look narrowly into.
 Prompt, ready.
 New-fledged', just able to fly.
 Allured', tempted.
 Sway, power.
 Scoff, mock, deride.
 Rus'tic, countryman.
 Expressed', showed.
 Etern'al, continual.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden-flower grows wild;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place ;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;
Went o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow ;
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side :
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

QUESTIONS.

1. How can the place where the garden was still be pointed out?
2. What is the meaning here of "running a race."
3. How could the preacher have risen?

4. Why was the beggar "long remembered?"
5. What is the meaning of the expression "e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side"?
6. Point out the propriety of the simile in the last lines.

XXXVI.—THE PASSENGER PIGEON.

Extraor'dinary, wonderful.
 Mi'grates, moves from one place to another.
 Corroborated, confirmed.
 Mag'nitude, size.
 Subsequent, following.

Torna'do, hurricane.
 Magnificent, glorious.
 Devastation, destruction.
 Subsid'ed, diminished.
 Distin'guishable, able to be seen.
 Supplant', take the place of.

AMONG the most extraordinary of birds, the passenger pigeon may take very high rank, not on account of its size or beauty, but on account of the extraordinary multitudes in which it sometimes migrates from one place to another. The scenes which take place during these migrations are so strange and wonderful, and so entirely unlike any events on this side of the Atlantic, that they could not be believed but for the trustworthy testimony by which they are corroborated. Writing of the breeding places of these birds, an eminent author says:—

"One of these curious roosting places on the banks of the Green River in Kentucky I repeatedly visited. It was, as is always the case, a portion of the forest where the trees are of great magnitude, and where there was little underwood. I rode through it upwards of forty miles, and found its average breadth to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was about a fortnight subsequent to the period when they had made choice of it, and I arrived there nearly two hours before sunset.

Few pigeons were then to be seen, but a great number of persons, with horses and waggons, guns, and ammunition, had already established encampments on the borders. Two farmers from a distance of more than a hundred miles had driven upwards of three hundred pigs to be fattened on the pigeons that were to be slaughtered. Here and there the people employed in plucking and salting what had already been procured, were seen sitting in the midst of huge piles of these birds. Many trees two feet in diameter, I observed, were broken off at no great distance from the ground, and the branches of many of the largest and tallest had given way, as if the forest had been swept by a tornado. Everything proved to me that the number of birds resorting to this part of the forest must be immense beyond conception. As the period of their arrival approached, their foes anxiously prepared to receive them. Some were furnished with iron pots containing sulphur, others with torches of pine knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had arrived. Everything was ready, and all eyes were gazing on the clear sky, which appeared in glimpses amidst the tall trees.

"Suddenly there burst forth a general cry of 'Here they come.' The noise which they made, though yet distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the pole men; the birds continued to pour in; the fires were lighted, and a most magnificent as well as wonderful and almost terrifying sight presented itself. The pigeons, arriving by thousands, alighted everywhere, one above another, until solid masses as large as hogsheds were formed on the branches all round. Here and there the perches gave way with a crash, and falling on the ground destroyed hundreds of the birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with which every stick was loaded.

It was a scene of uproar and confusion—no one dared venture within the line of devastation—the pigs had been penned up in due time, the picking up of the dead and the

wounded being left for the next morning's employment. The pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I perceived a decrease in the number of those that arrived. Towards the approach of day the noise in some measure subsided. Long before objects were distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they had arrived on the evening before, and at sunrise all that were able to fly had disappeared. The howling of the wolves now reached our ears, and the foxes, lynxes, cougars, bears, and racoons were seen sneaking off, whilst eagles, and hawks of different species, accompanied by a crowd of vultures, came to supplant them, and enjoy their share of the spoil."

On this side of the Atlantic—The side on which the writer lived, England and, therefore, Europe in general is here meant.

Kentucky—One of the United States of America, lying along the banks of the Ohio and Mississippi.

Close reefed—In a hard gale, the sails of a ship are rolled up, and made fast to the yards. The vessel is then said to be close reefed.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is there very remarkable about the passenger pigeon?
2. Where is the Atlantic, and how must the phrase "on this side of the Atlantic" be interpreted?
3. Where do these pigeons generally roost?
4. In what state were many of the trees and branches in the roosting-place, and how was this produced?
5. What kind of weapons had those who were waiting the arrival of the pigeons?
6. To what does the writer compare the noise made by them in their flight?
7. What is meant by a "close-reefed vessel"?
8. What sight presented itself as the pigeons came crowding in?
9. Why was it dangerous to venture underneath the trees on which they were perched?
10. When did the pigeons move off?
11. Mention some of the beasts and birds of prey that feed upon these pigeons?

SUNRISE.

Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
 The Sun ariseth in his majesty ;
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
 The cedar-tops and hills seem burnished gold.

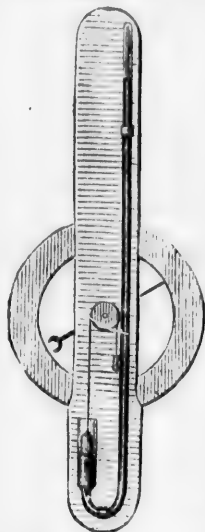
Shakespeare.

XXXVII.—THE BAROMETER.

Conclud'ed, thought.
 Phenom'enon, remarkable circum-
 stance.
 Fluctuating, changing.
 Monitor, one that warns.
 Prognostics, indications.
 Plac'id, calm.

Appall'ing, terrifying.
 Furl'd, rolled up.
 Incess'ant, continuous.
 Consternat'ion, dread.
 Incredulity, unbelief.
 Per'ilous, dangerous.

GALILEO had found that water would rise under the piston of a pump to a height only of about thirty-four feet. His pupil Torricelli, conceiving the happy thought that the weight of the atmosphere might be the cause of the



ascent, concluded that mercury, which is about thirteen times heavier than water, should only rise under the same influence to a thirteenth of the elevation; he tried and found that this was so, and the mercurial barometer was invented. To afford further evidence that the weight of the atmosphere was the cause of the phenomenon, he afterwards carried the tube of mercury to the tops of buildings and of mountains, and found that it fell always in exact proportion to the portion of the atmosphere left below it.

It was soon afterwards discovered, by careful observation of the mercurial barometer, that even when remaining in the same place it did not always stand at the same elevation; in other words, that the weight of atmosphere over any particular part of the earth was constantly fluctuating. The observation of the instrument being carried further, it was found that in serene dry weather the mercury generally stood high, and that before and during storms and rain it fell; the instrument, therefore, might serve as a prophet of the weather, becoming a precious monitor to the husbandman or the sailor.

To the husbandman the barometer is of considerable use,

by riding and correcting the prognostics of the weather, which he draws from local signs familiar to him; but its great use as a weather-glass seems to be to the mariner, who roams over the whole ocean, and is often under skies and climates altogether new to him. The watchful captain of the present day, trusting to this extraordinary monitor, is frequently enabled to take in sail, and to make ready for the storm; where, in former times, the dreadful visitation would have fallen upon him unprepared. The author was, on one occasion, one of a numerous crew who probably owed their preservation to its almost miraculous warning.

It was in a southern latitude. The sun had just set with placid appearance, closing a beautiful afternoon, and the usual mirth of the evening watch was proceeding, when the captain's orders came to prepare with all haste for a storm. The barometer had begun to fall with appalling rapidity. As yet, the oldest sailors had not perceived even a threatening in the sky, and were surprised at the extent and hurry of the preparations; but the required measures were not complete when a more awful hurricane burst upon them than the most experienced had ever braved. Nothing could withstand it; the sails, already furled and closely bound to the yards, were riven away in tatters; even the bare yards and masts were in great part disabled, and at one time the whole rigging had nearly fallen by the board. Such, for a few hours, was the mingled roar of the hurricane above, of the waves around, and of the incessant peals of thunder, that no human voice could be heard, and, amid the general consternation, even the trumpet sounded in vain. In that awful night, but for the little tube of mercury which had given warning, neither the strength of the noble ship, nor the skill and energies of the commander, could have saved one man to tell the tale. On the following morning the wind was again at rest, but the ship lay upon the yet heaving waves, an unsightly wreck.

Civilized Europe is now familiar with the barometer and its uses, and therefore, that Europeans may conceive the first feelings connected with it, they almost require to witness the astonishment or incredulity with which people

of other parts still regard it. A Chinese, once conversing on the subject with the author, could only imagine of the barometer, that it was a gift of miraculous nature which the God of the Christians gave them in pity, to direct them in the long and perilous voyages which they undertook to unknown seas.

Arnott.

Barometer—From two Greek words, means literally *weight-measure*, but is always applied to the instrument which *measures the weight of the air*.

Galileo—A famous philosopher of Italy (1564-1642), celebrated for his discoveries in natural philosophy, and for the persecution to which he was subjected by the Church. He was the first to apply the telescope to the observation of the heavens, and made the most astonishing discoveries. Milton alludes to him in the well known lines—

"The broad circumference
Hung on his shoulder like the moon, whose orb
Through *optic glass* the *Tuscan* artist views
At evening from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to desery new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe."

Paradise Lost, book i, 286-291.

Torricelli (pronounced Torrichelli)—An illustrious mathematician and philosopher of Italy, became amanuensis to Galileo, and, on his death, was appointed dual mathematician to the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

The evening watch—At sea the day and the night are divided into four *watches*, each of three hours' duration. The evening watch extends from 6 to 9 o'clock.

Yards—Long rounded pieces of timber, tapering towards each end, slung by the centre to a mast. The mast rises perpendicularly from the deck; the yards stretch across the masts horizontal to the deck.

QUESTIONS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What discovery did Galileo make regarding the height to which water would rise in a pump? 2. Who was Galileo? Quote Milton's reference to him in <i>Paradise Lost</i>, and explain it. 3. To what cause did Torricelli attribute the fact discovered by Galileo? 4. What inference did he draw from this regarding the height to which mercury would rise? 5. What experiments did he make to test the truth of this discovery? 6. What fact was soon afterwards discovered regarding the height of the mercury, even when the barometer remains in the same place? | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 7. How does the barometer become a means of indicating the weather? 8. To what two classes is the barometer specially useful? 9. In what way may it be useful to the farmer? 10. What are its special advantages to the sailor? 11. Give an example of this. 12. What is meant by "<i>the evening watch</i>"? 13. What are the "<i>yards</i>" of ships? Describe their shape and position. 14. How do uncivilized nations regard the barometer? Give an illustration. |
|---|--|

XXXVIII.—EUROPE, ITS INFLUENCE AND SIZE.

Representatives, those who show.	Luminous, full of light.
Culture, refinement.	Endowed, possessed of.
Germ, first principles.	Exuberant, profuse.
Unquestionably, without doubt.	Annihilate, destroy.
Focus, central point.	Organized, possessed of organs of life.
Concentrating, bringing to a point.	Incessantly, constantly.
Impenetrable, that cannot be passed through.	

In the history of the first ages of the world, Asia shines alone. It is the cradle of civilization, as well as that of the nations which are the only representatives of culture, and which are carrying it, in our days, to the extremities of the world. Its gigantic proportions, the almost infinite diversity of its soil, and the central situation of a portion of it, as regards the mass of the old world, would render it suitable to be the continent of the germs and the root of that immense tree which is now bearing such beautiful fruits. But Asia has yielded to Europe the sceptre of civilization for two thousand years.

At the present day, Europe is still unquestionably the first of the civilizing continents. Nowhere on the surface of our planet has the mind of man risen to such a sublime height; nowhere has man known so well how to subdue nature and to make her the instrument of intelligence. The nations of Europe, to which we all belong, not only represent the highest intellectual growth to which the human race has ever attained, but they rule already over nearly all the best parts of the globe, and are preparing to push their conquests further still. In these evidently is the central point, the focus where all the noblest powers of humanity are concentrating themselves in prodigious activity. This part of the world is, then, the first in power, it is the luminous side of our planet, the full-grown flower of the terrestrial globe.

And yet what a contrast between the moral grandeur and the material greatness of this, the smallest of her continents! Nothing in it strikes us at the first glance. Europe does not astonish us by those vast spaces which the neighbouring continent of Asia possesses. Its highest

mountains do not much exceed half the height of the Himalaya and the Andes. Its plateaux, those of Bavaria and Spain hardly deserve the name, by the side of those of Tibet and of Mexico. Its peninsulas are trifling in comparison with India and Arabia. There is nothing in it to compare with those great rivers which water the boundless plains of Asia and America, and which are their pride; or with their virgin forests, which cover immense regions, and make them impenetrable to man; or with those deserts, endowed with a startling and terrible aspect by their immensity. We see in Europe neither the exuberant fruitfulness of the tropical regions, nor the vast frozen tracts of Siberia; neither the overwhelming heats of the Equator, nor those extremes of cold which annihilate all organic life.

In the productions of organized nature we find the same modesty still. The trees do not attain to that height and growth which astonish us in the regions of the tropics. Neither the flowers, nor the insects, nor the birds show that variety and brilliancy of colours which distinguish the petals of the flowers and the plumage of the birds, which are bathed incessantly in the light of the tropical sun. All the tints are softened and tempered down.

Guyot.

Germ—Is the name given to those elementary principles from which anything springs. Asia may thus be termed the continent of the germs or seeds of the tree of civilization.

Focus—That point in a mirror—in the eye, for example—to which all the rays of light converge.

Moral grandeur and material greatness—The former phrase refers to the achievements of the mind; the latter to the actual size of the continent.

QUESTIONS.

1. What was the position of Asia in the first ages of the world?
2. What was there in Asia that greatly contributed to this position?
3. How has Asia lost this position?
4. What is now the great civilizing continent?
5. How may you prove this?
6. What figurative language does the writer employ to describe the position of Europe?
7. What enhances our estimate of the influence which Europe exerts?
8. Compare, with examples, Europe with the other continents in respect of—(a) Mountains. (b) Plateaux. (c) Peninsulas. (d) Rivers. (e) Forests. (f) Deserts. (g) Fertility. (h) Vegetable productions.
9. Point out on the map the various places mentioned in the lesson.

XXXIX.—POETIC GEMS.

I.—HOME.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
 Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
 And milder moons emparadise the night :
 A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
 Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
 In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
 Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
 For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?
 Art thou a man ? a patriot ? look around,
 O, thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land thy country, and that spot thy HOME.

Montgomery.

2.—LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land ?
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well,
 For him no minstrel raptures swell !
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch concentrated all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.—*Scott.*

3.—A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Her, by her smile, how soon the stranger knows,
 How soon by his the glad discovery shows,
 As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
 What answering looks of sympathy and joy !
 He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word,
 His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.
 And ever, ever, to her lap he flies,
 When rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
 Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung
 (That name most dear for ever on his tongue),
 As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
 And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings ;
 How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
 Breathe his sweet breath, and bliss for bliss impart .
 Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
 And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love !

Rogers

4.—LOVE.

They sin who tell us love can die ;
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity.
 In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell ;
 Earthly these passions, as of earth,
 They perish where they have their birth.
 But love is indestructible ;
 Its holy flame for ever burneth,
 From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times oppressed ;
 It here is tried and purified,
 And hath in Heaven its perfect rest.
 It soweth *here* with toil and care,
 But the harvest-time of love is *there*.
 Oh ! when a mother meets on high,
 The babe she lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then for pains and tears,
 The day of woe, the anxious night,
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,
 An over-payment of delight ?

Southey

XL.—COMPOSITION EXERCISES.

1. Give an account in your own words of Locksley's feats of archery, as recorded in Lesson XXII.
2. Write a brief analysis of Lesson XXIII.
3. Give an account in your own words in what countries coal is found and its origin, as recorded in Lesson XXIV.
4. State, with examples, some of the evil effects which spring from breathing impure air.
6. Give an account what influence, intelligence, industry, and morality will have on character.
7. Combine the answers to the questions on Lesson XXXIII into a connected narrative.
8. Give a brief account of the barometer and its uses.
9. Compare briefly Europe with the other continents, in respect to its chief physical features.
10. Give a brief account of any excursion you may have attended.
11. Give an account of the physical features of the district in which your school is situated.
12. Write a brief essay on cleanliness from these heads :—
 - (a.) Its benefits to the individual.
 - (b.) Its benefits to the community.
 - (c.) Its moral effects.
13. Give an account of some manufacturing district (the teacher will name one suitable to the locality).

SECTION III.

XLI.—SOCIALITY OF BRUTES.

[GILBERT WHITE, b. 1720, d. 1783, after finishing his university course, settled in his native village of Selborne, in Surrey, and devoted himself to literary occupations, and especially to the study of nature. His *Natural History of Selborne* has made both him and Selborne famous.]

Social'ity, fondness for companions.
Grega'rious, uniting in flocks.
Propen'sity, tendency.
Ensues', takes place.
Men'acing, threatening.
Dispar'ity, difference, unlikeness.
Advances', offers of friendship.
Incon'gruous, dissimilar, unlike.

Sequest'ered, lonely, removed from
the society of others.
Compla'cency, satisfaction, pleasure.
Circumspec'tion, care.
Dimin'utive, small.
Console', comfort.
Sen'timent, thought.

THERE is a wonderful spirit of sociality in the brute creation: the congregation of gregarious birds in the winter is a remarkable instance.

Many horses, though quiet with company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves: the strongest fence cannot restrain them. My neighbour's horse will not only not stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his fore feet. He has been known to leap out at a stable-window, through which dung was thrown, after company; and yet, in other respects, is remarkably quiet. Oxen and cows will not fatten by themselves, but will neglect the finest pasture that is not recommended by society. It would be needless to instance in sheep, which constantly flock together.

But this propensity seems not to be confined to animals of the same species: for we know a doe, still alive, that was brought up from a little fawn with a dairy of cows: with them it goes a-field, and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the house take no notice of this deer, being

used to her ; but, if strange dogs come by, a chase ensues : while the master smiles to see his favourite leading her pursuers over hedge, or gate, or stile, till she returns to the cows, who, with fierce lowings and menacing horns, drive the assailants quite out of the pastures.

Even great disparity of kind and size does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship. For a very intelligent and observant person has assured me that, in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also on a time to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself gently against his legs, while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each seemed to console the vacant hours of the other, so that Milton, when he puts the following sentiment in the mouth of Adam, seems to be somewhat mistaken :—

“ Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl.
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape.”

White.

QUESTIONS.

1. What do you observe regarding the spirit of sociality among the lower animals?
2. What proof have we of this among birds?
3. Give examples of this spirit in the case of the following animals :—(a) The horse. (b) Oxen. (c) Sheep.
4. Show by two examples that this

propensity is not confined to animals of the same species.

5. What is meant by “ animals of the same species ” ?

6. Quote Milton's lines on the point of the sociality of brutes.

7. In what respect does Milton appear to be mistaken?

SUNSET.

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

Shakespeare.

XLII.—THE BEAVER'S DAM.

Problem, a question to be solved.
 Superfluous, more than is required.
 Groove, a hollow.
 Contracted, narrowed.
 Con'veys, rounded outwards.
 Inferred, deduced.

Corresponds' with, is equal
 Horizont'ally, straight across.
 Obstructs', hinders.
 Intercepts', stops.
 Alluvium, soil washed down by
 rivers.

THE form of the beaver is sufficiently marked to indicate that it is a water-loving creature, and that it is a better swimmer than walker. The dense, close, woolly fur, defended by a coating of long hairs, the broad, paddle-like tail, and the well-webbed feet, are characteristics which are at once intelligible. Water, indeed, seems to be an absolute necessity for the beaver, and it is of the utmost importance to the animal that the stream near which it lives should not be dry. In order to avert such a misfortune, the beaver is gifted with an instinct which teaches it how to keep the water always at or about the same mark, or, at all events, to prevent it from sinking below the requisite level.

If any modern engineer were asked how to attain such an object, he would probably point to the nearest water-mill, and say that the problem had there been satisfactorily solved, a dam having been built across the stream so as to raise the water to the requisite height, and to allow the superfluous water to flow away. Now, water is as needful for the beaver as for the miller, and it is a very curious fact, that long before millers ever invented dams, or before men ever learned to grind corn, the beaver knew how to make a dam and insure itself a constant supply of water.

When the animal has fixed upon a tree which it believes to be suitable for its purpose, it begins by sitting upright, and with its chisel-like teeth cutting a bold groove completely round the trunk. It then widens the groove, and always makes it wide in exact proportion to its depth, so that when the tree is nearly cut through, it looks something like the contracted portion of an hour-glass. When this stage has been reached, the beaver looks anxiously at

the tree, and views it on every side, as if desirous of measuring the direction in which it is to fall. Having settled this question, it goes to the opposite side of the tree, and with two or three powerful bites cuts away the wood, so that the tree becomes overbalanced and falls to the ground.

This point having been reached, the animal proceeds to cut up the fallen trunk into lengths, usually a yard or so in length, employing a similar method of severing the wood. In consequence of this mode of gnawing the timber, both ends of the logs are rounded and rather pointed.

The next part of the task is, to make these logs into a dam. The dam is by no means placed at random in the stream, just where a few logs may have happened to lodge, but is set exactly where it is wanted, and is made so as to suit the force of the current. In those places where the stream runs slowly, the dam is carried straight across the river, but in those where the water has much power, the barrier is made in a convex shape, so as to resist the force of the rushing water. The power of the stream can, therefore, always be inferred from the shape of the dam which the beavers have built across it.

Some of these dams are of very great size, measuring two or three hundred yards in length, and ten or twelve feet in thickness, and their form exactly corresponds with the force of the stream, being straight in some parts, and more or less convex in others.

The dam is formed, not by forcing the ends of the logs into the bed of the river, but by laying them horizontally, and covering them with stones and earth until they can resist the force of the water. Vast numbers of logs are thus laid, and as fast as the water rises, fresh materials are added, being obtained mostly from the trunks and branches of trees which have been stripped of their bark by the beavers.

After the beavers have completed their dam, it obstructs the course of the stream so completely that it intercepts all large floating objects, and every log or branch that may

happen to be thrown into the river is arrested by this dam, and aids in increasing its dimensions.

Mud and earth are also continually added by the beavers, so that in process of time the dam becomes as firm as the land through which the river passes, and is covered with fertile alluvium. Seeds soon make their way to the congenial soil, and in a dam of long standing, forest trees have been known to grow, their roots adding to the general stability by binding together the materials. It is well known that the fertile islands formed on coral reefs are stocked in a similar manner. Originally, the dam is more than a yard in width where it overtops the water, but these unintentional additions cause a continual increase.

Wood.

QUESTIONS.

1. How might one infer that the beaver is a water-loving creature?
2. Mention a few of the characteristics of the beaver.
3. What special point must the beaver have regard to in its selection of a stream?
4. With what special instinct has the beaver been endowed?
5. Where may we see an example of what the beaver does?
6. When the beaver has fixed upon a suitable tree, describe its mode of cutting it.
7. When the tree has been nearly cut through, what does it resemble?
8. How does the beaver secure that the tree falls in the right direction?
9. Where is the dam always placed in reference to the stream?
10. What shapes does the dam assume, according to the strength of the stream?
11. What inferences may always be drawn from the shape of the dam, regarding the power of the stream?
12. How are the logs placed, and with what are they covered?
13. How does the dam increase accidentally?
14. How does the dam become eventually covered with earth?
15. How do plants find their way to it?
16. With what other structures may it be compared in this respect?

HOMER, VIRGIL, MILTON.

Three Poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first, in loftiness of thought surpassed;
The next, in majesty; in both, the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she joined the former two.

Dryden.

LIII.—THE CUCKOO.

[WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, b. 1770, d. 1850, one of the greatest poets of this century, was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland. His largest and most finished work is *The Excursion*, but many of his smaller poems have obtained a widespread popularity. He became Poet Laureate on the death of Southey.]

Analysis.—The leading sentiment of the following lines is the effect which the voice of the cuckoo had in recalling the past, especially the period of boyhood, when the earth seemed a fairy place, a suitable habitation for a bird, whose cry was often heard, though the creature itself was seldom seen.

Vision'ary, fanciful, existing in the
imagination.
Invis'ible, that cannot be seen.

Mys'tery, something strange.
Unsubstan'tial, unreal, having no
real existence.

O BLITHE new-comer ! I have heard.
I hear thee and rejoice :
O cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice ?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy loud note smites my ear !
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near !

I hear thee babbling to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers ;
And unto me thou bring'st a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to ; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love :
Still longed for, never seen !

And I can listen to thee yet :
 Can lie upon the plain
 And listen, till I do beget
 That golden time again.

O blessed bird ! the earth we pace
 Again appears to be
 An unsubstantial, fairy place,
 That is fit home for thee !

Wordsworth.

II.

Analysis. The following lines on the same subject, written by MICHAEL BRUCE, should be carefully compared with those by Wordsworth. In the lines by Bruce, the poet does not dwell so much on the past as Wordsworth. The cuckoo is to him, not the voice that recalls the sunny days of boyhood, but the emblem of that happy condition of life where it is always spring.

Ru'ral, rustic, belong to the		Im'itates, repeats.
country.		An'nual, yearly.
Roll'ing, revolving.		

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove,
 Thou messenger of spring !
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green.
 Thy certain voice we hear :
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path
 Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy wandering through the wood
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
 And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
 Thou fliest the vocal vale,
 An annual guest in other lands
 Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green
 Thy sky is ever clear ;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No winter in thy year.

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee,
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the spring.

Bruce.

Hast thou a star to guide, &c. Compare Jer. viii. 7.

QUESTIONS.

I.

1. Why is the cuckoo called a *new-comer*?
2. Why does the poet hesitate whether to call the cuckoo a *bird* or a *wandering voice*?
3. What is there peculiar about the cry of the cuckoo?
4. What tale of visionary hours does the cuckoo bring the poet?
5. How does he still regard the cuckoo?
6. What is the reference in the lines — "*still longed for, never seen*"?
7. What effect has listening to the cuckoo's voice upon him still?
8. What is the "*golden time*" to which he refers?

II.

9. Why is the cuckoo called the "*messenger of spring*"?
10. What is meant when it is said that "*Heaven repairs thy rural seat*"?
11. How does the poet describe the time of the bird's arrival in this country?
12. When does the daisy deck the green?
13. What accompanies the coming of the cuckoo?
14. How does the poet describe the time of the bird's departure?
15. When does the pea put on the bloom?
16. How has the cuckoo no *winter* in its year?
17. With what wish does the poet conclude the ode?

XLIV.—REMARKABLE TRAITS OF IDIOCY.

Manifested, shown.
 Comprehend'ed, understood.
 Special, peculiar.
 Supreme, highest.
 Intercourse, communication.
 Extreme, very great.
 Impressions, images in the mind.
 Peculiarity, remarkable nature.

Unquestionable, undoubted.
 Impressive, striking.
 Conclud'ed, judged.
 Continuous, unceasing.
 Haroured, allowed to take his own way.
 Inspiration, counsel given direct by God.

AN idiot, who died many years ago at the age of thirty, lost his mother when he was under two years old. His idiocy had been obvious from the earliest time that it could be manifested; and when the eldest sister took the mother's place, the child appeared to find no difference.

a. VI.

H

From the mode of feeling of the family, the mother was never spoken of; and if she had been, such mention would have been nothing to the idiot son, who comprehended no connection. He spent his life in scribbling on the slate, and hopping round the playground of the school kept by his brother-in-law, singing after his own fashion. He had one special piece of business besides, and one prodigious pleasure. The business was—going daily, after breakfast, to speak to the birds in the wood behind the house: and the supreme pleasure was turning the mangle.

When his last illness—consumption—came upon him at the age of thirty, the sister had been long dead; and there were none of his own family, we believe, living; certainly none had for many years had any intercourse with him. For some days before his death, when he ought to have been in bed, nothing but a too distressing force could keep him from going to the birds. On the last day, when his weakness was extreme, he tried to rise,—managed to sit up in bed, and said he must go,—the birds would wonder so! The brother-in-law offered to go and explain to the birds; and this must perforce do. The dying man lay, with his eyes closed, and breathing his life away in slower and slower gasps, when he suddenly turned his head, looked bright and sensible, and exclaimed in a tone never heard from him before, "Oh! my mother! how beautiful!" and sank round again—dead.

There are not a few instances of that action of the brain at the moment before death by which long-buried impressions rise again like ghosts or visions; but we have known none so striking as this, from the lapse of time, the peculiarity of the case, and the unquestionable blank between.

There are flashes of faculty now and then in the midst of the twilight of idiot existence—without waiting for the moment of death. One such, to the last degree impressive, is recorded by the late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, in his account of the great Morayshire floods, about half a century since. An innkeeper, who, after a merry even-

ing of dancing, turned out to help his neighbours in the rising of the Spey, carelessly got upon some planks which were floated apart, and was carried down the stream on one. He was driven against a tree, which he climbed, and his wife and neighbours saw him lodged in it before dark.

As the floods rose, there began to be fears for the tree: and the shrill whistle which came from it showed that the man felt himself in danger, and wanted help. Everybody concluded help to be out of the question, as no boats could get near; and they could only preach patience until morning, to the poor wife, or until the flood should go down. Hour after hour, the whistle grew wilder and shriller; and at last it was almost continuous. It suddenly ceased; and those who could hardly bear it before, longed to hear it again. Dawn showed that the tree was down. The body of the innkeeper was found far away—with the watch in his fob stopped at the hour that the tree must have fallen.

The event being talked over in the presence of the village idiot, he laughed. Being noticed, he said he would have saved the man. Being humoured, he showed how a tub, fastened to a long rope, would have been floated, as the plank with the man on it was floated, to the tree. If this poor creature had but spoken in time, his apparent inspiration would have gone some way to confirm the Scotch superstition which holds that "Innocents are favourites of Heaven."

"Oh! my mother! how beautiful."—Compare the death scene of Paul Dombey in *Dombey and Son*.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder—See Lesson VI, page 22.

Spey—The largest river in the north of Scotland, rises in Inverness-shire, and flows by a north-easterly course into the Moray Firth.

Innocents—The name given in Scotland to idiots.

QUESTIONS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. How did the idiot boy spend his time? | he give immediately before his death? |
| 2. What was his special piece of business, and what was his great pleasure? | 4. What was specially striking in this? |
| 3. What mark of intelligence did | 5. Give an account of the case mentioned by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. |

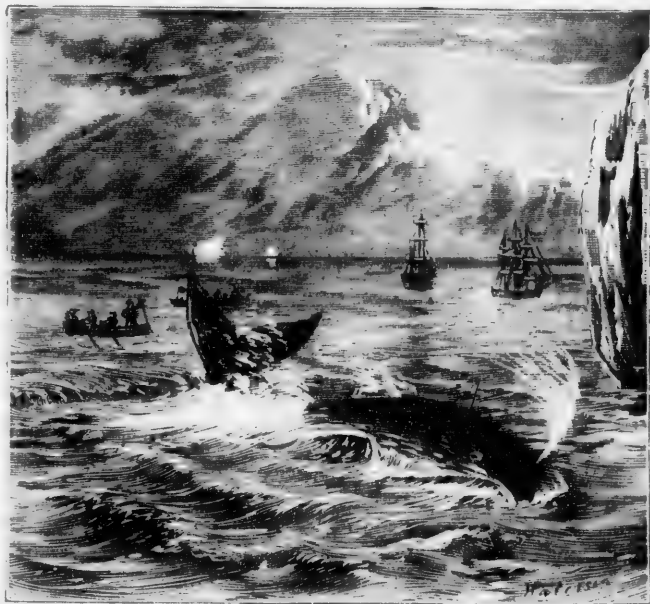
XLV.—THE WHALE FISHERY.

Concussions, shocks.	Subordinate, inferior.
Exposed, open to danger.	Coiled up, rolled up.
Externally, on the outside.	Circuitous, round about.
Eligible, most suitable.	Critical, important.
Alert, on the watch.	Vibrating, shaking.
Suspended, hung.	Enveloped, covered.
Emerging, rising.	Respiration, breathing.

IN connection with the whale fishery, the first object is to get out a ship suited to the trade. As the vessels push into the very heart of the northern seas, they are liable every moment to the most severe concussions; the ships, accordingly, must be constructed in such a manner as to possess a peculiar degree of strength. Their exposed parts are secured with double or even treble timbers, while they are *fortified*, as the expression is, externally with iron plates, and internally with cross-bars, so disposed as to cause the pressure on any one part to bear upon and be supported by the whole structure. Ships of 350 tons burthen are recommended as most eligible, and each vessel carries a crew of from forty to fifty men, and seven boats. One of the most essential particulars is the crow's nest, a species of sentry-box, made of canvas or light wood, pitched on the main-top-mast or top-gallant-mast head. This is the post of honour, and also of severe cold, where the master, provided with a telescope and a speaking-trumpet, often sits for hours in a temperature thirty or forty degrees below the freezing-point, and whence he can descry all the movements of the surrounding seas, and give directions accordingly.

The whaling-vessels usually take their departure in such time as to leave the Shetland islands about the beginning of April, and before the end of the month they arrive within the Polar seas. As soon as they have arrived in those seas, the crew must be every moment on the alert, keeping watch day and night. The seven boats are suspended by the sides of the ship, ready to be launched in a few minutes, and, when the state of the weather admits, one of them is usually manned and afloat. As soon as the person in the crow's-nest hears the blowing of

the huge animal which they seek to attack, or sees its back emerging from the waves, he gives notice to the watch who are stationed on deck, part of whom leap into a boat which is instantly lowered down, and followed by others. Each of the boats has a harpooner and one or two subordinate officers, and is provided with an immense quantity of rope coiled up and stowed away in different quarters of it, the several parts being spliced together so as to form



a continuous line, usually exceeding 4,000 feet in length. To the end is attached the harpoon, an instrument formed, not to pierce and kill the animal, but by entering and remaining fixed in the body, to prevent its escape. One of the boats is now rowed towards the whale in the deepest silence, cautiously avoiding to give an alarm, of which he is very susceptible. Sometimes a circuitous route is adopted in order to attack him from behind.

Having approached as near as is consistent with safety, the harpooner darts his instrument into the back of the monster. This is a critical moment, for often, when the mighty animal feels the wound, he throws himself into violent convulsive movements, vibrating in the air his tremendous tail, one lash of which is sufficient to dash a boat in pieces. More commonly, however, he plunges into the sea, or beneath the thickest fields of ice. While he is thus moving, at the rate usually of eight or ten miles an hour, the utmost diligence must be used, that the line to which the harpoon is attached may run off smoothly and readily along with him. Should it be entangled for a moment, the strength of the whale is such that he would draw down the boat and crew after him. The first boat is always followed by a second, to supply more line when the first is run out, which often takes place in eight or ten minutes. When this inconvenience is dreaded, the men hold up one, two, or three, oars to intimate their pressing need of a supply. While the rope is being paid out, the friction is so violent that the harpooner is enveloped in smoke, and water must be constantly poured on it to prevent it from catching fire. When, after all, no aid arrives, and the crew find that the line must run out, they have only one resource—they cut it, losing thereby not only the whale, but the harpoon and all the ropes of the boat.

The period during which a wounded whale remains under water is various, but is averaged at about half an hour. Then, pressed by the necessity of respiration, he appears above, often considerably distant from the spot where he was harpooned, and in a state of great exhaustion, owing, probably, to the severe pressure he has endured when placed beneath a column of water 700 or 800 fathoms deep. On his reappearance, a general attack is made with lances, which are struck as deep as possible, to reach and penetrate the vital parts. Blood, mixed with oil, streams copiously from his wounds, dyeing the sea to a great distance, and sometimes drenching the boats and crews. The animal now becomes more and more exhausted; but at the approach of death he often

makes a convulsive struggle, rearing his tail high in the air, and whirling it with a noise which is heard at the distance of several miles. At length, quite overpowered, he lays himself on his side or back and expires. The flag is then taken down, and three loud huzzas raised from the surrounding boats. No time is lost in piercing the tail with two holes, and through these, ropes are passed by which the fish is towed to the vessel.—*Leslie.*

Main-top-mast or top-gallant-mast—In all large vessels, there are three masts rising the one above the other, called respectively the main-mast, the main-top-mast, and the top-gallant-mast. Sometimes there is even a fourth mast.

Freezing-point—The point on our thermometers which indicates the degree of cold at which water freezes. In Fahrenheit's thermometer, this point is marked at 32°, because it was thought that the severest possible degree of cold could only reach 32° below this freezing point. This, however, is a mistake.

Shetland Islands—The most northerly islands of Scotland, the capital of which is Lerwick, at which almost all the whaling vessels call, on their outward voyage, for the purpose of taking in supplies.

Harpoon—A long, smooth, iron rod, barbed at the end, like a common fish-hook, so as to render it difficult to be extracted, when once it has entered the flesh.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the first requisite in connection with the whale fishery?
2. How is the ship strengthened so as to resist the special dangers to which it is liable?
3. What size of ship is most eligible?
4. What crew and how many boats does each ship generally carry?
5. What is the crew's nest, and what is its use?
6. Mention the different masts of large vessels.
7. What is meant by the *freezing-point*?
8. When do vessels generally set out for the whale fishing?
9. How are the boats arranged in the ship?

10. Describe what happens when a whale is observed.
11. What is a *harpoon*?
12. What does the whale generally do when struck?
13. To what two dangers is the boat which has struck the whale exposed?
14. What would happen if the rope got entangled?
15. What must be done when the rope has wholly run out?
16. How long can a whale remain under water?
17. What is the probable cause of his exhaustion, when he again comes to the surface?
18. Give an account of the death of the whale.

LOWLY AMBITION.

All my ambition is, I own,
To profit and to please unknown ;
Like streams supplied from springs below,
Which scatter blessings as they go.

Cotton.

XLVI.—ANCIENT AND MODERN GREECE.

[GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, b. 1788, d. 1824, was born in London, but spent his early boyhood in Aberdeenshire. At a very early age, he published a volume of poems entitled *Hours of Idleness*, which was savagely attacked by the critics. This put the young poet on his mettle, and he published his *English Bards* and *Scotch Reviewers*, a marvellously clever satire, which at once established his fame. From this time, he poured forth poem after poem, in almost reckless profusion, the very names of which we cannot wait to mention. He died at Missolonghi, in Greece, whither he had gone to assist the Greeks in their efforts to free themselves from the Turks.]

Analysis.—In these lines of exquisite beauty, the poet, to enhance the glory of Ancient Greece, first describes its present position. This he does in one of the finest similes in the language. He compares Modern Greece to the countenance of one who has just died. All the external features are unchanged—the same lines, the same beauty—but the soul has departed. Such is Modern Greece—Greece externally in all its beauty, but not *living* Greece. He then passes, by a sudden transition, to Ancient Greece, and contrasts its glorious history with the *dead* Greece of to-day.

Effacing, disfiguring, wiping out.
Languor, deadness, dullness.
Shrouded, closed.
Apathy, indifference.
Expression, the feelings as read by
the countenance.

Shrine, temple.
Craven, cowardly.
Servile, slavish.
Bequeathed, handed down.
Baffled, defeated.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold obstruction's apathy
Appeals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon,
Yes; but for these, and these alone,
Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power:

So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first last look by death revealed !

Such is the aspect of this shore :
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness of death,
That parts not quite with parting breath ;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of feeling pass'd away !
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished
earth.

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
Whose land from plain to mountain cave
Was freedom's home, or glory's grave !
Shrine of the mighty ! can it be
That this is all remains of thee ?
Approach, thou craven, crouching slave ;
Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh, servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own ;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of the former fires ;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They, too, will rather die than shame :
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age !
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,

Thy heroes, though the general doom
 Hath swept the column from their tomb,
 A mightier monument command,
 The mountains of their native land !
 There points thy muse to stranger's eye
 The graves of those that cannot die !—*Byron.*

Where cold obstruction's apathy.—Compare—

“ Ay, but to die and go we know not where,
 To lie in cold obstruction.”

Measure for Measure, Act III. Sc. 2.

where *obstruction* means *death*.

A gilded halo hovering round decay.—Compare the words in italics in the following :

“ Horribly beautiful ! but on the verge,
 From side to side, beneath the glittering morn
 An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
 Like *Hope upon a deathbed.*”

Childe Harold.

Approach. Thou craven, crouching slave—Observe how the poet gives life and energy to the picture by selecting one native as a type of the whole race. Our attention is thus concentrated, and the effect heightened. Compare Sterne's picture of a solitary prisoner (*Lesson V*, page 20).

Thermopylæ—A famous pass on the eastern extremity of Thessaly in Greece, where Leonidas and his 300 Spartans withstood the attack of the mighty hosts of the Persians.

Salamis—A small island in the Saronic gulf, to the south of Athens, where the fleet of Xerxes, the Persian invader, was utterly defeated by the Athenians, 480 B.C.

A nameless pyramid—The origin of the pyramids is lost in antiquity. A common opinion was that they were intended as burying places for the Egyptian kings.

QUESTIONS.

1. What figure does the poet employ to describe the present aspect of Greece?
2. Show the points in which the resemblance between one newly dead and the present aspect of Greece holds good.
3. What is the grand distinction between one dead and one living?
4. Quote the lines in which the poet applies this distinction to the state of Greece.
5. What external features of the person newly dead belie our hopes that he may be alive?
6. What is meant by ‘cold obstruction’s apathy’?
7. In what sense does Shakespeare use the word ‘obstruction’?
8. Why does the poet call Greece the ‘*shrine of the mighty*’?
9. What two epithets does the poet use to describe the degraded condition of the modern Greek?
10. Where were Thermopylæ and Salamis, and for what were they respectively celebrated?
11. “For Freedom’s battle once begun,” &c., illustrate this statement by historical facts.
12. What contrast does the poet draw between the Egyptian kings and the heroes of ancient Greece?
13. What has immortalized these old Greek heroes?
14. Give the names of one or two famous Greeks.

XLVII.—THE HAND.

Or'gan, instrument.	Quickens, gives life to.
Passive, not acting.	Enhance'ment, increase.
Transfix'ed, incapable of motion through fear or terror.	Ab'dicate, resign, give up.
Discord'ant, jarring, out of tune.	Munif'icently, liberally, freely.
De'vious, winding.	Predict'ed, foretold.
	Restrict', limit.

IN many respects the organ of touch, as embodied in the hand, is the most wonderful of the senses. The organs of the other senses are passive; the organ of touch alone is active. The eye, the ear, and the nostril stand simply open; light, sound, and fragrance enter, and we are compelled to see, to hear, and to smell, but the hand selects what it shall touch, and touches what it pleases. It puts away from it the things which it hates, and beckons towards it the things which it desires; unlike the eye, which must often gaze transfixed at horrible sights from which it cannot turn, and the ear, which cannot escape from the torture of discordant sounds, and the nostril, which cannot protect itself from hateful odours.

Moreover, the hand cares not only for its own wants, but, when the other organs of the senses are rendered useless, takes their duties upon it. The hand of the blind man goes with him as an eye through the streets, and safely threads for him all the devious ways; it looks for him at the faces of his friends, and tells him whose kindly features are gazing upon him; it peruses books for him, and quickens the long hours by its silent readings.

It ministers as willingly to the deaf; and when the tongue is dumb and the ear stopped, its fingers speak eloquently to the eye, and enable it to discharge the unwonted office of a listener.

The organs of all the other senses, also, even in their greatest perfection, are beholden to the hand for the enhancement and the exaltation of their powers. It constructs for the eye a copy of itself, and thus gives it a telescope with which to range among the stars; and, by another copy on a slightly different plan, furnishes it with a microscope, and introduces it into a new world of

wonders. It constructs for the ear the instruments by which it is educated, and sounds them in its hearing till its powers are trained to the full. It plucks for the nostril the flower which it longs to smell, and distils for it the fragrance which it covets. As for the tongue, if it had not the hand to serve it, it might abdicate its throne as the Lord of Taste. In short, the organ of touch is the minister of its sister senses, and, without any play of words, is the handmaid of them all.

And if the hand thus munificently serves the body, not less amply does it give expression to the genius and the wit, the courage and the affection, the will and the power of man. Put a sword into it and it will fight for him; put a plough into it and it will till for him; put a harp into it and it will play for him; put a pencil into it and it will paint for him; put a pen into it and it will speak for him, plead for him, pray for him. What will it not do? What has it not done? A steam-engine is but a larger hand, made to extend its powers by the little hand of man! An electric telegraph is but a long pen for that little hand to write with! All our huge cannons and other weapons of war, with which we so effectually slay our brethren, are only Cain's hand made bigger, and stronger, and bloodier! What, moreover, is a ship, a railway, a light-house, or a palace—what, indeed, is a whole city, a whole continent of cities, all the cities of the globe, nay, the very globe itself in so far as man has changed it, but the work of that giant hand, with which the human race, acting as one mighty man, has executed his will!

When I think of all that man and woman's hand has wrought, from the day when Eve put forth her erring hand to pluck the fruit of the forbidden tree, to that dark hour when the pierced hands of the Saviour of the world were nailed to the predicted tree of shame, and of all that human hands have done of good and evil since, I lift up my hand and gaze upon it with wonder and awe. What an instrument for good it is! What an instrument for evil! And all the day long it never is idle. There is no implement which it cannot wield, and it should never in working hours be without one. We unwisely restrict

the term handicraftsman, or hand-worker, to the more laborious callings; but it belongs to all honest, earnest men and women, and is a title which each should covet. For the queen's hand there is the sceptre, and for the soldier's hand the sword; for the carpenter's hand the saw, and for the smith's hand the hammer; for the farmer's hand the plough; for the miner's hand the spade; for the sailor's hand the oar; for the painter's hand the brush; for the sculptor's hand the chisel; for the poet's hand the pen; and for the woman's hand the needle. If none of these or the like will fit us, the felon's chain should be round our wrist, and our hand on the prisoner's crank. But for each willing man and woman there is a tool they may learn to handle; to all these is the command, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."—*Dr. George Wilson.*

Gain's hand.—Compare Genesis iv, 8.

Predicted tree of shame.—Compare Deut. xxi, 23, with Zech. xii, 10.

The prisoner's crank. The reference is to the handle of a small mill which prisoners condemned to hard labour have to turn a certain number of times every day. Each revolution registers itself.

QUESTIONS.

1. What distinction is drawn between the organs of the other senses and the organs of touch?
2. Illustrate the statement by a reference to the organs of the other senses.
3. How does the hand take the place of the other senses? Give illustrations from the case of the blind and of the deaf.
4. How does the hand minister to

the other senses? Give illustrations from the eye, the ear, the nostril, the tongue.

5. How does the hand give expression to man's moral qualities? Give illustrations in the case of bravery, music, painting, writing.

6. What great lesson may we learn from a consideration of the human hand?

XLVIII.—OF VALUE.

Gratifying, satisfying.

| Laborious, requiring hard la.

THAT quality in any object which renders it capable of gratifying our desires, is called its *value*. It is not always the most useful things that are of the most value. Nothing is more useful than air and water, without which we could not live; yet these are, in most places, of no value in the

proper sense of that word; that is, no one will give anything in exchange for them, because he can have them without. In some places, indeed, water is scarce, and then people are glad to buy it. But water is not more *useful* in those places where people are glad to buy it than it is here, where, by the bounty of Providence, it is plentiful. It is the *scarcity* that gives it value; and where water is scarce, there it is of great value.

Scarcity alone, however, would not make a thing valuable, if there were no reason why any one should *desire* to possess it. There are some kinds of stones which are scarce but of no value, because they have neither use nor beauty. You would not give anything in exchange for such a stone; not because you cannot easily get it, but because you have no *wish* for it. But a stone which is scarce and very *beautiful* may be of great value, though it is of no *use* but to make an ornament for the person. Such are diamonds, and rubies, and many others. Many people will work hard to earn money enough to buy, not only food and necessary clothing, but also lace and jewels, and other articles of finery. And they desire these things the more, because, besides being beautiful to the eye, they are reckoned a *sign of wealth* in the person who wears them. A bunch of wild flowers will often be a prettier ornament than a fine riband or a jewel; but a woman likes better to wear these last to show that she can afford the cost of them, whereas the wild flowers may be had for picking.

You understand now, I hope, that whatever is of value must not only be *desirable* for its use or beauty, or some pleasure it affords, but also *scarce*; that is, so *limited* in supply that it is not to be had for nothing. And of things which are desirable, those are the *most* valuable which are the most limited in supply; that is, the hardest to be got. This is the reason why silver and gold are of more value than iron. If they had been of no use or beauty at all no one would have ever *desired* them; but, being desirable, they are of greater value than iron, because they are so much scarcer and harder to be got. They are found in but few places, and in small quantities.

Gold, in particular, is obtained chiefly in the form of dust, by laborious washing of the sand of certain streams. It costs only as much, in labour and other expenses, to obtain about fifteen pounds of silver, as to obtain one pound of gold; and this is the cause that one pound of gold will exchange for about fifteen pounds of silver.

But besides being desirable and being scarce, there is one point more required for a thing to have value. It must be something that you can *part with* to another person. For instance, *health* is very desirable, and is what every one cannot obtain, and hence we sometimes do speak of health as being of value; but this is not the strict use of the word value, for no one can give his health to another in exchange for something else. Many a rich man would be glad to give a thousand pounds, or, perhaps, ten thousand pounds, in exchange for the healthy constitution and strong limbs of a poor labourer, and perhaps the labourer would be glad to make such a bargain; but though he might cut off his limbs, he could not make them another man's. He might throw away his health (as many do) by intemperance, but he cannot *transfer* it: that is, part with it to another person.

When anything that is desirable is to be had by labour, and is not to be had *without* labour, of course, we find men labouring to obtain it; and things that are of very great value will usually be found to have cost very great labour. This has led some persons to suppose that it is the labour which has been bestowed on anything that *gives* its value. But this is quite a mistake. It is not the labour which anything has cost that *causes* it to sell for a high price, but, on the contrary, it is its selling for a high price that causes men to labour in procuring it. For instance, fishermen go out to sea and toil hard in the wet and cold to catch fish, because they can get a good price for them; but if a fisherman should work hard all night and catch but one small fish, while another had, perhaps, caught a thousand, by falling in with a shoal, the first would not be able to sell his one fish for the same price as the other man's thousand, though it would have cost

him the same labour. It has now and then happened that a salmon or a sturgeon has leaped into a boat by chance, but though this has cost no labour, it is not for that reason the less valuable. And if a man, in eating an oyster, should chance to meet with a fine pearl, it would not sell for less than if he had been diving for it the whole day.

It is not, therefore, labour that makes things valuable, but their being valuable that makes them worth labouring for. And God, having judged in His wisdom that it is not good for man to be idle, has so appointed things by His providence, that few of the things that are most desirable can be obtained without labour. It is ordained for man to eat bread in the sweat of his face, and almost all the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life, are obtained by labour.—*Archbishop Whately.*

QUESTIONS.

1. What is meant by *value*?
2. Show that the most *useful* things are not always the most *valuable*.
3. What gives *value* to water in many places?
4. What, in addition to *scarcity*, is essential to render anything *valuable*?
5. Give illustrations of the fact that a thing may be *scarce*, and yet of no *value*.
6. Give illustrations of the fact that a thing may be *scarce* and yet of great *value*, though it is of no practical use.
7. Why are precious stones, pearls, &c., *valuable*?
8. Why are silver and gold more *valuable* than iron?
9. Why will one pound of gold exchange for about fifteen pounds of silver?
10. What third thing is necessary for a thing to have *value*?
11. Why cannot *health* be said to possess *value*?
12. What causes men to labour for any thing that is desirable?
13. Refute the common idea on this point by reference to the case of a fisherman.
14. What benefit arises from the fact that few of the things that are most desirable can be procured without labour?

SLEEP.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes,
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied by a tear.

Young.

XLIX.—LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Abstract, existing in the mind only.	Peculiarly, in an especial manner.
Cosmopolitan, universal.	Rivalry, emulation.
Comprises, embraces.	Developed, unfolded.
Intellects, intelligent minds.	Amelioration, advancement.
Reflecting, throwing back.	Sylvan, woodland.
Illuminate, enlighten.	Patriotism, love of country.
Prejudice, ill-formed judgment.	Inevitably, beyond all doubt.
Stimulants, incitements.	Perennial, perpetual.
Unfathomable, that cannot be sounded.	Stand'ard, a measure of reference.

THE abstract or cosmopolitan idea of knowledge is that it is of no country; a world of science and of letters comprises the learned and ingenious of every clime; whose intellects, reflecting back the light which each in turn bestows, serve to illuminate and cheer the dark places of the earth, and roll off the mists which ignorance and prejudice have gathered around the human mind. To benefit his whole race, and to earn universal applause, are the first great stimulants of the student and the philosopher; but the all-wise Being who divided the earth into continents, peninsulas, and islands—who separated tribes from each other by mountain ranges and unfathomable seas; who gave a different feature and a different tongue, evidently intended that there should be a local knowledge and a local love, binding His creatures to particular spots of earth, and interesting them peculiarly for the prosperity, improvement, and happiness of those places. The love of country, therefore, although distinguished from this universal love, boasts of an origin as divine, and serves purposes scarcely less admirable. It begets a generous rivalry among the nations of the earth, by which the intellectual and physical resources of each are developed and strengthened through constant exercise; and although sometimes abused by ignorance or criminal ambition, it has a steady direction favourable to the growth of knowledge, and the amelioration and improvement of human affairs.

Is that feeling alive in your breasts? Is it abroad in this country? Has Nova Scotia received the power to attach her children to her bosom, and make them prouder and fonder of her bleak hills and sylvan valleys, than even

of the fairer and more cultivated lands from which their parents came? I pause for no reply. The unerring law of nature is my answer; and though addressing an audience composed of people of all countries, it is with the conviction that their children are already natives of Nova Scotia, and that their judgments will approve of the direction I wish to give to those feelings of patriotism which that circumstance will inevitably inspire. You who owe your origin to other lands cannot resist the conviction that, as you love them, so will your children love this; and that though the second place in their hearts may be filled by merry England, romantic Scotland, or the verdant fields of Erin, the first and highest will be occupied by the little province where they drew their earliest breath, and which claims from them filial reverence and care.

If we encourage each other to love the land of our birth, or of our adoption, and make that affection the perennial spring of virtue and of knowledge, that our country may be honoured; if we teach our children, our friends, and neighbours, that as mind is the standard of the man, so is it of the nation; and that it becomes the duty of each individual to cast into the public treasury of Nova Scotia's reputation something to make her loved at home and revered abroad—if, in short, this feeling becomes so general throughout the country, as to be recognized as a stimulant and a principle of action, our work will be more than half accomplished, and we may leave the rest to time.—*Howe.*

QUESTIONS.

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What do you understand by the abstract or cosmopolitan idea of knowledge? 2. Illustrate your answer 3. What are the first great stimulants of the student and the philosopher? 4. How are these feelings restricted? 5. What does this restricted action tend to produce? 6. How does patriotism manifest itself? 7. Compare its origin with that of the universal love of mankind. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 8. Describe the effects of patriotism upon the nations of the world. 9. On what circumstance does this speaker rely to inspire his audience with feelings of patriotism? 10. What inference does he draw respecting the natives of Nova Scotia from the love of their parents to the land of their own birth? 11. How may the first feelings of patriotism be cherished and promoted? 12. What will produce its full development? |
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L.—JACQUES CARTIER.

Com'modore, the commander of a	Athwart', across.
squadron.	Thrilled, shivered.
Cathedral, the head church of a	Fet'ters, bonds, chains.
diocese.	An'them, a hymn.
Pin'nacle, a turret.	Mag'ic, spirit.
Pier, a column supporting an arch.	Fort'ress, a stronghold.
Vig'ls, night watches or devotions.	Cliff, a precipitous rock.

I.

In the seaport of St. Malo 'twas a smiling morn in May,
 When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sail'd
 away ;
 In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their knees
 For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscover'd seas ;
 And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier,
 Fill'd manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts with fear.

II.

A year pass'd o'er St. Malo—again came round the day
 When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sail'd
 away ;
 But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
 And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent ;
 And manly hearts were fill'd with gloom, and gentle hearts
 with fear,
 When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

III.

But the Earth is as the Future, it hath its hidden side ;
 And the Captain of St. Malo was rejoicing in his pride,
 In the forests of the north—while his townsmen mourn'd his loss,
 He was rearing on Mount Royal the *fleur-de-lis* and cross ;
 And when two months were over, and added to the year,
 St. Malo hail'd him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

IV.

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound, and cold,
 Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold ;
 Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip,
 And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship ;
 He told them of the frozen scene until they thrill'd with fear,
 And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make him better cheer.

V.

But when he changed the strain—he told how soon is cast
 In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast;
 How the winter causeway broken is drifted out to sea,
 And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free;
 How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape to his eyes,
 Like the dry bones of the just, when they wake in Paradise.

VI.

He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the wild,
 Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;
 Of how, poor souls, they fancy in every living thing
 A spirit good or evil, that claims their worshipping;
 Of how they brought their sick and main'd for him to breathe
 upon,
 And of the wonders wrought for them through the Gospel of
 St. John.

VII.

He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
 Its freshness for a hundred leagues to Ocean's briny wave;
 He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
 What time he rear'd the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height,
 And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key,
 And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils o'er
 the sea.—*Darcy M'Gee.*

St. Malo—an old seaport town of France, where Jacques Cartier was born in the reign of Francis I.

Mount Royal—the former name of Montreal, and the site of the ancient Indian village of Hochelaga, on the St. Lawrence, 180 miles above Quebec.

Fleur de lis—a species of lily, the ancient emblem of France, and the "rearing" of which by Cartier indicates his taking possession of the country in the name of the French king.

Algonquin—Once a powerful nation of Indians, having extensive possessions on the north bank of the St. Lawrence.

QUESTIONS.

1. To which of Cartier's voyages does this poem refer? Give a reason for your answer.

2. In what year did he begin this voyage?

3. Describe the scene in the cathedral on his departure.

4. What were the feelings of his townsmen respecting him as the autumn gales began to blow?

5. Describe those feelings when no tidings of him had been received, after the lapse of a year.

6. How was Cartier engaged at the time his friends were mourning for his supposed loss?

7. When did he return to St. Malo?

8. What description is he supposed to give of the region he had visited in America?

9. Reproduce his description of the Indian tribes he had met.

10. What river, height, and fortress cliff are alluded to in the last stanza? Describe them.

II.—THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

Lustrous, bright.	Deployed, were spread out.
Befitting, becoming.	Ramparts, the walls of a fortification.
Inevitable, unavoidable.	Annoyance, molestation.
Flotilla, a fleet of small vessels.	Solitary, single.
Receding, retiring, ebbing.	Mischievous, destructive.
Redoubt, a fortress.	Oblique, in a sloping direction.
Invincible, that cannot be conquered.	Parade, a military procession.
Demonstration, a pretended attack.	Indomitable, invincible.
Beleaguered, besieged.	Dissolution, death.
Persisted, firmly maintained.	Immortality, undying fame.

It was a pleasant autumn night, and the full lustrous stars of a northern firmament twinkled cheerfully down on the noble current of the St. Lawrence, as Wolfe quietly passed from ship to ship to make his final inspection, and utter his last words of encouragement. In a pure and gifted mind like his, the solemn hour could scarcely fail of awakening befitting associations. He spoke of the poet Gray, and the beautiful legacy he had given the world in his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." "I would prefer," said he, "being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow;" and, while the cautious dip of the oars into the rippling current alone broke the stillness of the night, he repeated:—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

About one o'clock on the morning of the 13th of September, 1759, the order to advance was given, and the flotilla dropped silently down with the receding tide, Wolfe commanding in person. He still continued his poetical musings, but his eye at the same time was keenly bent on the outline of the dark heights, beneath which he floated past. He recognized at length the appointed spot, and leaped ashore. Meantime, the current had carried a few boats lower down, which had on board the light company of the 78th Highlanders. These were the first troops to land: without a moment's hesitation they scrambled up the face of the wooded precipice, clinging

to the roots and branches of trees. Half the ascent was already won, when for the first time the "*qui vive*" of the French sentry above was given. "*La France*," promptly answered McDonald, the Highland captain, with ready self-possession, and the sentinel shouldered his musket and pursued his rounds. In a few minutes, however, the unusual rustling among the trees near at hand alarmed the sentinels, their guard was turned out and fired one hurried volley at the Highlanders, then panic-stricken turned and fled. By this time another body of troops had pressed up the pathway, and possessed themselves of a four-gun redoubt which commanded it. As day dawned Wolfe stood with his invincible battalions on the Plains of Abraham, the battle-field which gave a new empire to the Anglo-Saxon race. Only one gun, however, could be got up the hill, so difficult was the ascent.

Meanwhile Montcalm had been completely deceived by the demonstration against his lines below the town. Presently the morning breeze bore along the boom of a distant gun and the scattered roll of musketry from above the beleaguered town. While the French general yet doubted their cause, a horseman galloped up and told him the British had ascended to the Plains of Abraham.

"It can be but a small party come to burn a few houses and retire," said Montcalm in amazement.

The man persisted that the British were there in force.

"Then," said the general, "they have got to the weak side of this miserable garrison; we must give them battle and crush them before mid-day."

About six o'clock, small bodies of the French troops deployed on the slopes near the ramparts of the city; by seven they mustered more numerous and brought up two field guns, which caused some annoyance to the British. Towards eight o'clock, Montcalm had arrived with the bulk of his army, which he formed in three distinct masses on a slope to the north west of the city, where they were sheltered from Wolfe's solitary but mischievous gun.

An attempt to outflank the British left somewhat alarmed the British troops, but Wolfe, hurrying along the line, cheered them by his voice and presence, and directed

them on no account to fire without orders. He speedily succeeded in restoring confidence. Recalling his light troops, Montcalm now pushed forward his whole centre and left, and which with loud cheers and arms at the recover moved boldly on to the attack. As the smoke of the skirmishers' fire cleared off from the battle-field, the long ranks of the French were seen rapidly approaching the British position. At the distance of one hundred and fifty yards an oblique movement from the left gave their lines the appearance of columns, which chiefly threatened Wolfe's right wing. Another moment passed, the French paused, and from flank to flank poured a murderous and rapid fire upon the British line. The 35th and grenadiers fell fast. Still not a shot was returned. Wolfe was struck in the wrist, but wrapping a handkerchief around the wound he hurried from rank to rank, warning his men to reserve their fire for a shorter and deadlier range. Not a single trigger was pulled. With arms shouldered as if on parade, and motionless, save when they closed upon the ghastly gaps made in their ranks by the French fire, these gallant men waited the word of command with that indomitable endurance which has ever characterized the British soldier when properly trained and led.

The French were still unharmed, their confidence increased, and with a loud cheer they pressed forward against the British. A few moments more and only forty paces separated the combatants. And now the clear voice of Wolfe giving the word to fire rises over the field. The order passes like an electric shot along the British line; its long row of muskets is swiftly levelled; and the next instant a well-aimed volley, almost as distinct as a single shot, rolls over the battle-field. It fell with terrible effect upon the advancing foe. Numbers of the French soldiers reeled and fell at once, others staggered for a moment, then dropped aside to die; others, again, burst from the ranks shrieking in agony. Presently the breeze which blew gently across the battle-field, carried away the smoke of one of the deadliest volleys that ever burst from British infantry, and the assailing battalions were seen reduced to mere groups among the slain.

Scarcely fifteen minutes had elapsed since Montcalm had made his principal attack, and already the battle was lost. The Canadian militia had already broken; still the gallant Frenchman was not dismayed. Riding through the shattered ranks he cheered the men with his voice, and induced them to re-form. Meantime the British troops had reloaded, and Wolfe resolving to take advantage of the disorder in the French ranks, ordered his whole line to advance, placing himself at the head of the 28th and grenadiers. For a few minutes they move forward steadily, then their pace increases to a run, and with bayonets at the charge they rush upon the French. Just then Wolfe was wounded a second time in the body, but still pressing forward he received a ball in the breast.

"Support me," he said to an officer near him, "let not my brave fellows see me fall." He was carried to the rear, and water was brought him to quench his thirst.

Still the British pressed forward with fiery valour. The fierce struggle fell heavily on the British, but was terribly destructive to the French. They wavered under the carnage; but Montcalm, galloping among his stubborn veterans, called on them to re-form, and again oppose the advancing foe. His efforts were vain; the head of every formation was mowed down by the terrible fire of the British, who again rushing forward at the charge compelled his troops to give way in every direction. At this critical period he fell mortally wounded, and from that moment all was utter rout and confusion on the side of the French.

Wolfe's life ebbs fast away; yet from time to time he essays to look upon the battle, and clear away the death-mist that gathers on his sight. Presently his spirit draws nearer "to that bourne whence no traveller returneth:" he sinks backward and gives no signs of life beyond a heavy breathing, and the occasional groan of painful dissolution. The French fly in all directions.

"They run! they run!" exclaimed some of the officers who stood by their dying general.

"Who runs?" eagerly asks Wolfe, like one aroused from sleep.

"The enemy, sir," answered the officer who supported him, "they give way everywhere."

"Go one of you 'o Colonel Burton," said Wolfe, "and tell him to march Webb's regiment (the 48th) with all speed down to the St. Charles River to cut off their retreat."

His voice grew fainter and fainter as he spoke, and he turned as if to seek an easier position on his side. Four days before he had looked forward to an early death with dismay, but he now felt he would breathe his last breath on the field of victory, and that he had well done his duty to his country.

"Now, God be praised! I 'ie happy," said the gallant soldier faintly, yet distinctly; and Wolfe, who had won a new empire for his race, passed from this material world to immortality.

Gray—Thomas Gray, a lyric poet of consummate art, and author of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," was born in London in 1716, and died in 1771.

Montcalm—a Field-marshal in the French Army, and commander of the French forces in Canada, fell fighting bravely on the Plains of Abraham, 13th September, 1759.

Qui vive—two French words, meaning "who lives," but here equivalent to "challenge."

QUESTIONS.

1. How was General Wolfe engaged the night before the battle?
2. After inspecting his ships, on what topic did he converse with his officers?
3. Repeat the verse of the Elegy which Wolfe recited to them.
4. What do you know of the author of the Elegy?
5. At what time was the order given to advance?
6. Where did the General leap ashore?
7. What troops were the first to land?
8. Describe their ascent, and how their leader answered the *qui vive* of the French sentry.
9. How did the sentinels act on seeing the British troops?
10. What did the British capture after they had reached the Plains, and at what hour?
11. Why did they take up but one gun with them?
12. How had the British outwitted Montcalm?
13. What first roused him to the deception?
14. What did he determine to do when he found the British on the Plains in force?
15. How did he advance to meet them?
16. What attempt of his caused some alarm to the British troops?
17. How was their confidence restored?
18. Describe Montcalm's mode of attack, and its effect on the British?
19. How did they behave?
20. How far apart were the combatants when the British opened fire?
21. Describe that fire and its effects?
22. What was the time from Montcalm's attack till he had lost the battle?
23. How did he even then conduct himself?
24. What advantage did Wolfe take of the disorder in the French ranks?
25. What befell him just then, and what did he say?
26. Describe the struggle that followed and Montcalm's heroic courage.

LII.—FALSE PATRIOTISM.

Inva'riably, always.
 Patriotism, true love of country.
 Ardently, warmly.
 Self-lauded, self-praised.
 Ephem'eral, quickly disappearing.
 Enthu'siasm, ardent zeal.

Hypocrit'ical, deceitful.
 Inscrib'ed, written.
 Dema'gogue, a ruler of the rabble.
 Unrelenting, hard, cruel.
 Malefact'ors, evil-doers.
 Insid'ious, crafty.

It was Napoleon, I believe, who invariably asked, when hearing of a great man—What did he do? It was not his genius, learning, or patriotism, he cared for; nor what he said, nor what grand speeches, or promises, or professions he made. No! It was invariably what he did. That was the question, the answer to which solved every problem in his mind. It is not the power that slumbers, but it is power brought into action and tested by results—it is indomitable will, and holy ambition, and energy and industry, and high sense of honour and honesty, and the spirit of sacrifice, and a big heart, that makes the man of great intellectual power truly great in all the width of that expression. If the life of McGee had not been one of sleepless industry, and if, with all his faults, he had not ardently loved his native country, and laboured for her from earliest youth as few ever did—if he had not had energy and honesty enough to make great sacrifices whenever her interests required them, like thousands of little-gifted and self-belauded patriots of mushroom growth, he would have hummed away his life like the drones—he would have shone but as the ephemeral lightning that flashes but to disappear and leave no streak behind. By the mere tricks and clap-traps of stump oratory, he would have risen up in the esteem and enthusiasm of the unthinking and the vulgar, only to sink hopelessly back to the native obscurity from which he sprung. Moreover, patriotism is often but the hypocritical cloak of the trader in mere human passion, who, leech-like, but delights to fatten on the diseased blood of his victims. With “liberty and the people’s rights” inscribed on their banner, the demagogue and the brawler have invariably proved themselves, when in power, the most unrelenting despots. In the sacred name of Liberty, from the earliest ages, they

have committed more crimes against the world and humanity, than all other malefactors together.

"Oh, Liberty, Liberty! what crimes have been committed in thy name." As there is no crime so black, no vice so insidious, as that at which dons the garb of heavenly virtue, and smiles as it stabs; so, patriotism made to order, is the ever ready weapon of the wicked and designing. It is but the steppingstone of the dwarf, the short cut of the pigmy to grandeur, the high road of the dullard to a popularity as fitful as the winds of heaven. If you but listen the while, the true ring of the genuine metal is never to be heard. If you were to believe this class of men, there is no patriotism in the world but their own.

Archbishop Conolly.

QUESTIONS.

1. What question did Napoleon invariably ask when hearing of a great man?
2. What is it that distinguishes a truly great man?
3. In what way did M'Gee show his patriotism?
4. What are the characteristics of a demagogue?
5. Reproduce the last paragraph on your slates.

LIII.—THE COTEAU RAPID.

Torment , anguish.	Hoar , ancient.
Writhe , twist.	Ambling , rising and falling.
Anguish , great pain.	Fascination , enchanting influence.
Yawning , gaping.	Excitement , agitation.
Seething , boiling.	Enthusiasm , passionate excitement.
Triumphal , belonging to a triumph.	Tension , strain.
Choruses , songs sung by numbers.	Critical , attended with risk.
Abysmal , fathomless.	Vortex , a whirlpool.
Embodiment , personification.	Resistlessly , that cannot be withstood.
Sardoniac , forced, feigned.	Engulf , swallow up.
Enchantment , charm.	

THE Coteau—broad, and long, and boisterous!
 The waves, like white sea monsters, plunge and roll;
 Mighty, and grand, and wildly perilous,
 It lives a life of torment. Some mad soul
 Seems shouting from each billow, and the howl
 Of the lash'd waters, as they foam and writhe,
 Is as despair's last shriek, when at the goal,
 Where all hope ends, it tumbles headlong with
 A cry of anguish to the yawning gulf beneath.

Mad shrieks of horror pierce the seething shore,
 Triumphal choruses roll back again;
 Up from the depths abysmal, evermore,
 Rushes some swift embodiment of pain,
 Flying from the fierce conflict all in vain;
 A wild, despairing, agonising cry,
 A laugh of demons torturing the slain:
 Thus the sardonic strife goes crashing by;
 The Nameless Terror rolls its burden up the sky.

From isle to isle we wend our devious way;
 From crest to crest, from wave to wave we bound;
 Baptized anew with showers of snowy spray,
 All danger seems in lofty tumult drown'd;
 From isle to isle the turmoil rolls profound.
 The true enchantment this—no legend rare,
 No wondrous tale by hoar tradition crown'd,
 But grand, terrific, true, beyond compare,
 The vast sonorous war of passion shakes the air.

And suddenly, from the infernal whirl,
 The ambling current bears us far away,
 Where no pursuing wave is seen to curl,
 No rapid shatters into blinding spray;
 But far behind, the breakers' wild array
 Shout from the watery slope their threat'nings dire,
 Looming like Mohawk ghosts at morning grey,
 With awful rage and impotent desire,
 Striking the wildest chords of Nature's mighty lyre.

Charles Sangster.

To shoot rapids in a canoe is a pleasure that comparatively few Englishmen have ever enjoyed, and no picture can give an idea of what it is. There is a fascination in the motion, as of poetry or music, which must be experienced to be understood. The excitement is greater than when on board a steamer, because you are so much nearer the seething water, and the canoe seems such a fragile thing to contend with the mad forces, into the very thick of which it has to be steered. Where the stream begins to descend, the water is an inclined plane, smooth and shining as glare ice. Beyond that it breaks into curling, gleaming rolls which end off in white, boiling caldrons, where the water has broken on the rocks underneath. On

the brink of the inclined plane the motion is so quiet that you think the canoe pauses for an instant. The captain is at the bow, a broader, stronger paddle than usual in his hand—his eye kindling with enthusiasm, and every nerve and fibre in his body at its utmost tension. The steersman is at his post, and every man is ready. They know that a false stroke, or too weak a turn of the captain's wrist, at the critical moment, means death. A push with the paddles, and, straight and swift as an arrow, the canoe shoots right down into the mad vortex; now into a cross current that would twist her broadside round, but that every man fights against it; then she steers right for a rock, to which she is being resistlessly sucked, and on which it seems as if she would be dashed to pieces; but a rapid turn of the captain's paddle at the right moment, and she rushes past the black mass, riding gallantly as a race horse. The waves boil up at the side threatening to engulf her, but except a dash of spray or the cap of a wave, nothing gets in, and as she speeds into the calm reach beyond, all draw long breaths and hope that another rapid is near.—*Grant.*

Rapid—A sudden descent of the surface of a stream without an actual waterfall or cascade.

Coteau Rapid—A well-known rapid on the River St. Lawrence, about 43 miles south-west of Montreal.

Mohawk—The name of a tribe of North American Indians.

The Nameless Terror—The horror of a soul doomed to perdition.

QUESTIONS.

1. To what are the waters of the Coteau Rapid compared, and why?

2. Give the derivation of *torment*, and then define the word.

3. What is here meant by "living a life of torment"?

4. What is there in the lashed waters of a rapid to suggest the agonies of a perishing soul?

5. What is meant by the Nameless Terror?

6. Describe, after the author of the poem, the sensation of shooting the rapid.

7. Describe, similarly, the feeling of the voyager as he looks back at the rapid from the smooth water beyond.

8. How only can the pleasurable excitement of shooting rapids be understood?

9. Describe the appearance of the stream as it approaches the rapid, and the rapid itself.

10. Describe, after the prose writer, the mode of shooting a rapid.

11. Commit the whole passage to memory.

LIV.—THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERIES.

The Banks of Newfoundland, the most extensive submarine plateau in the world, are between six and seven hundred miles in length, and have a depth of water on them varying from four to one hundred and sixty fathoms. The temperature of the water on the Banks is ten to twelve degrees lower than in the surrounding ocean. Over them there is almost perpetual fog; rain and sleet are also frequent; and in the early part of the season much inconvenience is experienced from ice. Besides avoiding these inconveniences, the fishermen who remain near the shore have better opportunities for curing and drying their fish, the quality of which is also much preferred. The lesson is a description of the Bank fisheries.

Stationed, attached.

Resort, haunt.

Ascertained, discovered.

Athwart, across.

Asunder, apart.

Extracted, drawn out.

Discharge, unload.

Managed, performed.

Severed, divided.

Entrails, the internal parts.

Selects, chooses.

Precipitated, thrown.

Bunk, a kind of wooden vessel.

Preservation, being kept, act of curing.

Operation, process.

Suspend'ed, hung.

Assume, acquire.

Exportation, being sent out of the country.

Amazing, astonishing.

Celerity, speed.

Decapitated, having the head taken off.

Consideration, importance.

Invariably, constantly.

THERE are a number of boats fitted with masts and sails belonging to each fishery, two or four men being stationed to a boat. At the earliest dawn of day the whole of these vessels proceed to that part of the coast where the fish are most plentiful, for they move in shoals, and frequently alter their position according to the changes of the wind. When the resort of the fish has been ascertained, the boats let fall their anchors, and the men cast over their lines. Each man has two lines to attend, and every line has two hooks affixed to it, which are baited either with caplin or herrings. The men stand upon a flat flooring, and are divided from each other by bins, like shop counters, placed athwart the centre of the boat. Having drawn up the line, they lay the cod upon the bin, and strike it upon the back part of the head with a piece of wood in the shape of a rolling pin; this blow stuns the fish, and causes it to yawn its jaws widely asunder, by which means the hook is easily extracted. Then the fish is dropped

into the bin and the line again thrown over, whilst the fisherman, instantly turning round, proceeds to pull up the opposite line, so that one line is running out and the other pulling in at the same instant. Thus the boatmen continue until their vessel is filled, when they proceed to discharge their cargo at the fishing-stage. The cod are pitched from the boat upon the stage with a pike, care being taken to stick the pike into their heads, as a wound in the body might prevent the salt from having its due effect, and thereby spoil the fish. When the boats are emptied, the fishermen procure a fresh quantity of bait, and return again to their employment on the water, whence, in the course of an hour or two, perhaps, they again reach the stage with another cargo.



The curing is managed as follows:—Each salting house is provided with one or more tables, around which are placed wooden chairs and leathern aprons for the cut-throats, headers, and splitters. The fish having been thrown from the boats, a boy is generally employed to bring them on the stage, and place them on the table

before the cut-throat, who rips open the body ; and having also nearly severed the head from the body, he passes it along the table to his right-hand neighbour, the header, whose business it is to pull off the head and tear out the entrails ; from these he selects the liver, and in some instances the sound. The head and entrails being precipitated through a bunk into the sea, the liver is thrown into a cask, where it distils in oil ; and the sounds, if intended for preservation, are salted.

After having undergone this operation, the cod is next passed across the table to the splitter, who cuts out the backbone in the twinkling of an eye. Then the cod are carried in hand-barrows to the salter, by whom they are spread in layers upon the top of each other, with a proper quantity of salt between each layer. In this state the fish continue for a few days, when they are again taken in barrows to a stout wooden box full of holes, which is suspended from the stage in the sea. The washer stands up to his knees in this box and scrubs the salt off the cod with a soft mop. The fish are then taken to a convenient spot and piled up to drain, and the heap thus formed is called a "water-horse."

On the following day the cod are removed to the fish-flakes, where they are spread in the sun to dry ; and from thenceforward they are kept constantly turned during the day, and piled up in small heaps, called "flackets," at night. The upper fish are always laid with their bellies downward, so that the skins of their backs answer the purpose of thatch to keep the lower fish dry. By degrees the size of these flackets is increased, until at length, instead of small parcels, they assume the form of large circular stacks, and in this state the cod are left for a few days. The process of curing is now complete, and the fish are afterwards stored up in warehouses, lying ready for exportation.

With such amazing celerity is the operation of heading, splitting, and salting performed, that it is not an unusual thing to see ten cod-fish decapitated, their entrails thrown into the sea, and their backbones torn out, in the short space of one minute and a half. The splitter receives the

highest wages, and holds a rank next to the master of a fishery; but the salter is also a person of great consideration, upon whose skill the chief preservation of the cod depends.

There are three qualities of cured cod-fish in Newfoundland. They are distinguished by the different titles of *merchantable fish*, those of the largest size, best colour, and altogether finest quality; *Madeira fish*, which are nearly as valuable as the former; and *West India fish*, the refuse of the whole. These last are invariably sent for sale to feed the negroes of the Caribbee Islands.

Caplin—a small fish found in the northern seas, and extensively used as bait in cod-fishing.

Madeira—an island, or group of islands, in the Atlantic Ocean, belonging to Portugal.

QUESTIONS.

1. How are the fishing-boats fitted out, and how many men are stationed to each boat?
2. In cod-fishing, what is the first duty of the day?
3. With what is each fisherman furnished?
4. What bait is used?
5. How are the men arranged in a boat when fishing?
6. How is the hook extracted?
7. How does one fisherman attend to two lines?
8. What do the boatmen do when their boats are filled?
9. What, when they are emptied?
10. In the process of curing, describe how the fish are prepared for the splitter, and state what part of the process is assigned to him.
11. Describe all the other operations till the fish are ready for drying.
12. How is the operation of drying performed?
13. What follows when the process of curing is completed?
14. Give an instance of how rapidly the operation of heading, splitting, and salting is performed.
15. What are relative ranks of the master, splitter, and salter?
16. Name and distinguish the three qualities of cured cod fish in Newfoundland.
17. Name some of the markets to which the fish are exported.

GOOD NAME.

Good name in man and woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.—*Shakespeare.*

M. R. VI.

K

LV.—THE SHANNON AND CHESAPEAKE.

Great Britain had, for many years, been engaged in an unequal contest with the giant power of Buonaparte. Taking advantage of her embarrassed situation, the new republic of the United States declared war against her on the 18th of June, 1812. The United States carried on the war both by land and sea, invading Canada with their armies, and attacking British merchant vessels upon the ocean. England was much disturbed when the news came of disgrace after disgrace, disaster upon disaster,—of English frigates captured by American frigates, and English sloops by American sloops—until it seemed as if the boasted prowess of our sailors had suddenly disappeared, and the knell of England's power was to be rung by her youthful and aggressive offspring. The war spirit, which had hitherto slumbered in the Saxon heart, shot up into a sudden flame, and from north to south, and east to west, went forth the cry that the honour of England must be avenged. It was while public feeling was thus unnaturally excited, that a single ship restored the old and just belief in our maritime renown. That ship was the frigate *Shannon*, whose gallant encounter with the *Chesapeake* is one of the most stirring episodes in all our naval history.

Zealous, enthusiastic.

Disparity, inequality.

Station, position.

Intercept, cut off.

Elude, to escape by stratagem.

Mortification, great disappointment.

Encounter, engage.

Mis'siles, things thrown, projectiles.

Challenge, invitation to fight.

Emerge, to come out.

Retribution, returning like for like.

Stratagem, trick.

Taffrail, rail round a ship's stern.

Memorable, famous.

Parricidal, relating to the murder of kinsmen.

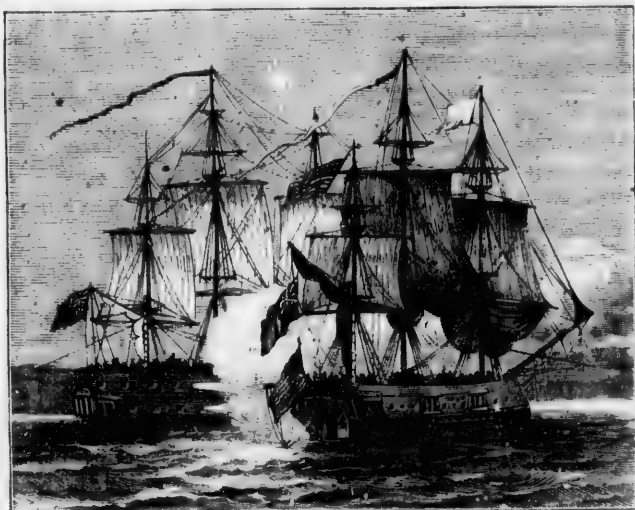
Sovereignty, dominion.

On the 21st of March, 1813, Captain Broke sailed from Halifax, in company with a frigate of the same size as the *Shannon*, the *Tenedos*, commanded by an equally zealous officer, Captain Hyde Parker. Looking into Boston harbour, the two British captains saw, to their great delight, two heavily-armed United States frigates, the *President* and the *Congress*, ready for sea. Notwithstanding the disparity of force, they resolved, if possible, to engage the Americans, and took up a station off the harbour to intercept their escape. Meanwhile, by another channel, the American 36-gun frigate *Chesapeake* had run into port. During a thick fog on the 1st of May, the two Americans contrived to elude the vigilance of their sentinels, and put out to sea; and the English captains had the mortification of finding only the *Chesapeake* left in the harbour. They were too brave to think of opposing their united strength

to a single frigate, and, moreover, it was evident that the *Chesapeake* would hardly venture from her place of shelter to encounter two British ships of war. Captain Broke, therefore, as senior officer, ordered the *Tenedos* to proceed on a cruise, with instructions not to rejoin him until the 14th of June.

During the long month of May the *Shannon* blockaded Boston harbour, waiting for the *Chesapeake* to come out and fight a fair battle upon the open sea. The two ships were well matched, but the advantage was on the side of the American; for, although it had no more guns than the British ship, they were of heavier calibre, and threw not only the legitimate shot and ball, but star and chain shot, with other equally dangerous and barbarous missiles. Its crew, also, was stronger than that of the *Shannon* by seventy men, and the vessel was about seventy tons larger, so that one would have thought Captain Lawrence had little to fear in the event of an encounter. In spite, however, of the many challenges which Captain Broke sent to him during the month of May, he obstinately refused to emerge from his secure position in Boston harbour. About noon, however, on the 1st day of June, just as Captain Broke had sent off a discharged prisoner with a formal challenge to the commander of the *Chesapeake*, that vessel set sail from the harbour, accompanied by a large fleet of pleasure-boats, in which the good people of Boston expected to witness a great naval victory; and so they did, but, unfortunately for them, the victory was on the wrong side. Five long anxious hours were spent by both vessels in getting out into the open sea, so that they might there fight a fair battle upon neutral waters. When about six leagues' distance from the harbour, the *Shannon* lay to and waited for the *Chesapeake* to come within range. On she came with a fair wind, the stars and stripes flying gaily from the mizzen royal topmasthead, the peak, and the main rigging; contrasting strangely with the *Shannon's* plain Union Jack at the fore, and her "old rusty blue ensign at the mizzen peak." But old and rusty as the British colours were, they were worth all the brand new bunting in the world, for the flag was there "that has braved a

thousand years the battle and the breeze." In addition to the ensigns above mentioned, the *Chesapeake* hung out at the fore a large white flag, inscribed with the motto, "Sailors' Right and Free Trade," which the Americans foolishly thought would make the British tars turn traitors to their country. About a quarter to six o'clock the *Chesapeake* came up within fifty yards of the *Shannon*.



“As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.”

Then a cheer arose from the American ship, followed by a shot from the British frigate. Thirteen such single shots passed from vessel to vessel, followed by crashing timbers, and the groans of wounded and dying men. Then the *Chesapeake* poured in a broadside; the *Shannon* replied, and, for a few minutes, the decks of the opposing frigates were swept by the iron hail, driving the men from their quarters in which no human being could live. Now a well-aimed shot, for the *Shannon's* crew were splendid gunners, brings down the steersman of the *Chesapeake*;

she falls sharp to the wind, and exposes herself to the full sweep of the British fire. Already Captain Lawrence has fallen mortally wounded, exclaiming, with his last breath, "Don't give up the ship;" for he was a brave man and a good officer. A terrible volley is poured into the stern-ports of the *Chesapeake*, and the second officer in command wishes to get the vessel away from her gallant British enemy; but Broke will not let him, and so the two ships fall aboard one another. "Lash them together," cries the captain of the *Shannon*, and brave men strive to bind the frigates fast, while the enemy is raining musketry upon them, and Stevens, the veteran boatswain, has his left arm literally hacked off with repeated swordcuts. The rest of the *Shannon's* crew are boarders; the Americans are expecting them, and a large barrel of unslacked lime is at hand to throw into the faces of the British seamen; but by a just retribution, a shot strikes the barrel, and its contents are dashed in the eyes of those who contrived the cowardly stratagem. In less time than it requires to tell the story, the boarders are ready, seamen with pike, pistol, and cutlass, and marines with musket and bayonet. Over the enemy's taffrail they go, led into action by Captain Broke and Lieutenant Watt, and form upon the deck of the *Chesapeake*. Then follows a scene of confusion and horror, in which shots and cuts and thrusts are succeeded by ghastly wounds and dying groans. The enemy is beaten forward; some escape down the fore hatchway, others over the bow, and others throw themselves into the sea; several surrender as prisoners of war. But the fight is not over. A large number of men are in the hold; they fire through the hatchways and kill a marine. The men who have surrendered take up arms again and attack Captain Broke, one wounding him in the face with a pike, another laying bare his skull with the butt-end of a musket, and a third aiming a blow at him with a cutlass; but his brave seamen cut down the treacherous Americans. Lieutenant Watt now hauls down the stars and stripes, and on the halliards bends a British ensign above them. The halliards are twisted, the stars and stripes rise uppermost, and the *Shannon's* gunners, supposing the act to be performed by

the enemy, aim at the lieutenant, who falls, with five seamen, the victims of a melancholy blunder. The marines fire a volley into the hold, where the Americans still keep up a dropping fire upon the victorious enemy. Then follows a summons to surrender from Captain Broke, who, with bandaged head, is sitting upon a gun-carriage. Sullenly they comply, the British flag floats above the American colours, and the *Chesapeake* becomes the prize of her gallant enemy. In this fight the loss of the United States was one hundred and seventy men, that of the British vessel eighty-three.

It was some little time before the shattered frigates were in a fit state to set sail; soon, however, they were repaired and made their way to Halifax. Into that splendid harbour the *Shannon* entered with flying colours and her well-won prize on the 6th of June, amid the booming of artillery and the cheers of loyal British subjects.

"The moral effect of this memorable action, both in England and America, was immense; it restored confidence to the public mind of Great Britain, while it proved to the Americans that they were by no means able to contend with English sailors, when the terms were at all equal. We do not doubt that if a parricidal war should again—which God forbid!—break out between the mother country and the commonwealth, nurtured of her strength and bred from her loins, our seamen would still maintain the honour of the Red Cross, and repeat, if necessary that gallant encounter between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, which, in the stirring times of the great war, fired with patriotic ardour the hearts of our forefathers, and reasserted our sovereignty of the seas!"

Famous Ships of the British Navy.

QUESTIONS.

1. When and in what ship did Captain Broke sail from Halifax?
2. By whom was he accompanied?
3. With what feelings did Broke and Parker discover the *President* and *Congress* in Boston?
4. Why were these officers so much delighted?
5. What plan did they adopt to encounter these two frigates?
6. Meanwhile, how did the *Chesapeake* frigate reach Boston harbour?
7. How did the *President* and *Congress* get away and put out to sea?
8. In these circumstances what course did Broke take?

9. How did he propose to deal with the *Chesapeake*?

10. Compare the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake* in respect to tonnage, guns, and crews.

11. What steps did Broke frequently take to induce Lawrence to fight?

12. When, and how attended, did the *Chesapeake* at length come out of port?

13. At what hour, and how far out, did the engagement take place?

14. Describe the action till the death of the brave Lawrence.

15. How did Broke prevent the attempt of the *Chesapeake* to get away?

16. Describe the boarding, and the scene immediately following.

17. What melancholy blunder occurred as Lieutenant Watt was hoisting the British ensign on the *Chesapeake*?

18. What was the result of Broke's call to surrender?

19. What was the loss of men on each side?

20. When, and to what place did Broke conduct his well-won prize?

21. How did the *Shannon* enter the harbour of Halifax?

22. What was the moral effect of this memorable victory?

LVI.—THE CLOSING SCENE OF THE FRENCH WAR IN AMERICA.

Reduction, fall.

Succour, to render aid.

Equipping, fitting out.

Convoy, attendance for defence.

Squadron, part of a fleet.

Unmolested, at peace.

Intelligence, information.

Batteries, raised works for guns.

Engagement, battle.

Explosion, bursting.

Anticipated, forestalled.

Dominion, sovereign power.

AFTER the reduction of Quebec, the French ministry attempted to succour Montreal, by equipping a considerable number of store-ships, which they sent out in the spring of 1760, under a strong convoy.

The commander of this fleet, understanding, on his arrival in the Gulf, that the British squadron had sailed up the St. Lawrence, took shelter in the Bay Chaleur. There, however, he was not long permitted to remain unmolested; for Captain Byron, senior naval officer in command at Louisburg, receiving intelligence of the French ships from General Whitmore, immediately proceeded with five war-ships in quest of them. Having taken one ship, *La Catharina*, in Gaspé Bay, and another at Saint Simon, near Caraquet, he sailed for the Restigouche, where he found the remainder, consisting of four heavy-armed ships, besides twenty-one smaller vessels, anchored under cover of two strong batteries, the one on Battery Point and the other on Point le Gard, on the north side of the river. These posts were long and bravely defended, but being at length silenced, an immediate engagement ensued between the fleets.

The French, forming the best line the channel would admit, fought gallantly till they lost their commander, the brave Admiral Bourdon, whose death, together with an explosion on board one of their sloops laden with ammunition, put an end to the contest. Captain Byron then ascended the river to the town of Petite Rochelle, and destroyed it. He also destroyed the two batteries, and some small settlements on the south side of the river. Most of the French ships were taken in the immediate action by the British; but there is little doubt that several of them were set on fire or sunk by the French themselves, to keep them from falling into their enemy's hands. These sunken remains were to be seen, till within a very recent period, both at Campbellton and Petite Rochelle, and numerous articles, such as shells, chain-shot, and cannon-balls have been found on the beach at low tide. A few store-ships, however, escaped the general destruction for a time, but only to be taken shortly after at Port Daniel by Captain Wallis, whom Lord Colville had sent with the *Prince of Orange*, *Rochester*, *Spartan*, and two other armed vessels to perform the duty in which he had been anticipated by Captain Byron.

The Restigouche, therefore, although less known than its commercial importance and the grandeur of its scenery deserve, is entitled to the distinction of having presented the closing scenes of that war in which the dominion of France on this continent was finally destroyed. After the destruction of the French armament in the engagement on the Restigouche, all Canada, as well as the country bordering on the Gulf and along the Bay of Fundy, peaceably submitted to the British arms.

Point le Gard and Battery Point are prominent elevations on the north side of the Restigouche, and spots of great interest to travellers; and Petite Rochelle, farther up the river, has long since changed its name for that of Bourdon, so called in honour of the gallant Admiral who lost his life in its defence. The site of the old town is now the beautiful homestead of the Busteed family, in whose possession the property has remained for many years.

QUESTIONS

1. When and how did the French Ministry attempt to succour Montreal?
2. Where did the commander of the French fleet seek shelter, and why?
3. What British officer and force soon went in search of the French?
4. Where did he find the first two ships, and with what result?
5. Where and in what position did he discover the rest of them?
6. How were the batteries on the Restigouche defended?
7. What took place when they were silenced?
8. What was the result of this engagement?
9. What French vessels escaped for a time?
10. Where and by whom were they afterwards taken?
11. Sum up the general results of this important engagement, and show the distinction to which the Restigouche is consequently entitled.

LVII.—SCENERY—ANNAPOLIS BASIN AND GRAND FALLS, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Enthusiasm, elevated fancy.
Distinguished, marked.
Combination, union.
Expanse, extent.
Temporary, fleeting.
Resplendent, very bright.
Declining, sinking.

Culminates, reaches the highest point.
Effectively, powerfully.
Flickering, wavering.
Ensemble, *Fr.* the whole together.
Enchanting, fascinating.
Unrivalled, unmatched.

ANNAPOLIS BASIN.

THIS charming inland water, which commands the admiration of travellers, is about eighteen miles in length, by an average breadth of four and a half miles, and so admirably sheltered that vessels ride in safety through every wind that blows. At the head of this bay, by the French named Port Royal, and by the English subsequently called Annapolis Basin, a settlement was made and forts erected, the struggle for the possession of which between these two great European powers figures largely in the early history of the country. One of the historians of Nova Scotia, carried away by a natural enthusiasm in describing this lovely sheet of water and its surroundings, thus gives vent to his feelings:

“That portion of Acadia at which the voyagers had now arrived, is distinguished by the beauty of its scenery. The coast along which they had previously sailed is comparatively rugged, presenting, when viewed at a distance,

few attractive features. But on entering the basin of the Annapolis river, the scene is changed, many of the peculiar elements which lends a charm to the Acadian landscape being found in harmonious combination. The basin itself is a great expanse of water, so large as to be scarcely comprehended in all its proportions by the keen glance of unaided vision. We can imagine the day one of unclouded splendour, the heat of summer being tempered by the cooling sea breeze. Fleecy clouds may have occasionally floated across the sun's disc, casting a temporary shadow on wood and water, giving alternate glimpses of shade and sunshine, and thus producing by contrast a pleasing variety in the variegated colours of the 'forest primeval.' Or we can fancy the vessel, wafted in the evening through the straits by a gentle breeze, and, when fairly within the basin, the wind to have died away, leaving the sails hanging loosely, and the surface of the water resplendent in the distance with the reflected rays of the declining sun. Towards the east, islands repose on the bosom of the deep, their forms being vividly mirrored on its placid surface, and from which canoes may be seen darting towards the mainland with their paddles fitfully flashing in the sunlight. In the distance are no ranges of lofty mountains, with snow-clad peaks shooting heavenward, but there are graceful undulating hills, thickly clad, from base to summit, with wood, constituting an admirable background to the whole scene."

GRAND FALLS, NEW BRUNSWICK.

After attending to the business part of our tour at Grand Falls, we went down to see the falls. The scene, as we approached them, increased momentarily in beauty and grandeur till we reached the pointed precipice, on the very verge of the roaring cataract. At this point the whole power of scenic effect culminates. Within a yard of us rushed the skirt of the wild, headlong-plunging water. Far beneath our feet boiled a vast, hissing caldron of foam and spray, in which the huge logs plunged, whirled, and darted about, like reeds in a whirlwind. Before us, and high above us, flitted silvery spray clouds,

on which one, and sometimes two and three beautiful rainbows, would linger for a moment, then vanish, then again flash up before us at some other point of the scene; but they seemed most effectively beautiful when they rose between us and the elegant suspension bridge, about five hundred yards below the falls. The graceful, airy structure, framed in a flickering double rainbow, and viewed through the fine spray as if through a fine silk-lace veil, was a sight never to be forgotten; and the picturesqueness of the scene, the high, steep, jagged, cedar-plumed cliffs bounding the roaring rapids beneath, added a wildness and grandeur to the *ensemble* of the view that made Niagara, notwithstanding its greater magnitude, seem tame.

Niagara is but a vast rolling cylinder of white foam set across a deep gorge, whose waters flow away from the very nadir of the cataract as placidly as if nothing had happened to disturb their course. With the waters of the Grand Falls it is very different. These waters seem to revel delightfully in the terrific impulse given to them in their wild leap, and bound and whirl along, thundering with their voice as they go in their fierce sallies against the jutting rocks, and dashing onward, far as the eye can reach, till they disappear at the angle of the gorge about a mile below the bridge. Niagara is certainly a magnificent natural phenomenon, but it has not the enchanting surroundings of Grand Falls. The picturesque, the wild, the grand, and the beautiful, all so exquisitely combine, as to render them unrivalled among the wonders of nature.

Annard and Brown

QUESTIONS.

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|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What is the size of this bay, and what is it admirably adapted for? 2. What were the names given to this bay by the French and English? 3. What took place at the head of this bay? 4. How does the historian describe this lovely sheet of water? 5. State exactly from the map the | <p>situation of the Grand Falls of New Brunswick.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6. At what point is the scenic effect of the cataract at its height? 7. Describe, after the author, the appearance of that point. 8. How does the writer compare Grand Falls with Niagara? |
|---|--|

LVIII.—A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Connection.—The following extract contains the conclusion of Dickens's charming Christmas story—the *Christmas Carol*. Scrooge, of the firm of "Scrooge and Marley," had been hard and grinding, living a purely selfish life, careless of the happiness and comfort of even his nearest friends. But, one Christmas time, he was led to reflect upon what the result of such a life would be, and became an altered man.

HE was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer; ding, dong, bell! Bell, dong, ding; hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring cold—cold piping for the blood to dance to. Golden sunlight, heavenly sky, sweet fresh air, merry bells. Oh, glorious, glorious!

"What's to-day," cried Scrooge, looking downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who, perhaps, had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"To-day?" replied the boy; "why, CHRISTMAS DAY."

"Lallo, my fine fellow!" said Scrooge.

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the poulterer's in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy," said Scrooge; "a remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there?—not the little prize turkey, the big one?"

"What! the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge; "it's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck."

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Walk-er!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge; "I'm in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them

the direction where to take it. Come back with the man and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes and I'll give you half-a-crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's" (his poor, underpaid clerk), whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting



with a laugh. "He sha'n't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim."

It was a turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em off short in a minute, like sticks of sealing-wax. (The boy was paid, the turkey sent off, and then) he dressed himself all in his best, and at last got into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, and, walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted

smile. He looked so irresistibly pleased, in a word, that three or four merry fellows said, "Good morning, sir; a merry Christmas to you." And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, these were the blithest in his ears. He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows, and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon he turned his steps towards his nephew's house (whom he had disowned for marrying, as Scrooge thought, imprudently). He passed the door a dozen times before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge, to the girl. "Nice girl, very."

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining-room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you up-stairs, if you please."

"Thankee; he knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in, my dear."

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in, round the door. They were looking at the table, which was spread out in great array; for these young house-keepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred!" said Scrooge.

Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started.

"Why, bless my soul!" said Fred, "who's that?"

"It's I, your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It's a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did the plump sister when *she* came. So did everyone when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon, And he did it; yes, he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come in.

At last Bob Cratchit came. His hat was off before he opened the door; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy, driving away with his pen, as if he was striving to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice, as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Bob; "I *am* behind my time."

"You are," repeated Scrooge. "Yes, I think you are; step this way, sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from his room. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge, "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And, therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat, that he staggered back into his room again; "and, therefore, I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat.

"A merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon. Make up the fire, and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit."

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim (a weakly, delicate child of Bob Cratchit's) he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe for good at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind any way, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive form. His own heart laughed; and that was quite enough for him. It was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us. And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us, every one!

LIX.—POETIC GEMS.

I.—THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Shakespeare.

2.—INDISCRETION.

OUR indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Shakespeare.

3.—SELFISHNESS.

Oh, if the selfish knew how much they lost,
 What would they not endeavour, not endure,
 To imitate, as far as in them lay,
 Him who His wisdom and His power employs
 In making others happy?

Cowper.

4.—FLEETING PLEASURES.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed :
 Or like the snow-fall in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever :
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place :
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
 Evanishing amid the storm.

Burns.

5.—PATERNAL AFFECTION.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
 With less of earth in them than heaven ;
 And if there be a human tear
 From passion's dross refined and clear,
 A tear so limpid and so meek,
 It would not stain an angel's cheek ;
 'Tis that which pious fathers shed
 Upon a duteous daughter's head !

Scott.

6.—KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
 Have oft-times no connection. Knowledge dwells
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

Cowper.

7.—SEVERED FRIENDSHIP.

Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
 And constancy lives in realms above ;
 And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;
 And to be wroth with one we love
 Doth work like madness in the brain.
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.
 Each spake words of high disdain,
 And insult to his heart's best brother ;
 They parted—ne'er to meet again !
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining—
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
 A dreary sea now flows between—
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been.—*Coleridge.*

8.—USES OF ADVERSITY.

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court ?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The season's difference ; as the icy fang,
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
 " This is no flattery ; these are counsellors
 That feeling persuade me what I am."
 Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Shakespeare.

LX.—COMPOSITION EXERCISES.

1. Re-arrange the answers to the questions on Lesson XII, so as to form a connected narrative in your own words, adding any anecdote on the subject which you may have met in your reading.

2. Describe, in your own words, the method by which the beaver constructs its dam.

3. Describe, in your own words, the mode of catching whales in the Northern seas.

4. Write an analysis of Lesson XLVI.

5. Give a brief account of the uses of the hand.

6. Re-arrange the answers to the questions on Lesson XLVIII, so as to form an essay on value.

7. Re-arrange the answers to the questions on Lesson LI, so as to form a connected narrative.

8. Write an analysis of Lesson LIII.

9. Give a brief account of the celebrated fight between the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake*.

10. State briefly how Christmas Day is observed in your neighbourhood.

11. Paraphrase one of the extracts in Lesson LIX.

12. Write a brief essay on gold under these heads :—

- (a) Where found.
- (b) How obtained.
- (c) How purified.
- (d) Its uses.

13. Describe a game at foot-ball.

14. Write, in your own words, any anecdotes regarding dogs which you may remember.

SECTION IV.

LXI.—ENCOUNTER BETWEEN AN EAGLE AND A SALMON.

Hostility, hatred, enmity.	Reappeared, came in sight again.
Gesture, movement, action.	Relentless, pitiless, cruel.
Pinions, wings.	Spectacle, sight.
Talons, the claws of birds of prey.	Clutch, hold.
Swoop, a sudden sweeping descent.	Lair, den of a wild beast.
Miscalculated, mistaken.	Extricate, free.

I HAVE often been struck with the singular attachment hunters sometimes have for some bird or animal, while all the rest of the species they pursue with deadly hostility. About five hundred yards from Beach's hut stands a lofty pine tree, on which a gray eagle has built its nest annually during the nine years he has lived on the shores of Raquette. The Indian who dwelt there before him says that the same pair of birds made their nest on the same tree for ten years previous, making, in all, nineteen years they have occupied the same spot, and built on the same branch.

One day, however, Beach was near losing his bold eagle. He was lying at anchor, fishing, when he saw his favourite bird, high up in heaven, sweeping round and round in a huge circle, evidently awaiting the approach of a fish to the surface. For an hour or more he thus sailed, with motionless wings, above the water, when, all at once, he stopped and hovered a moment with an excited gesture, then, rapid as a flash of lightning, and with a rush of his broad pinions like the passage of a sudden gust of wind, came to the still bosom of the lake.

He had seen a huge salmon swimming near the surface, and, plunging from his high watch-tower, drove his talons deep in his victim's back. So rapid and strong was his

swoop that he buried himself out of sight when he struck; but the next moment he emerged into view, and, flapping his wings, endeavoured to rise with his prey. But this time he had miscalculated his strength; in vain he struggled nobly to lift the salmon from the water. The frightened and bleeding fish made a sudden dive, and took eagle and all out of sight, and was gone a quarter of a minute. Again they rose to the surface, and the strong bird spread out his broad, dripping pinions, and, gathering force with his rapid blows, raised the salmon half out of the water. The weight, however, was too great for him, and he sank again to the surface, beating the water into foam about him. The salmon then made another dive, and they both went under, leaving only a few bubbles to tell where they had gone down.

This time they were absent a full half minute, and Beach said he thought it was all over with his bird. He soon, however, reappeared, with his talons still buried in the flesh of his foe, and made a desperate effort to rise. All this time the fish was shooting like an arrow through the lake, carrying his relentless enemy on his back. He could not keep the eagle down, nor the bird carry him up, and so, now beneath, and now upon the surface, they struggled on, presenting one of the most singular yet exciting spectacles that can be imagined.

It was fearful to witness the blows of the eagle, as he lashed the lake with his wings into spray, and made the shores echo with the reports. At last the bird, thinking, as they say in the west, that he had "waked the wrong passenger," gave it up, and, loosening his clutch, soared heavily and slowly away to his lofty pine tree, where he sat for a long time sullen and sulky, the picture of disappointed ambition. So might a wounded and baffled lion lie down in his lair, and brood over his defeat.

Beach said that he could easily have captured them, but he thought he would see the fight out. When, however, they both staid under half a minute or more, he concluded he would never see his eagle again. Whether the latter, in his rage, was bent on capturing his prize, and would retain his hold though at the hazard of his life, or

whether, in his terrible swoop, he had struck his crooked talons so deep in the back of the salmon that he could not extricate himself, the hunter said he could not tell. The latter, however, was doubtless the truth, and he would have been glad to have let go, long before he did.

Beach—The name of a hunter.

Raquette—A small lake in northern New York.

West—The Americans on the Atlantic sea-board, speak of the States lying along and to the west of the Mississippi river as the West.

QUESTIONS.

1. What peculiar trait in the hunter's character is alluded to in the beginning of the lesson?
2. Where is Raquette?
3. How long had the eagles built on the same branch?
4. How was Beach occupied before the fight began?
5. Describe the motions of the eagle when watching for its prey.
6. Describe its descent to the surface of the lake.
7. With what force did he strike the fish?
8. What did the salmon do when struck?
9. How did the eagle act on coming to the surface?
10. How long were they under water the second time?
11. What is meant by "wakening the wrong passenger"?
12. Describe the eagle's appearance after his defeat.
13. To what does the writer compare him?
14. Why does he compare him with the lion rather than with any other creature?
15. What is the true explanation of the length of the struggle?
16. What is the shape of the eagle's talons, and is this of any benefit to him?

LXII.—THE COMMON CRAB.

Indented, cut in the edge into points.

Project, jut outwards.

Splints, thin pieces of wood used to hold a broken bone, after it has been set.

Encounter, a fight.

Amputations, cuttings off.

Magnanimity, high spirit.

Capabilities, powers.

Invulnerable, unable to be wounded.

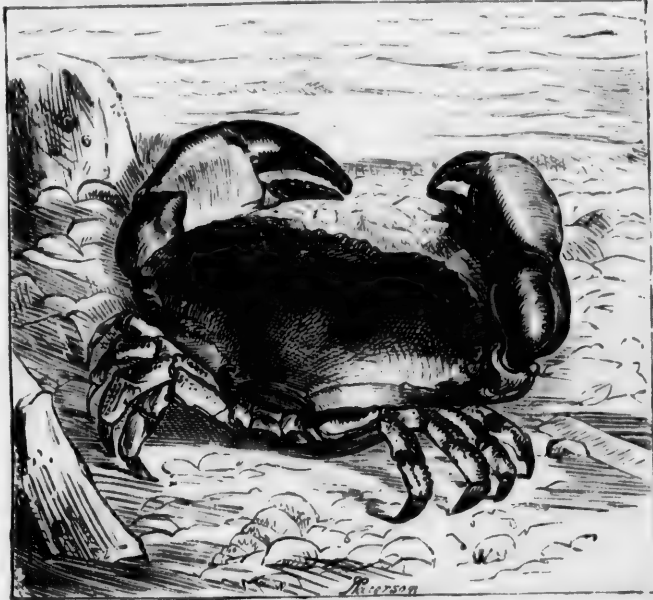
Bran, completely.

Reflections, thoughts.

Ingratitude, unthankfulness.

THE crab is a very interesting creature to examine a little at leisure. Look at the back of the crab, and you will see how beautifully it is arched to resist force, how strong the shell is for the same purpose, how the borders are indented like a pie crust, forming counter arches to increase the strength; then notice how nicely the eyes, which are upon movable stalks, can be put back into the

sockets, and how the sockets project, so that a knock on the eye could do it no harm. Then notice the two pairs of feelers, one pair of which fold side by side, and can be put under a sort of roof, where they are quite safe from injury. The second pair of feelers are still more carefully guarded, perhaps because they are more necessary to the creature; they fold in the middle, and can be put away into grooves, looking very much like putting a pair of



spectacles into their case. Then if you look at the legs of the crab, you will see how beautifully they all fold up close against its body.

You should look, too, at the mouth of the crab, and you will see a very singular thing. I cannot go into the particulars; but at the outside of all you will see two pieces like double doors, which fold over and cover the inner parts quite close; and then the great claws, if put where they would naturally be when the creature is at

rest, securely bar the doors of the mouth, and keep everything fast. If you come to think where the crab lives, you will see how desirable it is that these things should be as I have said. The crab lives in the sea where there is a stony bottom, and at some little distance below low water mark, but within reach of the rough weather, and is liable to be tossed about very much. Well, it can pack itself up in the way I have mentioned, and may then be rolled over and over just like a boulder stone, and take as little harm.

You see therefore in the case of the common crab, how well fitted it is for the circumstances in which it is placed. It has a sort of confidence in the strength of its armour too, and goes about like one of the knights of the middle ages, seeking for some one to attack. But the crab is much better protected than any knights ever were in their armour; and besides this, the crabs are their own army surgeons; they need no splints, bandages, nor lint. If they have the misfortune to have a piece of a limb snapped off in an encounter, they just give that leg a shake, and off it comes at a spot almost close to the body, where nature has provided that these voluntary amputations shall take place; the bleeding stops, and the crab is at once ready to go again into the fight!

One day I found a crab that had lost both its claws and all its legs but two; yet, for all that, it had not lost its courage. I picked it up, and, at the same time selected another crab of its own size, and put them together in a dish filled with sea-water. It was pretty to see how the brave little fellow, without any means whatever of attack, still stood on his defence; for that perfect crab, more shame to him!—crabs have no magnanimity—at once picked a quarrel with his unfortunate brother, and attacked him savagely. My crab stood bravely up, and defended himself as well as he could. Now, how did it happen that a crab in this miserable state should never think of giving in? Well, I think it is that the crab still feels that, although so defenceless, he has the capabilities of a warrior left in him; he feels, perhaps, that his fresh legs and arms are already sprouting where the old ones

are gone, and that if he could only be let alone for a time, he would have new claws and legs, and be able to give as good as he took. Now, the crab can really afford to be reckless in battle, although it is not invulnerable, for nature does repair its shattered limbs as often as it is required.

The brave little fellow I have been telling you of, if he could only have been put into hospital for a time, would have come out as good as new, with all his claws and legs complete, and with no need for such tender nursing as our wounded soldiers received in the Crimea from Miss Nightingale. And, after all, the result is far more satisfactory in the case of the crabs, for with them you see no crutches or wooden legs—nothing of that kind; they come out brand new, and as good as at first. Perhaps, if you consider this carefully, you will be led to suspect that nature did not design men with a view to their fighting in the destructive way which is now practised by civilized nations.

But although the crab is so well provided in the matters I have mentioned, seasons of great anxiety come upon him now and then, and these are when, in consequence of his constant fighting and feasting, he feels he is growing too stout for his shell; he feels that his trusty armour on which he had depended so long, is getting too tight for him!

At last the dreaded moment comes when he can endure the pressure no longer, though he knows at the same time that his safety, if not his very life, depends upon his coat of mail. Still he feels at last he *must* throw it off and expose himself defenceless to his enemies. Here you would think would be a time for serious reflections upon his past career of riot and barbarity! But instead of thinking of repentance, this crab crouches in some dark hole trembling for his safety, and anxiously hoping that his new suit will soon be ready. His fears are probably heightened by a guilty conscience, for he feels within himself what he would have done in his strength if he could only have had the luck to meet with a defenceless soft crab, such as he is at that time! Oh! what a juicy

meal he would make of that crab! Well, thinking so, he naturally trembles for his safety.

I once brought home with me two little crabs, and I put them into some sea-water with sand, and fed them regularly, so that I kept them alive for some time. When I had had these two little crabs for about a month, one of them cast his shell. The other one, as it happened, perhaps in consequence of being well fed, did not molest this crab while it was soft, and in a few days it came out again as brave as ever. Shortly afterwards it came to be the other crab's turn to cast its shell, and then the ingratitude of that wretch was at once seen. No sooner did this second crab cast his shell, than he rushed at him and ate him up! I am happy to say, however, that it was not many days before justice overtook him, and he died, either from a bad conscience, or—what is perhaps more likely—indigestion.

Dr. Alcock.

Miss Nightingale—An English lady, still living, who, in the Russian war, organized a body of nurses for our sick and wounded soldiers in the Crimea. Her self-denying labours on behalf of the distressed have won for her an imperishable fame, and, whilst her sole aim was the relief of suffering, she has unconsciously to herself taken rank among those whose names posterity will not willingly let die.

QUESTIONS.

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What do you observe regarding the back of the crab? 2. What remarkable peculiarity is there about its eyes? 3. How are its feelers arranged? 4. What is peculiar about its feet and mouth? 5. Explain how its structure fits it for its mode of life. 6. What ancient warriors does the crab resemble? 7. In what respect is it better provided than the ancient knights? | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 8. What makes the crab, even when crippled, so determined never to give in? 9. What provision has Nature made for the repair of injuries to any part of its body? 10. Who is Miss Nightingale? 11. What is the crab's great period of weakness? 12. How does it protect itself during the time it is obtaining its new shell? |
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THE BEST MONUMENT.

I made my life my monument.

Ben Jonson.

LXIII.—EVE OF WATERLOO.

Explanatory.—The scholar will notice with how much effect Byron employs *contrast* in these stanzas. He begins by describing a ball-room where all is gaiety and animation, and almost without a note of warning carries us into the very heart of the preparations for a great battle. These contrasts are numerous in Byron's writings.

Revelry, mirth.
Chivalry, leading men.
Voluptuous, delightful.
Unconfined', unfettered, free.
Niche, small recess.
Quell, subdue.
Squadron, a company of horse.
Impetuous, moving rapidly.

Inan'mate, lifeless.
Ver'dure, greenness.
Mould'ring, crumble into earth.
Marshalling, arranging.
Magnificently, splendidly, grandly.
Rent, divided.
Pent, packed together.
Blent, mingled.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry ; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell :—
But, hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ? No ; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined !
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But, hark ! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! arm ! it is !—it is !—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :
He rushed into the field ; and, foremost fighting, fell !

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness :
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise ?

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steel,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar ;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe ! they come !
 they come !"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose !
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring, which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years ;
 And Evan's, Donald's fame, rings in each clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
 Over the unreturning brave—alas !
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure ; when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and
 low !

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay ;

The midnight brought the signal sound of strife ;
 The morn the marshalling in arms ; the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array !
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover,—heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

Byron.

There was a sound of revelry.—On the night previous to the skirmish at Quatrè Bras, there was a ball given by the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels (Belgium's capital), which at first it was intended to put off, but, on reflection, it seemed highly important that the people of Brussels should be kept in ignorance as to the course of events, and the Duke of Wellington desired that the ball should proceed, and that his general officers should appear at it. The battle of Waterloo was fought 18th June, 1815.

Brunswick's fated chieftain—The Duke of Brunswick fell at the battle or rather preliminary skirmish at Quatrè Bras, fought on the 16th June, two days before Waterloo. His father fell at the great battle of Jena, in which Napoleon defeated the Prussians in 1806.

Lochiel—The title given to the chief of the Cameron clan. Sir Evan Cameron, and his grandson Donald, were conspicuous in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745.

Albyn—Scotland.

Ardennes—The wood of Soignies, through which the British troops had to pass, is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes, immortalized by Shakespeare in "As you like it." Byron in a note says—"I have ventured to adopt the name (Ardennes rather than Soignies) connected with nobler associations than those of mere slaughter."

QUESTIONS.

1. When was Waterloo fought?
2. What have you to remark regarding the structure of the extract as a whole?
3. To what does the phrase "sound of revelry by night" refer?
4. What description is given of the ball-room?
5. How does the poet depict the gradual way in which the truth broke in upon those in the ball-room?
6. Who was Brunswick's chieftain? Why is he called "fated"?
7. What is the reference in the words "roused the vengeance blood alone could quell"?
8. What do you observe regarding the first letter of four words in the last line of stanza 3?

9. What name is given to this peculiarity? Give other examples of the same.
10. Describe—(a) The parting in the ball-room. (b) The preparations for the march.
11. Who is Lochiel? Why does the poet associate the pibroch with the "noon of night"?
12. What is the reference in the words "Evan's, Donald's, fame"?
13. What is Ardennes?
14. How is Ardennes represented as showing signs of sorrow over the brave soldiers?
15. Give a summary of the whole extract, as contained in the last stanza.

LXIV.—UNCHANGING CUSTOMS OF THE ARABS.

(The following interesting extract is from SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S work entitled *The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia*. Sir Samuel Baker may be regarded as, since Livingstone's death, the greatest and most daring of English travellers.)

Nomad'ic, wandering about with
flocks.

Perfumery, sweet scents.

Exhausted, run down.

Compulsory, forced on them.

Necessitate, oblige

Transport, carriage.

Minimum, the smallest extent.

Interference, interposition.

Coupled, connected with.

Obscure, not well understood

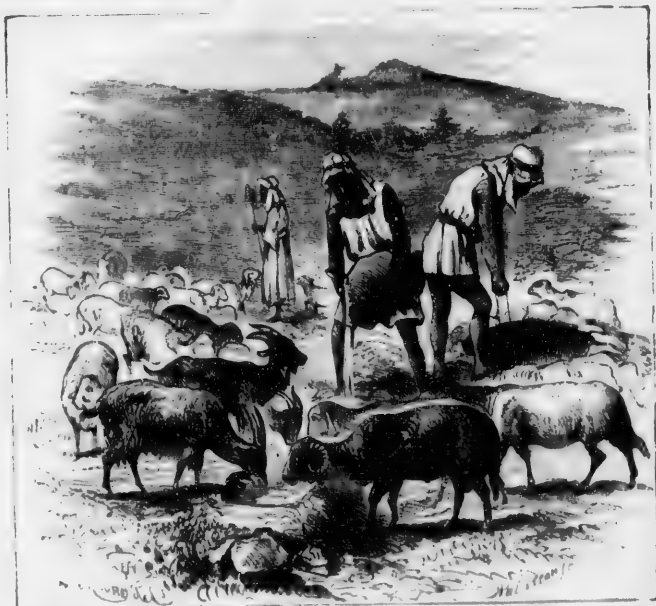
Fascination, a charm.

THE customs of the Arabs, in almost every detail, have remained unchanged. Thus, in dress, in their nomadic habits, food, anointing with oil, they retain the habits of the distant past, and the present is but the exact picture of those periods which are historically recorded in the Old Testament. The perfumery of the women bears a resemblance to that prepared by Moses for the altars, which was forbidden to be used by the people (Exod. xxx, 23-25). The manner of anointing by the ancients is exhibited by the Arabs at the present day, who make use of so large a quantity of grease at one application that, when melted, it runs down over their person and clothes. In Psalm cxxxiii, 2, "It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard, that went down to the skirts of his garments."

In all hot climates, oil or other fat is necessary to the skin as a protection from the sun, where the body is either naked or very thinly clad. I have frequently seen both Arabs and the negro tribes of Africa suffer great discomfort when, for some days, the supply of grease has been exhausted; the skin has become coarse, rough, almost scaly, and peculiarly unsightly, until the much-loved fat has been obtained, and the general appearance of smoothness has been at once restored by an active smearing. The expression in Psalm civ, 15, "And oil to make his face to shine," describes the effect that was then considered beautifying, as it is at the present time.

The Arabs are creatures of necessity; their nomadic life

is compulsory, as the existence of their flocks and herds depends upon the pasturage. Thus, with the change of seasons, they must change their localities, according to the presence of fodder for their cattle. Driven to and fro by the accidents of climate, the Arab has been compelled to become a wanderer, and precisely as the wild beasts of the country are driven from place to place either by the arrival of the fly, or by the want of water, even so must



the flocks of the Arab obey the law of necessity, in a country where the burning sun and total absence of rain for nine months of the year convert the green pastures into a sandy desert. The Arabs and their herds must follow the example of the wild beasts, and live as wild and wandering a life. In the absence of a fixed home, without a city, or even a village, that is permanent, there can be no change of custom. The object of his life being fodder, he must wander in search of the ever-changing supply. His

wants must be few, as the constant change of encampment necessitates the transport of all his household goods; thus he reduces to a minimum the domestic furniture and utensils. Mats for his tent, ropes manufactured from the hair of his goats and camels, pots for carrying fat; water-jars and earthenware pots for containing milk; leather water-skins for the desert; and sheepskin bags for his clothes—these are the requirements of the Arabs. Their patterns have never changed, and the water-jar of to-day is of the same form that was carried to the well by the women of thousands of years ago.

The conversation of the Arabs is in the exact style of the Old Testament. The name of God is coupled with every trifling incident in life; and they believe in the continued action of Divine special interference. Should a famine afflict the country, it is expressed in the stern language of the Bible: "The Lord has sent a grievous famine upon the land." Should their cattle fall sick, it is considered to be an affliction by divine command; should the flocks prosper and multiply particularly during one season, the prosperity is attributed to special interference. This striking similarity to the descriptions of the Old Testament is exceedingly interesting to the traveller. With the Bible in one hand, and these unchanged tribes before his eyes, there is a thrilling illustration of the sacred record; the past becomes the present; the veil of three thousand years is raised, and the living picture is a witness to the exactness of the historical description. At the same time, there is a light thrown upon many obscure passages of the Old Testament by the experience of the present customs and figures of speech of the Arabs.

There is a fascination in the unchangeable features of the Nile region. There are the vast pyramids that have defied time; the river upon which Moses was cradled in infancy; the same sandy desert through which he led his people; and the watering-places where their flocks were led to drink. The wild and wandering tribes of Arabs who thousands of years ago dug out the wells in the wilderness, are represented by their descendants unchanged, who now draw water from the deep wells of

their forefathers with the skins that have never altered their fashion. The Arabs, gathering with their goats and sheep around the wells to-day, recall the recollection of that distant time when "Jacob went on his journey, and came into the land of the people of the east. And he looked, and beheld a well in the field; and, lo, there were three flocks of sheep lying by it, for out of that well they watered their flocks and a great stone was upon the well's mouth. And thither were all the flocks gathered; and they rolled the stone from the well's mouth, and watered the sheep, and put the stone again upon the well's mouth in his place" (Gen. xxix, 1-3). The picture of that scene would be an illustration of Arab daily life in the Nubian deserts, where the present is the mirror of the past.—*Baker.*

QUESTIONS.

1. Mention some of the points in which the customs of the Arabs remain unchanged.
2. What does the perfumery of the women resemble?
3. What is their manner of anointing? Quote the parallel passage from the book of Psalms.
4. Why is this anointing necessary?
5. What compels the Arabs to lead a wandering life?
6. What comparison is drawn between their movements and those of the wild beasts?
7. What compels the Arab to have few articles of furniture, and few domestic utensils?
8. Mention the chief requirements of an Arab.
9. What is remarkable about the conversation of the Arabs?
10. To what is every event in life ascribed?
11. What light do the customs of the Arabs of the present day throw upon the Old Testament?
12. Quote the description taken from the book of Genesis of the watering of the flocks in the time of Jacob.

THE MORNING OF LIFE.

O LIFE! how pleasant in thy morning,
 Young fancy's rays the hills adorning!
 Cold-pausing caution's lesson scorning,
 We frisk away,
 Like schoolboys, at the expected warning,
 To joy and play.

Burns.

LXV.—THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

Explanatory.—The condition of the needlewomen in London and in all our large towns was, until quite recently, truly deplorable. All their efforts could not ward starvation from the door. Close confinement, long hours, unwholesome and scant diet, and want of exercise, sent thousands of them to an early grave. Tom Hood, then little known, was deeply touched with their pitiable case, and lifted up his voice in their behalf in the following poem, which first appeared in the pages of *Punch*. The poem served to draw attention to the needlewomen, and it made Hood famous. The song is supposed to be sung by a solitary needlewoman, plying her needle and thread in poverty, hunger, and dirt.

Dol'rous, sad, mournful.
Aloof, on high.
Shroud, a winding sheet.
Phantom, a ghost, or apparition.
Blank, bare.

Chime to chime, hour to hour.
Benumb'ed, stupefied.
Twit, mock.
Res'pite, rest from toil.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt !"

Work ! work ! work !
While the cock is crowing aloof !
And work ! work ! work !
Till the stars shine through the roof !
It's oh ! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work !

Work ! work ! work !
Till the brain begins to swim ;
Work ! work ! work !
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream !

Oh, men ! with sisters dear !
 Oh, men ! with mothers and wives !
 It is not linen you're wearing out,
 But human creatures' lives !
 Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
 In poverty, hunger and dirt,
 Sewing, at once, with a double thread,
 A shroud as well as a shirt.

But why do I talk of Death,
 That phantom of grisly bone !
 I hardly fear his terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own—
 It seems so like my own,
 Because of the fasts I keep,
 Oh, God ! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap !

Work ! work ! work !
 My labour never flags ;
 And what are its wages ? a bed of straw,
 A crust of bread and rags,
 That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
 A table—a broken chair—
 And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
 For sometimes falling there !

Work ! work ! work !
 From weary chime to chime,
 Work ! work ! work !
 As prisoners work for crime !
 Band and gusset at the ear,
 Seam and gusset and band,
 Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
 As well as the weary hand.

Work ! work ! work !
 In the dull December light ;
 And work ! work ! work !
 When the weather is warm and bright !
 While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling,
 As if to show me their sunny backs,
 And twit me with the Spring.

Oh ! but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet !
 With the sky above my head,
 And the grass beneath my feet.
 For only one short hour
 To feel as I used to feel,
 Before I knew the woes of want,
 And the walk that costs a meal !

Oh ! but for one short hour—
 A respite, however brief !
 No blessed leisure for love or hope,
 But only time for grief !
 A little weeping would ease my heart,
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders the needle and thread !

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread.
 Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
 Would that its tone could reach the rich !
 She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

Hood.

BOOKS.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested ; that is, some books are to be read only in parts ; others to be read, but not curiously ; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books, also, may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others ; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and in the meaner sort of books ; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Bacon.

LXVI.—BARBARA FRITCHIE.

Explanatory.—The following lines by J. G. Whittier, a living American poet, refer to an incident in the great civil war, that lately raged in America. The southern troops, the rebels, led by General Lee, were marching through Fredericktown, in Maryland. The national flag, the stars and stripes, was pulled down from every building; but Barbara Fritchie, true to the Union, boldly unfurled the national flag from her windows in defiance of the rebels. The poem describes what happened.

Clustered, crowded together.
Famished, starving.
Lorde, company.

Fall, autumn.
Raid, expedition.
Symbol, emblem.

Up from the meadows, rich with corn,
Clear from the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep;
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their silver bars
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon look'd down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,
Bow'd with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down.

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet;
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat, left and right,
He glanced, the old flag met his sight:

"Halt!" the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!" out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will;
"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The noble nature within him stirred
To life, at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon grey head,
Dies like a dog; march on!" he said;
All day long through Frederick street,
Sounded the tread of marching feet.

All day long the free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host;
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well.

And through the hill gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night;
Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raid no more.

Honour to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier!
Over Barbara Fritchie's grave,
Flag of freedom and union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law!
And ever the stars above look down
On the stars below in Frederick town!

Lee—The heroic leader of the Southern forces in the great American civil war which raged from 1861 to 1865. His consummate military genius and his personal character gave a touch of interest to a cause which, on its own merits, was unworthy of the support of all lovers

of freedom. For the real question at issue was the continuance or non-continuance of slavery in the United States.

Stonewall Jackson—A dashing general of the south, famous for his daring marches and rapid movements. He obtained the name or rather nickname of "Stonewall," from the steadfastness with which his men met every attack. He was struck down by a random bullet fired by one of his own men (2d May, 1863.)

Your country's flag—The American flag originated in a resolution of Congress, June 13th, 1777, "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen Stripes, alternately red and white; that the Union be thirteen Stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." Hence the frequent allusions in American literature to "The Stars and Stripes."

QUESTIONS.

1. What led to the American Civil War?
2. How long did it last?
3. Who were Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson?
4. Describe the American flag.
5. Where is Maryland, and why was the State so named?
6. Where is Fredericktown, and why was it so called?
7. Describe the conduct of Barbara Fritchie.
8. What effect had her loyalty on Jackson?
9. What special significance is there in the words "*Flag of Freedom and Union*"?

LXVII.—CLOTHING.

[The Rev. HENRY DUNN, D.D., Minister of Ruthwell in Dumfriesshire, is best known as the originator of Savings Banks. He was the author of *The Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons*, from which our extract is taken.]

Vicissitudes, changes.	Ingenuity, skill.
Faculties, power.	Indulgence, gratification.
Contrivances, means.	Stimulate, stir up.
Adapted, fitted.	Fabric, material of which any-
Necessities, wants.	thing is made.
Accommodating, fitting.	Elaborates, works out.
Permanent, that will last.	

THE necessity or comfort of procuring a covering to the body, from the vicissitudes of the weather, forms one of those principles by which the Creator calls forth and exercises the faculties of his rational creatures. Every other inhabitant of the earth, above the grade of insects, which are governed by laws of their own, comes into the world with some contrivance in the shape of clothing, beautifully adapted to its nature, and generally altering with the season of the year, so as more effectually to guard



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its body from the injurious effects of the heat or the cold which prevails. But man is destined to procure his own clothing; and this, which at first sight appears a defect, is in reality the source of many blessings.

The human race were to be diffused over the whole earth, to be inhabitants of all climates, and of all localities. Their clothing, had it pleased the Creator to afford them a natural cover, would have required to be so constituted, as to change with the peculiar situation in which they were placed, so as to serve as a protection, at one time, from the burning heat of the tropics, and at another, from the chilling breath of the polar skies. This might have been effected, but something more would have been wanting. Man is a *wandering* animal. In the pursuit of those objects to which he is urged by his necessities or his pleasures, he has to traverse all climates; at one time, braving the storms of the north, at another, fanned by the gentle breezes of the temperate regions, at another still, melting under the direct rays of an equatorial sun; and all this he has frequently to undergo with the rapidity which art has given, or may yet give, to the means of transportation from place to place. It would, doubtless, still be easy for creative wisdom to contrive some kind of natural dress capable of accommodating itself to all these sudden and extensive changes, but for wise purposes it has been otherwise ordered. Man has been destined to suit his covering to his own convenience.

Thus his activity is called forth. He finds a new want that must be supplied. He may be placed in the midst of abundance of food; but this is not enough. He may live, but he feels discomfort unless he discover some mode of sheltering himself from the excessive heats of the day, and the cold dews of the night. He cannot always be under the shade of a rock or a tree. It is desirable that he should have a permanent covering for his body to shield him from all the changes to which he may be subjected in the open air. Here is a motive to exertion. The want must be supplied by industry, and, however limited the sphere of that industry may be, when man is in the savage state, it is something to have an object in

view, which teaches the pleasure of exercise and rewards activity.

His *ingenuity*, as well as activity, is called into exercise. Clothing is not to be found ready prepared. A simple covering for part of the body is all that the rudest tribes affect; but yet, among them, this is distinguished by degrees of excellence, and is coveted for its superior qualities. Various principles, called into action by the same want, are further developed in the more advanced stages of society:—the love of possessing, the desire of distinction, a taste for what is beautiful, an admiration of what is ingenious, a delight in personal indulgence:—and all these principles stimulate the inventive faculties, and promise a reward to the skill and industry of the manufacturer. Thus a foundation is laid in the human mind for improvement in this as well as in other arts.

All our articles of clothing are, as regards the fabric itself, derived from the vegetable or animal kingdom. The same living principle which elaborates our food, prepares also our clothing. This is of some importance in that economy which regards man as a being whose faculties require to be stimulated. It affords additional employment to his mind, in the pursuits of agriculture. Vegetables have to be cultivated and animals reared to supply human wants, in articles of clothing as well as of food. Here, again, we observe the operation of that remarkable law, which dooms man to laborious exertion, and by that exertion gives power and enlargement to his faculties.—*Duncan*.

QUESTIONS.

1. What connection is there between the necessity for clothing and the development of the human faculties?

2. What do you observe regarding the covering of all the lower animals?

3. Give examples of the covering of the lower animals altering with the season of the year.

4. What difference do you remark regarding the distribution of man and of the lower animals on the surface of the earth?

5. Man is not only intended for all climates and all localities, he is also a

wandering animal; what new element does this introduce in connection with his clothing?

6. What faculty of man is thus called into exercise?

7. What other faculty is called into exercise?

8. As man advances in civilization, how does the necessity for clothing encourage manufactures?

9. How is agriculture encouraged from the same necessity?

10. From the whole subject, show that man's want of natural clothing is the source of many blessings.

LXVIII.—ALLIANCE OF THE TWO WORLDS.

Barrier, hindrance, impediment.
 Development, growth.
 Germs, seeds.
 Impoverished, rendered poor.
 Adventurous, daring.
 Margin, the shore.
 Enraptured, delighted.

Fascinations, charms.
 Factitious, artificial.
 Cereal, belonging to corn.
 Minority, not of age.
 Augments', increases.
 Antagonism, opposition.

As the plant is made for the animal, as the vegetable world is made for the animal world, America seems made for the man of the Old World. Everything in nature points to this great change. The two worlds are looking face to face, and are, as it were, inclining towards each other. The Old World bends towards the New, and is ready to pour out its tribes. America looks towards the Old World; all its slopes and its plains slant to the Atlantic, towards Europe. It seems, as it were, to wait for the man of the Old World. No barrier opposes his progress; the Andes and the Rocky Mountains, placed on the other shore of the continent, form no obstacle in his path.

The man of the Old World has set out upon his way. Leaving the highlands of Asia, he descends from station to station towards Europe. Each of his steps is marked by a new civilization superior to the preceding, by a greater power of development. Arrived at the Atlantic, he pauses on the shore of this unknown ocean, the bounds of which he knows not, and turns upon his steps for an instant. Under the influence of the soil of Europe, he works out slowly the numerous germs with which it is endowed. After this long and teeming repose, his faculties are re-awakened, and he becomes re-animated. At the close of the fifteenth century, an unaccustomed movement agitates and vexes him from one end of the continent to the other. He has tilled the impoverished soil, and the number of his offspring increases. He looks around him, and sets out in search of new countries. His horizon enlarges, his activity preys upon him, and at last he breaks his bounds.

Then recommences his adventurous career westward, as

in the earliest ages. His intelligence has grown, and with it his power and hardihood. Under the guidance of the genius of the age, he dares the dreaded ocean, of which at present he knows only the margin. He abandons himself to the trade-winds and the currents, which bear him gently towards the coast of America. He is enraptured as he treads the shore of this land of wonders, adorned in his eyes by all the fascinations which his ardent imagination lends to it in the light of novelty.

The European establishes himself by degrees upon this new land ; he gets a foothold but slowly ; for, to his shame be it said, the thirst for gold seems the chief motive urging him thither—for gold, that factitious, cheating, transitory wealth, which in the long run impoverishes him who possesses it, because it puts his faculties asleep ; that gold, so fatal to Spain, and the abundant possession of which was the signal of her decline. To make a fortune rapidly, by all possible means, and to return to Europe to enjoy it, was the aim of the earliest colonists. Such are not the true labourers in the great work that is beginning ; these are not the civilizers of the New World ; and not to them shall it be granted to be its true possessors.

Meantime new bands from beyond the seas soon discover that the real wealth of America lies in the fertility of its soil. Then begin the interchanges. The European plants, all the useful vegetables, which are natives of the Old World, the sugar-cane, the coffee, the cotton, the spices, the cereal grains, more precious still, the European brings to this virgin land, and reaps therefrom abundant harvests. The New World gives to Europe, in exchange, the cocoa, the vanilla, the quinquina, and, above all, the potato, alone worth all the rest. The domestic animals, which are wanting in America, follow the footsteps of the colonists thither ; the horse, the ass, the ox, the swine, all the useful companions of man, which act so important a part in the domestic economy of civilized nations, henceforth enrich this second half of the earth.

During a long time America is as a daughter, in her minority, of the Old World ; and, nevertheless, the colonial system already reacts profoundly upon the development of

the European nations. During the three centuries following the discovery by Columbus, we see the questions connected with the commerce of the world and the possession of colonies, grow every moment in importance. Every year brings with it the establishment of new colonies, and augments and reinforces those already existing. A local life makes no delay in displaying itself on this fresh soil. Whole peoples take root and increase with rapidity in the midst of that nature which yields them everything in abundance. They ask no more help from the mother country; they are in a condition to furnish it to her; the consciousness of strength grows with their prosperity.

But the hour of independence has struck. The fruit is ripe; it drops from the tree. The sons of the Old World have adopted America for their country; she has become their beloved mother. America takes her position face to face with Europe, not as a minor but as a full-aged daughter, in the rightful enjoyment of freedom. Now commences a new antagonism, more serious, more vast in its proportions, than the world had before seen. The two worlds treat as power with power; for two free and independent beings look upon each other. But they are not enemies; they are too well adapted, too truly made for each other; they have too much need of each other; they are too much the complement of each other, not to unite in a common interest. Their differences will only serve to excite a more active life, a more extensive and active interchange of all that each can give in abundance to its rival.

Here, in fact, we find all the elements and the conditions of a well-assorted union a true marriage. Is there not between the peoples of the two worlds a common basis, an essential, indissoluble tie, which they are not at liberty to break? Are they not all the children of one family? the offspring of the same civilization; above all, the worshippers of the same one God and Saviour?—*Guyot*.

The two worlds—Europe, Asia, and Africa are called the Old World, America the New.

Complement—This term, which literally means *that which fills up or completes*, is used in this way:—When any thing would be incom-

plete in itself, and requires the presence of some second thing to make it complete, this second thing is called the *complement* of the first. The eye would be incomplete without light. Light may be called the *complement* of the eye. The Old World would be incomplete without the New, and the New without the Old. They may be called the *complements* of each other.

QUESTIONS.

1. What analogy is used to show the relation between America and the man of the Old World?
2. What evidences in nature seem to point out America as waiting for the man of the Old World?
3. What was the cradle of the human race?
4. In what direction does the tide of humanity flow?
5. How can you trace man's steps in his westward march?
6. What formed the barrier to this westward tendency?
7. When does man begin to look about for new countries, and why?
8. What discovery rewards this look for new countries?
9. How is it that the European establishes himself but slowly in America?
10. What seems to have been Spain's grand aim in colonizing, and what has been the result to herself?
11. In what does the real wealth of America consist?
12. What interchanges begin to take place between the two worlds?
13. What position does America hold for a long time in reference to the Old World?
14. What class of questions as great prominence during the three centuries after Columbus?
15. When was the hour of independence?
16. What position does America then assume?
17. Though independent of each other, show that the two worlds are not enemies.
18. What ought to be the effect of the differences that exist between the two worlds?
19. What great bonds of connection are there between the two worlds?

LXIX.—THE ISLES OF GREECE.

Explanatory.—This glorious ode on the aspirations of Greece after liberty, is supposed to be sung by a Greek poet at the court of a notorious pirate, who held a mimic state of royalty in one of the islands of the Archipelago. At the time it was composed, Byron had entered heart and soul into the struggle which Greece was then carrying on against Turkey, and it may be taken to represent his own feelings, in contrasting the degraded and enslaved state of Greece in his day with its glorious past.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute.

Have found the fame your shores refuse :
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo farther west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free :
 For, standing on the Persian's grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations;—all were his !
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,
 My country ? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more !
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine ?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though linked among a fettered race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face :
 For what is left the poet here ?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?
 Must *we* but blush ?—Our fathers' blood.
 Earth ! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead !
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ !

What, silent still ? and silent all ?
 Ah ! no ; the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, " Let one living head,
 But one arise—we come, we come !"
 'Tis but the living who are dumb,

In vain—in vain : strike other chords ;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one ?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
We will not think of themes like these !
It made Anacreon's song divine :
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant ; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;
That tyrant was Miltiades !
Oh ! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind !
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells !
In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells ;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
But, gazing on each glowing maid,

My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die.
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

Byron.

Sappho—A celebrated poetess, born in Lesbos about 600 B.C. She committed suicide by throwing herself into the sea.

Delos—An island in the Archipelago, said to have been for ages floating about, under the surface of the sea, until Jupiter rendered it stationary, and it came into sight. Hence according to tradition its name *Delos*, in Greek meaning *manifest*.

Phœbus—The Greek for Apollo, the sun-god, who was born in Delos.

Scian—An adjective formed from *Chios*, an island in the Archipelago, which laid claim to be the birthplace of Homer. The Scian muse was Homer.

Teian—An adjective formed from *Teios*, a small town on the coast of Asia Minor, the birthplace of Anacreon. Teian Muse was Anacreon.

"Islands of the blest"—Elysium, or the islands to which the good were supposed to go at death. They are supposed to have been either the Cape de Verd Islands, or the Canaries. Farther west referring to America.

Marathon The scene of the famous battle in which Miltiades (B.C. 490), with a comparatively small body of Greeks, utterly defeated the Persians.

A king sate on the rocky brow, &c.—Xerxes, the successor of Darius on the throne of Persia, whose fleet was utterly destroyed by the Greeks in the neighbourhood of Salamis, a small island south of Athens. Xerxes beheld the fleet from a high throne erected on shore, and, when defeat was inevitable, he sprang from the throne and retired northwards.

Sparta—Or Lacedæmon, a celebrated town in the Morea, famous for the bravery of its soldiers. 300 Spartans under Leonidas held the pass of Thermopylæ against the combined attack of the Persian hosts.

Samian—From Samos, an island in the Archipelago, celebrated for its wine.

Bacchanal From Bacchus, the god of wine, means reveller or drunkard.

Pyrhic dance—A kind of dance introduced into Greece by Pyrrhus, son of Achilles. The dancers were generally armed. This dance is still performed by young men, armed from head to foot, who execute to the sound of instruments all the proper movements of attack and defence.

Pyrhic phalanx—A peculiar wedge-shaped formation of troops in a body, said to have been first used by Pyrrhus, king of Epirus in Greece, in his wars with the Romans.

Cadmus—A prince of Phœnicia, who is said to have been the first to introduce the letters of the alphabet to the Greeks.

Polycrates—King of Samos, became very powerful, and made himself master of several cities on the coast of Asia Minor—among these Teios, the birthplace of Anacreon, the most celebrated of Greek lyric poets.

Tyrant—In Greek had a different meaning from that which we attach to the word now. It simply meant a ruler who exercised absolute power, in opposition to the democratic form of government so prevalent in Greece. Hence the poet translates the word "*tyrant*" into "*our masters*," and calls Miltiades, the tyrant of the Chersonese, "*Freedom's best and bravest friend*."

Chersonese—A Greek word equal to the word *Peninsula*. The Chersonese here meant was the long promontory to the south of Thrace (Turkey in Europe), which runs far out into the Archipelago, and terminates in Monte Sacro, the ancient Athos. The inhabitants of this peninsula invested Miltiades, the hero of Marathon, with *sovereign* power, hence his title of "*Tyrant*."

Suli—A promontory in the island of Crete.

Parga—The ancient Perga, a town on the southern coast of Asia Minor.

Doric—From Doris, an important district in Greece. The name was also given to a large district in Asia Minor, colonized from the Grecian Doris.

Heracleidan—The descendants of Hercules, who seized and occupied the whole of the Morea.

Sunium—A promontory of Attica in Greece, about 45 miles from the harbour of Athens, where there was a beautiful temple of Minerva, hence the phrase "*Sunium's marbled steep*."

Swan-like—It is a favourite tradition of the poets that the swan sings beautifully before its death.

"Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading away in music."

Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 2.

"'Tis strange that death should sing!
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest."

King John, Act V, Sc. 7.

"What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music."

Othello, Act V, Sc. 2.

"O early lost! what tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along the banks was led!
His drooping swans on every note expire,
And on his willows hung each muse's lyre."

POPE, Windsor Forest.

LXX.—CENTRE OF GRAVITY.

Mus'cular, relating to the muscles.	Horizontal, level.
Independently, apart from.	Ver'tical, straight up and down.
Impulse, tendency.	Intervenes, comes between.
Ascertained, found out.	Inevitably, necessarily, without fail.
Symmet'rical, having all the parts in due proportion.	Alternately, time about.
Uniform, the same throughout.	Suggest, bring into the mind.
Den'sity, compactness, closeness of parts.	Trivial, trifling.

THE force of gravity acting on a body causes it to fall; or, if it is supported so that it cannot fall, it will exert a certain pressure on the body that supports it. But we may observe that a body which is not free to fall right downwards, often tumbles to one side, and so assumes a new position. If, for example, we wish to lay down an egg on a level table, we can put it in a great many positions in which it will not remain at rest. A cart on a level road stands securely, and even when one wheel is raised a little by passing over a stone, it rights itself again as soon as possible. But let the stone be a large one, or let the wheel rise on a high bank, and the cart will probably be upset. The bodies of living animals are aided by their muscular activity in maintaining any desired posture, yet there are many postures which we ourselves cannot assume without the risk, or even the certainty of a fall.

It thus becomes an interesting question, why a body can stand only in certain positions, and what are the conditions of its standing or falling. In order to answer this, we must consider the nature of the force of gravity, which produces these effects. It must be borne in mind that this force acts on every particle of a body independently of the rest. Every particle is urged, as if by a separate impulse, towards the centre of the earth. We have therefore to consider, not a single force, but a number of separate forces acting in parallel lines and in the same direction.

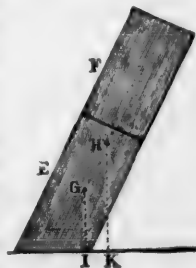
Now there is in every body a certain point round which all these forces balance each other. If this point be fixed, the forces on any one side of it will tend to pull that side downwards, which they can do only by raising the other side; the forces on the other side have an exactly opposite

tendency; and, since they balance each other, no motion will ensue. In short, there is a certain point in every body, such that if it be fixed, gravity cannot make the body move. The whole force of gravity, then, on the different parts of the body, may be considered as collected at that point, for it is only by moving that point that gravity can produce any motion at all. The point in question is therefore called the *centre of gravity*. Every body has a centre of gravity, though in some its position is not so easily ascertained as in others. In a regular symmetrical body, it is quite easy to see where it must be. For instance, in a straight rod of uniform thickness and density, it must be at an equal distance from both ends. In a sphere it is at the centre.

It will now be easy to understand why a body remains at rest in some positions, and not in others. The whole force of gravity upon it, or, in other words, its whole weight, may be considered as one single force acting downwards from its centre of gravity, and urging that point to descend. If the centre of gravity is free to obey the impulse, it will descend accordingly; but, if it be supported, the whole body will remain at rest.

Suppose a body E (fig.), whose centre of gravity is at G, to stand slantingly on a horizontal surface. The weight of the body acts in the vertical line G I, which is called the *line of direction*. Since this line falls within the base of the body E, the centre of gravity cannot move downwards, and the body will stand. But if a heavy body F be placed on the top of the body E, the common centre of gravity of the two bodies will evidently be at some point above G. Let it be at H. The line of direction is now H K, which falls beyond the base on which the bodies rest. The centre of gravity is no longer supported, and both bodies will tumble down.

It appears from this example, that a body stands the more securely, the lower the position of its centre of gravity. Every one knows how dangerous it is to load a cart,



a coach, or (worst of all) a boat, in such a way as to make it top-heavy. The base on which a coach rests is the space in'losed by the wheels; so that, if the line of direction fall beyond the wheels, the coach will certainly be overturned. The higher the centre of gravity, the more likely is this disaster to occur. When a boat, in a stormy sea, is almost capsized by the heaving of the waves, the passengers, in their alarm, are apt to start up from their seats. Nothing can be more foolish; for, by their doing so, the centre of gravity is raised, and the danger consequently increased.

The centre of gravity of the human body is situated in the lower part of the trunk. When a man stands, his base is the space covered by the soles of his feet, including also the space, if any, which intervenes between them. A porter, carrying a load on his back, leans forward, so that the common centre of gravity of himself and his load may be directly above that base. If he tried to stand erect, the line of direction would pass behind his heels, and he would inevitably fall backwards. A nurse with a child in her arms leans back for a like reason. A sailor acquires the habit of walking with his feet far apart, thus giving himself a broader base, that he may tread more steadily on the moving deck.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples; the thoughtful reader will find them for himself at every turn. He should now be able to tell, without further explanation, why a man, with a pitcher in one hand, leans to the other side—why a person stooping forward, advances one foot—why a very fat man carries his head and shoulders so far back—why a man standing on one foot inclines his body to the same side—why, in walking, we move ourselves alternately from one side to the other—why two persons, walking arm in arm, jostle each other when they do not keep the step—why a person in danger of falling stretches out his arm, and perhaps his leg, in the opposite direction—and finally, why a person cannot rise from his seat without either bending his body forward, or drawing his feet backward. When all this has been duly considered and understood, it can hardly fail to suggest the reflection,

how little we are conscious of the profound and far-reaching principles, which often regulate the most trivial actions of our daily life.

QUESTIONS.

1. What causes a body to fall?
2. What may often happen to a body, which is not free to fall downwards?
3. Give examples of this.
4. In order to ascertain when a body must stand or fall, what must we consider?
5. How does GRAVITY act on every particle of a body?
6. What effect has this on every particle?
7. What forces, accordingly, act upon every body?
8. Where do these separate forces balance each other?
9. What will happen if the point is fixed?
10. What name is given to this point?
11. Where will the *centre of gravity*

be in a regular symmetrical body? Give two examples.

12. Explain now why a body remains at rest in some positions, and not in others.

13. When will a body stand most securely?

14. Give practical illustrations of the danger arising from elevating the *centre of gravity*?

15. Where is the centre of gravity in the human body?

16. Show how that affects the attitude of a porter carrying a load, of a nurse with a child in her arms, and the gait of a sailor.

17. Explain each of the cases stated in the last paragraph of the lesson.

18. What reflection may this whole subject suggest?

LXXI.—NELSON AT THE NILE.

[For notice of Southey, see page 9. Our extract is from his *Life of Nelson*, and describes the famous battle of the Nile, fought 1798, in which the French fleet was almost annihilated, and by which Napoleon's designs on Egypt were completely thwarted.]

Effusion, pouring out, loss.

Apprehension, fear.

Cock-pit, a part of a man-of-war below water-mark, in which the wounded are cared for.

Superficial, only on the surface, not mortal.

Quarter-deck, that part of the upper deck of a ship, behind the main-mast.

Conflagration, the fire.

Instantaneous, immediate.

THE French admiral had moored his fleet in Aboukir Bay, in a strong and compact line of battle. The advantage of numbers, in ships, guns, and men, was in favour of the French. They had thirteen ships of the line and four frigates. The British had an equal number of ships of the line and one fifty-gun ship. Our ships were all seventy-fours; the French had three eighty-gun ships, and one three-decker of a hundred and twenty guns.

During the whole pursuit, whenever circumstances would permit, it had been Nelson's practice to have his captains on board the Vanguard, and explain to them his own ideas of the best modes of attack. The moment he perceived the position of the French, closely as they did lie to the shore, it struck Nelson that, where there was room for an enemy's ship to swing, there was room for one of ours to anchor, and place her between two fires. "If we succeed," exclaimed one of his captains, "what will the world say?" "There is no *if* in the case," replied the admiral, "that we shall succeed is certain; who may live to tell the story, is a very different question." It was almost sunset when the battle commenced; in half an hour, there was no other light than that from the fire of the contending fleets.

The first two ships of the French line were dismasted in a quarter of an hour; and within the same space the others suffered so severely that victory was already certain. Within two hours, at half-past eight, the third, fourth, and fifth, were taken possession of. Meantime Nelson received a severe wound on the head. The great effusion of blood caused an apprehension that the wound was mortal. Nelson himself thought so; a large flap of skin from the forehead, cut from the bone, had fallen over his eye; and the other eye being blind, he was in total darkness. When he was carried down to the cock-pit, the surgeon, in the midst of a scene scarcely to be conceived, instantly quitted the poor fellow then under his hands that he might attend the admiral. "No," said Nelson, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows"; nor would he suffer his wound even to be examined, till every man previously wounded was properly attended to.

Fully believing that he was about to die, as he had ever desired, in battle and in victory, he called his chaplain, and delivered to him what he supposed to be his dying remembrance to Lady Nelson. When, in due time, the surgeon came to examine the wound, the most anxious silence prevailed; and the joy of the wounded men, and of the whole crew, when they heard that it was superficial, gave Nelson deeper pleasure than the assurance that his

life was not in danger. The surgeon requested him to remain quiet; but Nelson could not rest. He sent for his secretary, Mr. Campbell, to write the despatches. Campbell, who had himself been wounded, was so affected at the blind and suffering state of the admiral, that he was unable to write. The chaplain was sent for; but before he could come, Nelson took the pen, and traced a few words, marking his devout sense of the success already obtained: "*Almighty God has blessed his Majesty's arms.*" He was now alone, when suddenly a cry from on deck announced that the French admiral's ship, the "*Orient*," was on fire. He found his way up, unassisted and unnoticed, and to the astonishment of every one, appeared on the quarter-deck, giving orders that boats should be sent to the relief of the enemy.

It was soon after nine that the fire on board the "*Orient*" broke out. Admiral Brueys, a brave and able man, had received three wounds; yet he would not leave his post; a fourth cut him almost in two. By the prodigious light of the conflagration, the situation of the two fleets could be clearly perceived. About ten o'clock the "*Orient*" blew up, with a shock felt to the very bottom of every vessel. The greater part of her crew stood the danger to the last, continuing to fire from the lower deck. The tremendous explosion was followed by a silence not less awful; the firing ceased on both sides; and the first sound that broke the silence was the dash of her shattered masts and yards falling from the vast height to which they had been exploded. No incident in war, produced by human means, ever equalled in sublimity this instantaneous pause.

The firing recommenced, and continued till about three. At daybreak only two French ships of the line had the colours flying. Not having been engaged, they, with two frigates, cut their cables, and stood out to sea. It was generally believed by the officers that, if Nelson had not been wounded, not one of these ships would have escaped. However, the victory was the most complete in the annals of naval history. The British loss, in killed and wounded, amounted to 895; of the French 5,225 perished. "*Victory*," said Nelson, "is not a term strong enough for such a

scene; it is a *conquest*." Of thirteen sail of the line, nine were taken and two burnt; of the four frigates, one was sunk, and another villanously burnt by her own captain, who, after striking his colours, set the ship on fire, and escaped on shore.—*Southey*.

Aboukir Bay—A spacious bay, named after the town of Aboukir, which lies about 10 miles east of Alexandria in Egypt.

Admiral Brueys—The French commander, was on board the "*Orient*," a splendid vessel of 120 guns. He was mortally wounded in the fight. The captain of the "*Orient*," *Casabianca*, was likewise mortally wounded, and his son, a boy twelve years old, refusing to leave the post which his father had assigned him, was blown up with the vessel. He is the hero of Mrs. Hemans's well-known poem, *Casabianca*.

Striking his colours—When a ship surrenders, it signifies this by hauling down its flag. It is then said to "*strike its colours*."

QUESTIONS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Where had the French fleet come to anchor. | 5. How did Nelson show his sympathy with his men? |
| 2. What was the relative strength of both fleets? | 6. How did he begin his account of the battle? |
| 3. What daring plan did Nelson form, when he saw where the French fleet was moored? | 7. Describe the fate of the <i>Orient</i> . |
| 4. When did the battle begin? | 8. What poem has been written on this subject? |
| | 9. What was the result of the battle? |

LXXII.—HUMAN TEETH—AN EVIDENCE OF DESIGN.

[WILLIAM PALEY, b. 1743, d. 1805, Archdeacon of Carlisle, excelled as a writer on morals. All his writings abound in shrewd observation, clear argument, and a vigorous animated style. Our extract is taken from his treatise on Natural Theology, in which he sets forth, with marvellous clearness, the argument in favour of the existence of God from the wonders of the world around us.]

Prospective, that which looks to the future.	Tier, row.
Suspended, delayed for a time.	Insurmountable, impossible to overcome.
Maturity, full growth.	Expansion, widening.
Protrusion, thrusting out.	Proportionable, corresponding, at the same rate.
Functions, offices, duties.	Subsequent, following.
Incommode, interfere with.	
Enumerated, mentioned.	

THE human teeth afford an instance, not only of prospective contrivance, but of the completion of the contrivance being designedly suspended. They are formed within the gums, and there they stop; the fact being, that their farther advance to maturity would not only be useless to

the new-born animal, but extremely in its way; as it is evident that the act of *sucking*, by which it is for some time to be nourished, will be performed with more ease both to the nurse and to the infant, while the inside of the mouth and edges of the gums are smooth and soft, than if set with hard pointed bones. By the time they are wanted, the teeth are ready. They have been lodged within the gums for some months past, but detained, as it were, in their sockets, so long as their farther protrusion would interfere with the office to which the mouth is destined.

Nature, namely, that intelligence which was employed in creation, looked beyond the first year of the infant's life; yet, while she was providing for functions which were after that term to become necessary, was careful not to incommode those which preceded them. What renders it more probable that this is the effect of design, is, that the teeth are imperfect, whilst all other parts of the mouth are perfect. The lips are perfect, the tongue is perfect; the cheeks, the jaws, the palate, are all perfect; the teeth alone are not so. This is the fact with respect to the human mouth: the fact also is, that the parts above enumerated are called into use from the beginning; whereas the teeth would be only so many obstacles and annoyances, if they were there. When a contrary order is necessary, a contrary order prevails. In the worm of the beetle, as hatched from the egg, the teeth are the first things which arrive at perfection. The insect begins to gnaw as soon as it escapes from the shell, though its other parts be only gradually advancing to their maturity.

What has been observed of the teeth is true of the *horns* of animals, and for the same reason. The horn of a calf or lamb does not bud, or, at least, does not sprout to any considerable length, until the animal be capable of browsing upon its pasture, because such a substance upon the forehead of the young animal would very much incommode the teats of the dam in the office of giving suck.

But in the case of the *teeth*—of the human teeth, at least—the prospective contrivance looks still farther. A

succession of crops is provided, and provided from the beginning, a second tier being originally formed beneath the first, which do not come into use till several years afterwards; and this double provision meets a difficulty in the mechanism of the mouth which would have appeared almost insurmountable. The expansion of the jaw (the consequence of the proportionable growth of the animal and of its skull) necessarily separates the teeth of the first set, however compactly disposed, to a distance from one another which would be very inconvenient. In due time, therefore—*i.e.*, when the jaw has obtained a great part of its dimensions—a new set of teeth springs up (loosening and pushing out the old ones before them), more exactly fitted to the space which they are to occupy, and rising also in such close ranks as to allow for any extension of line which the subsequent enlargement of the head may occasion.

Paley.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is meant by a *prospective contrivance*?
2. How do the human teeth show an instance of *prospective contrivance*?
3. Why is this *prospective contrivance* designedly *suspended* for a time?
4. Where are the teeth lodged until they are wanted?
5. What renders it more probable that this is the effect of design?
6. What contrast is drawn between the teeth of the worm of the beetle and human teeth?
7. What inference is drawn from this contrast?
8. Where else, besides in human teeth, do you find an example of a similar *prospective contrivance*?
9. What would be the result if the human teeth remained of their first size, whilst the jaw increased in size?
10. How has the inconvenience that would result from this been provided against?
11. When does the second set of teeth generally make its appearance?
12. How are these second teeth arranged?
13. *How many teeth are there in the human mouth?*
14. *What are the wisdom teeth, when do they generally appear, and what is their use?*
15. *What different names are given to the different kinds of teeth in the human jaw, and why?*

SHORT-LIVED NATURE OF POWER.

A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

Dyer.

LXXIII.—THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

[ELIZABETH BARRETT (MRS. BROWNING), b. about 1809, d. 1861, was the greatest poetess this country has produced. After a very careful education, embracing many subjects not usually taught to women, she turned her attention to literature. In 1846, she married Robert Browning, the poet, and with him retired to Italy, where she resided till her death. Her longest works are the *Drama of Exile*, the *Casa Guidi Windows*, and *Aurora Leigh*.]

Analysis.—This poem does for children what Hood's famous "*Song of the Shirt*" did for the needlewomen. It is an earnest cry in behalf of those poor wretched children who, at an early age, were sent to work in mines and factories, and allowed to grow up in utter ignorance of everything that was good and true. It has had its effect. Parliament has wisely interfered, and prevented the employment of children until they have attained a certain age, and received the elements at least of education.

Hoary, greyheaded.

Anguish, sorrow.

Bewild'ring, amazement.

Cerement, cloth dipped in melted wax for shrouding embalmed bodies.

Despair, hopelessness.

Christ'dom, Christian lands.

Unretriev'ingly, helplessly.

Mail'd, iron.

Palpita'tion, beating.

Mart, the market.

Do you hear the children weeping? O my brothers!
Ere the sorrow comes with years,
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows.
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west.

But the young, young children, O my brothers!
They are weeping bitterly;
They are weeping in the play-time of the others,
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow
Why their tears are falling so?
The old man may weep for his to-morrow
Which is lost in Long Ago.

The old tree is leafless in the forest;
The old year is ending in the frost;
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest;
The old hope is hardest to be lost.

But the young, young children, O my brothers !
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
In our happy Fatherland ?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see ;
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy.

"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary ;
Our young feet," they say, "are very weak ;
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary ;
Our grave-rest is very far to seek.

"Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is cold ;
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old."

Alas, alas, the children ! they are seeking
Death in life as best to have !
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.

Go out, children, from the mine and from the city ;
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do ;
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty ;
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through.

But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine ?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine.

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary
And we cannot run or leap ;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.

"Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping ;
We fall upon our faces trying to go ;
And underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.

"For all day we drag our burden, tiring,
Through the coal-dark underground ;
Or all day long we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories round and round."

And we may the children weep before you ;
 They are weary ere they run ;
 They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
 Which is brighter than the sun.

They know the grief of man, without his wisdom ;
 They sink in man's despair, without his calm ;
 Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom ;
 Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm ;

Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievingly,
 The blessing of its memory cannot keep ;
 Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.
 Let them weep ! let them weep !

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
 And their look is dread to see,
 For they mind you of their angels in their places,
 With eyes turned on Deity.

"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
 Will you stand to move the world on a child's heart ;
 Stifle down with a mail'd heel its palpitantion,
 And tread onward to your throne amid the mart !

"Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
 And your purple shows your path ;
 But the child's sob curses deeper in the silence,
 Than the strong man in his wrath !"

Mrs. Browning.

QUESTIONS.

1. What renders the cry of the children specially sad ?
2. Contrast their condition with that of other objects in nature.
3. What two circumstances are referred to in stanza 3, as showing that the crying of the children is *unnatural* ?
4. In whom might crying and sorrow be *natural* ?
5. What four illustrations are given of this ?
6. What picture is given of the appearance of the children ?
7. What answer do the children give when asked why they are weeping ?
8. What is a *cerement* ?
9. What would be *natural* occupation for the children ?

10. Why do they not so occupy themselves ?
11. What is their constant employment ?
12. Why, according to the author, have the children good reason to weep ?
13. Of what does their upward look remind one ?
14. What is the reference in the phrase "*their angels in their places*" ?
15. What is meant by stifling the young heart "*with a mail'd heel*" ?
16. What is the "*throne amid the mart*" to which the nation treads onward ?
17. What doom is threatened the selfish gold-heaper, who disregards the cry of the children in his race for riches.

LXXIV.—THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL.

Explanatory. The funeral referred to in the following extract was that of the late Duke of Wellington in 1852. The poem was published anonymously, and was dated from "Oriol College," Oxford.

Quaint, curious, odd.

Pageant, the spectacle of the funeral.

Casque, a head-piece, helmet.

Bat'on, the badge of a field marshal.

Conspired, agreed.

Unsul'ied, unstained.

No sound of labour vexed the quiet air
From morn till eve. The people all stood still,
And earth won back a Sabbath. There were none
Who cared to buy or sell, and make a gain,
For one whole day. All felt as they had lost
A father, and were fain to keep within,
Silent, or speaking little. Such a day
An old man sees but once in all his time.

The simplest peasant in the land that day
Knew somewhat of his country's grief. He heard
The knell of England's hero from the tower
Of the old church, and asked the cause, and sighed.
The vet'ran, who had bled on some far field,
Fought o'er the battle for the thousandth time
With quaint addition ; and the little child,
That stopped his sport to run and ask his sire
What it all meant, picked out the simple tale,—
How he who drove the French from Waterloo,
And crushed the tyrant of the world, and made
His country great and glorious,—he was dead.
All, from the simplest to the stateliest, knew
But one sad story—from the cottar's bairn
Up to the fair-haired lady on the throne,
Who sat within and sorrowed for her friend ;
And every tear she shed became her well,
And seemed more lovely in her people's eyes
Than all the starry wonders of her crown.

But, as the waters of the Northern Sea
(When one strong wind blows steady from the pole)
Come hurrying to the shore, and far and wide
As eye can reach, the creaming waves press on
Impatient ; or, as trees that bow their tops
One way, when Alpine hollows bring one way

The blast whereat they quiver in the vale,—
 So millions pressed to swell the general grief
 One way ;— for once all men seemed one way drawn ;
 Or if, through evil hap and unforeseen,
 Some stayed behind, their hearts, at least, were there
 The whole day through,—could think of nothing else,
 Hear nothing else, see nothing !

In his cell

The student saw the pageant ; spied from far
 The long-drawn pomp which reached from west to east,
 Slow moving in the silence—casque and plume
 And banner waving sad ; the marvellous state
 Of heralds, soldiers, nobles, foreign powers,
 With baton or with pennon ; princes, peers,
 Judges, and dignitaries of Church and State,
 And warriors grown grey-headed ;—every form
 Which greatness can assume or honour name,
 Peaceful or warlike,—each and all were there ;
 Trooping in sable sorrow after him
 Who slept serene upon his funeral car
 In glorious rest ! . . . A child might understand
 That 'twas no national sorrow, but a grief
 Wide as the world. A child might understand
 That all mankind were sorrowing for *one* !
 That banded nations had conspired to pay
 This homage to the chief who drew his sword
 At the command of Duty, kept it bright
 Through perilous days, and, soon as Victory smiled
 Laid it, unsullied, in the lap of Peace.

Anon.

The tyrant of the world—The reference is to Napoleon Bonaparte.
 Northern Sea—The Arctic Ocean.
 Millions pressed one way—To London. Wellington was buried in St.
 Paul's Cathedral, near the grave of Nelson.

FAME.

Death, courage, honour, make thy soul to live.
 Thy soul to live in heaven, thy name in tongues of men.

Henry Constable.

LXXV.—THE ANGLER.

Veteran, old.
 Arrant, bold.
 Deference, honesty.
 Garrulity, talkativeness.
 Placatory, belonging to fishing.
 Inconsideration, foolish conduct.
 Nautical, sailor like.

Lashed, tied.
 Movables, furniture that can be moved.
 Decorated, ornamented.
 Flanked, having on each side.
 Evolutions, movements.
 Inexhaustible, never ceasing.

IN a morning's stroll along the banks of the Alun, a beautiful little stream which flows down from the Welsh hills, and throws itself into the Dee, my attention was



attracted to a group seated on the margin. On approaching, I found it to consist of a veteran angler and two rustic disciples. The former was an old fellow with a wooden leg, with clothes very much, but very carefully patched, betokening poverty, honestly come by, and decently maintained. His face bore the marks of former

storms, but present fair weather ; its furrows had been worn into an habitual smile ; his iron-grey locks hung about his ears, and he had altogether the good-humoured air of a philosopher who was disposed to take the world as it went. One of his companions was a ragged wight, with the skulking look of an amant poucher, and I'll warrant could find his way to any gentleman's fish-pond in the neighbourhood in the darkest night. The other was a tall, awkward, country lad, with a lounging gait, and apparently somewhat of a rustic beam. The old man was busy in examining the maw of a trout which he had just killed, to discover by its contents what insects were seasonable for bait ; and was lecturing on the subject to his companions, who appeared to listen with infinite deference.

I soon fell into conversation with the old angler, and was so much entertained, that, under pretext of receiving instructions in his art, I kept company with him almost the whole day ; wandering along the banks of the stream, and listening to his talk. He was very communicative, having all the easy garrulity of cheerful old age ; and I fancy was a little flattered by having an opportunity of displaying his piscatory lore ; for who does not like now and then to play the sage ?

He had been much of a rambler in his day, and had passed some years of his youth in America, particularly in Savannah, where he had entered into trade, and had been ruined by the indiscretion of a partner. He had afterwards experienced many ups and downs in life, until he got into the navy, where his leg was carried away by a cannon-ball at the battle of Camperdown. This was the only stroke of real good fortune he had ever experienced, for it got him a pension, which, together with some small paternal property, brought him in a revenue of nearly forty pounds. On this he retired to his native village, where he lived quietly and independently ; and devoted the remainder of his life to the " noble art of angling."

On parting with the old angler, I inquired after his place of abode, and happening to be in the neighbourhood of the village a few evenings afterwards, I had the

curiosity to seek him out. I found him living in a small cottage, containing only one room, but a perfect curiosity in its method and arrangement. It was on the skirts of the village, on a green bank, a little back from the road, with a small garden in front, stocked with kitchen herbs, and adorned with a few flowers. The whole front of the cottage was overrun with a honeysuckle. On the top was a ship for a weathercock. The interior was fitted up in a truly nautical style, his ideas of comfort and convenience having been acquired on the berth-deck of a man-of-war.

A hammock was slung from the ceiling which in the day time was lashed up so as to take but little room. From the centre of the chamber hung a model of a ship, of his own workmanship. Two or three chairs, a table, and a large sea chest, formed the principal movables. About the wall were stuck up naval ballads, such as Admiral Hosier's Ghost, All in the Downs, and Tom Bowling, intermingled with pictures of sea fights, among which the battle of Camperdown held a distinguished place. The mantelpiece was decorated with sea-shells; over which hung a quadrant, flanked by two woodcuts of most bitter-looking naval commanders. His implements for angling were carefully disposed on nails and hooks about the room. On a shelf was arranged his library, containing a work on angling, much worn; a Bible covered with canvas; an odd volume or two of voyages; a nautical almanac, and a book of songs.

His family consisted of a large black cat with one eye, and a parrot which he had caught and tamed, and educated himself, in the course of one of his voyages, and which uttered a variety of sea phrases with the hoarse brattling tone of a veteran boatswain. The establishment reminded me of that of the renowned Robinson Crusoe: it was kept in neat order, everything being "stowed away" with the regularity of a ship of war; and he informed me that he "scoured the deck every morning, and swept it between meals."

I found him seated on a bench before the door, smoking his pipe in the soft evening sunshine. His cat was

purring soberly on the threshold, and his parrot describing some strange evolutions in an iron ring that swung in the centre of his cage. He had been angling all day, and gave me a history of his sport with as much minuteness as a general would talk over a campaign; being particularly animated in relating the manner in which he had taken a large trout, which had completely tasked all his skill and wariness, and which he had sent as a trophy to mine hostess of the inn.

How comforting it is to see a cheerful and contented old age; and to behold a poor fellow like this, after being tempest-tost through life, safely moored in a snug and quiet harbour in the evening of his days! His happiness, however, sprung from within himself, and was independent of external circumstances; for he had that inexhaustible good nature, which is the most precious gift of Heaven; spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought, and keeping the mind smooth and equable in the roughest of weather.

On inquiring further about him, I learned that he was a universal favourite in the village, that he delighted the rustics with his songs, and, like Sinbad, astonished them with his stories of strange lands, and shipwrecks, and sea-fights. He was much noticed, too, by gentlemen sportsmen of the neighbourhood; had taught several of them the art of angling; and was a privileged visitor to their kitchens.

The whole tenor of his life was quiet and inoffensive, being principally passed about the neighbouring streams when the weather and season were favourable; and at other times he employed himself at home, preparing his fishing tackle for the next campaign, or manufacturing rods, nets, and flies, for his patrons and pupils among the gentry.

He was a regular attender at church on Sundays, though he generally fell asleep during the sermon. He had made it his particular request that, when he died, he should be buried in a green spot, which he could see from his seat in church, and which he had marked out ever since he was a boy, and had often thought of when far from home on the

raging sea, in danger of being food for fishes—it was the spot where his father and mother had been buried.

Washington Irving.

Camperdown—A great naval victory, gained by Admiral Duncan, over the Dutch in 1797.

Sinbad—One of the tales in the Arabian Nights.

QUESTIONS.

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|--|--|
| 1. Where is the Alun? | 5. How did the loss of his leg prove a stroke of good fortune? |
| 2. Describe the group of fishers. | 6. Describe his dwelling and his family. |
| 3. How did the angler try to find out the suitable kind of bait? | 7. How was he regarded in the village? |
| 4. What account is given of the angler's early life? | 8. Where had he fixed his grave? |



LXXVI.—THE WAY OF THE WIND.

Con'stancy, regularity.
Absorbs', drinks in.
Modera'tes, tempers.
Revolving, turning round.
Im'petus, force.
Configura'tion, shape.
Alterna'tions, changes.
Problem, some thing to be solved or explained.

Films, streaks.
Junc'tion, point of meeting.
Pranks, tricks.
Vor'tex, whirlwind.
Unobstruct'ed, not opposed.
Capric'ious, subject to no rule.
Torna'do, hurricane.
De'vastating, laying waste.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that wind is nothing but the air in motion. We may learn our first lesson respecting it from the breezes that are frequently noticed on the shores of our own country in the hot summer weather, and which occur with greater constancy in tropical climates.

Many of us may have observed how a cool sea-breeze sets in during the day, and a warmer land-breeze begins to blow shortly after sunset. The cause of this is easily explained. The land absorbs the heat from the sun to a much greater extent than the water does, and becoming thus hotter, it naturally causes the air above it to be warmer than that which overlies the sea. Now, air expands by heat as other things do, and thus becomes lighter, and ascends, its place

being supplied by colder air which, in the instance before us, must come from the sea, thus forming the refreshing sea-breeze which moderates the heat of the summer noon.

But at night the reverse is the case. The land cools much more rapidly than the water, so, after a while, it becomes actually the colder of the two, and the breeze now sets from the land to the sea. It will be evident, that, when the air is sweeping along near the surface of the earth from the ocean to the shore, the space it is leaving must be filled from elsewhere, and what so ready to fill it as the air which has just risen from the heated ground. Accordingly, we always find that, when there is a wind of this sort blowing in one direction, there is a contrary current in the upper regions of the atmosphere.

From this we may learn what is constantly taking place on a grand scale over the whole surface of the globe. The great heat near the equator causes a constant upward current, which draws the air from those regions that are colder. Hence there are two gigantic circles of wind, one in each hemisphere: the air rising, passing through the upper parts of the atmosphere, descending as it nears the poles, and then sweeping again over the surface of the earth towards the equator.

But there are several things which interfere with the regularity of this action. In the first place, this globe of ours is always revolving rapidly from west to east; and although this would not affect air when at rest, or blowing around the same latitude, yet it must be remembered that the air starting from the equator has a more considerable impetus than is necessary to accompany the earth in its rotation in higher latitudes; and hence the stream which blew at first from the south, appears presently to be coming from the south-west and when it arrives near the pole, it will have become almost a due west wind. The reverse takes place with the stream from the north, for the opposite reason, it is soon found to be blowing from the east of north, and eventually changes in like manner into a regular east wind.

Again, the configuration of the land, the direction of mountain-chains, local alternations in the temperature of the earth, and a thousand other circumstances, are always interfering, and thus render the problem of the winds an extremely difficult one. The wind, too, meets with resistance in passing near the earth, and thus flows less quickly than it does in the higher regions, just as the water at the bottom and sides of a river never has so great a velocity as that in the middle of the stream.

This great circle above mentioned, between the poles and the equator, is observed in the trade-winds, which blow steadily from the eastward on each side of the "region of calms" that marks the hottest part of the earth's circumference. The returning "trade" in those latitudes is at such a height above the ground that it is only indicated by light films of cloud, which are often seen to move in the opposite direction to the prevailing current below. In our own climate the upper stream frequently descends, and, as a south-west wind, brings to us some of the warmth and moisture of the tropics; though, perhaps, we more frequently experience the lower current—the north-east wind, which will often blow steadily for weeks together, especially in spring, and brings us cold from the pole and the frozen plains of Russia.

When two currents, blowing from opposite directions, meet, they must slide, as it were, past one another, but at their junction a whirlwind will be produced, such as we have often seen on a small scale in the eddies caused by a house, or some such opposing body. We all know how such little whirlwinds catch up dust or straws into the air, or sometimes play strange pranks with the dress of the unwary traveller; and we can readily understand how, when a larger vortex than these is sweeping unobstructed over the sea, the clouds above and the waters below should be caught into it, and meeting in mid-air, should form those water-spouts which are so dangerous to small vessels. The sailors are accustomed to disperse them, as they do human enemies, by firing cannon at them, and so breaking the circle of wind.

The most severe storms are produced when the great

south-west and north-east currents oppose one another. The gigantic whirlwind then formed may be scores of miles in breadth, and will often sweep right across the Atlantic, traverse our own country, and then pass on to Denmark and the continent of Europe. Through the great attention lately paid to the "circular theory of storms," captains of ships are enabled, by observing the direction of the change of wind, to sail right away from the danger.

For instance, if sailing eastward in the northern hemisphere, he observes the wind veering from south to west, and then to north, the centre of the storm is on his right hand, and he, of course, will only have to turn his vessel towards the left, and the tempest may spend its fury harmlessly in the distance. Just in the same way the landsman may judge, by the rapid shifting of the weathercock, what is the course of a hurricane, which may be at that very moment tearing up trees, overthrowing hayricks, and unroofing houses.

Thus, however much we may have been accustomed to view the wind as an emblem of all that is fickle and capricious, we now see that, whether it be a West-Indian tornado, at the speed of seventy miles an hour, devastating whole islands, or a gentle breeze, which scarcely stirs the petals of a flower, it is as subject to fixed and regular laws, as the growth of a tree, or the course of a planet.

J. H. Gladstone.

Circular theory of storms—The theory is that these storms have a double motion. They revolve round a fixed point which we may call the centre, and at the same time travel through space. It is evident that the *outer* portion of the revolving storm will move more slowly than the portions nearer the centre, and that at the centre there will be perfect calm. A vessel entering one of these storms will, accordingly, find the storm increase in severity, until, on reaching the centre, it will reach a position where the storm suddenly ceases, only to break out again with increased severity, when the vessel has passed through the centre, and reaches the *inner* revolving circle of the storm on the opposite side of the centre from that on which it entered. It is further evident that the wind will be blowing from exactly opposite points on the opposite sides of the centre.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is wind?
2. Where have we a familiar instance of this?
3. Account for the land and sea breezes.
4. What is the effect on the air of the great heat near the equator?
5. How is the place of the ascending air supplied?
6. If the earth were at rest, what wind would there be constantly at the equator and at the poles respectively?
7. How does the earth's revolution on its axis modify these currents?
8. What sort of wind have we accordingly at the equator and at the poles respectively?
9. What other circumstances tend to modify the direction of these great currents?
10. Show by examples how the con-

figuration of the land will modify the winds.

11. How do mountain chains modify the winds?

12. What are the trade winds, and how do they blow?

13. What is the region of calms?

14. Where is the returning trade wind in equatorial latitudes? where in our own latitude?

15. What will happen when two currents, blowing from opposite directions, meet?

16. How are sailors accustomed to disperse these water-spouts?

17. In what circumstances are the severest storms produced?

18. What is the circular theory of storms?

19. How may a skilful sailor avoid these storms?

20. What inference may we draw from these observations?

LXXXVII.—TO A WATERFOWL.

[WILLIAM COLLEN BRYANT, a distinguished American writer both in prose and poetry, was born in 1794. He commenced life as a barrister, but, quitting law, took to literature, in which he is still engaged.]

Explanatory.—The following lines describe with great beauty of language and with wonderful rhythmical skill, the even steady flight of a waterfowl in one of its annual migrations. The stanzas, like the bird's sweeping wing, float with a calm and majestic cadence to the ear. We see that solitary wanderer of the "cold thin atmosphere"; we watch, almost with awe, its serene course, until the "abyss of heaven has swallowed up its form, and then gratefully echo the bard's consoling inference" in the last stanza.

Fowl'er, one who kills or captures
birds.
Plash'y, watery.
Chafed, stirred up.

Illim'itable, unbounded.
Fanned, moved upon like a fan.
Abyss', depth.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way!

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side ?

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
So shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone ; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

W. C. Bryant.

LXXXVIII.—INSTINCT.

[SIR HUMPHREY DAVY, a native of Cornwall, distinguished as a chemist and a brilliant writer, is known all the world over as the inventor of the Safety or Davy Lamp, which has been the means of preventing countless explosions of fire-damp, and thereby saving the lives of many miners.]

Devel'oped, brought to perfection.	Subterra'neous, under ground.
Vol'untary, of his own accord.	Hered'itary, belonging to it by
Exclud'ed, hatched.	birthright.
Suppress'ed, low.	Depos'ited, placed.
Prostr'ate, flat on the ground.	Succes'sion, one after another.

YOUNG birds cannot fly as soon as they are hatched, because they have no wing-feathers ; but as soon as these are developed, and even before they are perfectly strong, they use their wings, fly, and quit their nests, without

any education from their parents. Compare a young quail, when a few days old, with a child of as many months. He flies, runs, seeks his food, avoids danger, and obeys the calls of his mother; whilst a child is perfectly helpless, and can perform few voluntary motions, has barely learnt to grasp, and can neither stand nor walk.

Look at common domestic poultry. As soon as they are excluded from the egg, they run round their mother, nestle in her feathers, and obey her call, without education. She leads them to some spot, where there is soft earth or dung, and instantly begins scratching with her feet. The chickens watch her motions with the utmost attention. If an earthworm or ant is turned up, they instantly seize and devour it, but they avoid eating sticks, grass, or straw; and, though the hen shows them the example of picking up the grain, they do not imitate her in this respect, but for some days prefer ants to a barley-corn. Does the mother see the shadow of a kite on the ground, or hear his scream in the air? She instantly utters a shrill, suppressed cry, the chickens, though born that day, and searching round her with glee and admiration for the food which her feet were providing for them, instantly appear as if thunderstruck. Those close to her crouch down and hide themselves in the straw; those further off, without moving from the place, remain prostrate—the hen looks upward with a watchful eye—nor do they resume their feeding till they have been called again by the chuck of their mother, and warned that the danger is over.

Examine young ducks which have been hatched under a hen; they no sooner quit the shell than they fly to their natural element, the water, in spite of the great anxiety and terror of their foster-parent, who in vain repeats the sound to which her natural children are so obedient. Being in the water, they seize insects of every kind, which they can only know from their instincts to be good for food.

I will mention another instance. A friend of mine was travelling in the interior of Ceylon. On the bank of

a lake he saw some fragments of shells of the eggs of the alligator, and heard a subterraneous sound. His curiosity was excited, and he was induced to search beneath the surface of the sand. Besides two or three young animals lately come from the shell, he found several eggs which were still entire. He broke the shell of one of them, when a young alligator came forth, apparently perfect in all its functions and motions, and, when my friend touched it with a stick, it assumed a threatening aspect, and bit the stick with violence. It made towards the water, which (though born by the influence of the sun-beams on the burning sand) it seemed to know was its natural and hereditary domain. Here is an animal, which, deserted by its parents, and entirely submitted to the mercy of nature and the elements, must die if it had to acquire its knowledge; but all its powers are given, all its wants supplied, and even its means of offence and defence implanted, by strong and perfect instincts.

I will mention one fact more. The young cuckoo is produced from an egg deposited by his mother in the nest of another bird, generally the hedge-sparrow. He destroys all the other young ones hatched in the same nest, and is supplied with food by his foster-parent, after he has deprived her of all her natural offspring. Quite solitary, he is no sooner able to fly than he quits the country of his birth, and finds his way, with no other guide than his instinct, to a land where his parents had gone many weeks before him; and he is not pressed to make this emigration by want of food, for the insects and grains on which he feeds are still abundant. The whole history of the origin, education, and migration of this singular bird, is a history of a succession of instincts, the more remarkable because, in many respects, contrary to the usual order of nature.—*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

QUESTIONS.

1. Give an illustration of instinct from the flying of young birds.
2. Give similar examples from the case of chickens in regard to—(a) their choice of food, (b) their attitude when warned of danger.
3. What examples may you find of

instinct in the case of ducks hatched by a hen?

4. Narrate the story of the young alligator.

5. Give examples of instinct in the case of the cuckoo.

LXXIX.—POETIC GEMS.

1.—THE BEST PRAYER.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
 All things, both great and small;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.

Coleridge.

2.—VIRTUE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky,
 Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is even in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 My music shows you have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives,
 But when the whole world turns to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

Herbert.

3.—LOVE AND THE ROSE.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
 And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
 The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
 And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
 O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,
 I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
 Emblem of hope and love through future years!

Scott.

4.—CELESTIAL MUSIC.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music

Creep in our ears ; soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;
 There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim—
 Such harmony is in immortal souls :
 But while this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.

Shakespeare.

5.—NIGHT IN THE DESERT.

How beautiful is night !
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air ;
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
 Breaks the serene of heaven :
 In full orb'd glory yonder moon divine
 Rolls through the dark blue depths ;
 Beneath her steady ray
 The desert-circle spreads,
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
 How beautiful is night !

Southey.

6.—MORNING.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye ;
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green ;
 Gliding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.

Shakespeare.

LXXX.—COMPOSITION EXERCISES.

1. Give a brief account of the Spanish Armada.
2. Describe the covering of the common crab.
3. Combine the answers to the questions on Lesson LXII into a connected narrative.
4. Write a brief abstract of the "*Song of the Shirt*."
5. Tell in your own words the story of Barbara Fritchie.
6. Combine the answers to the questions on Lesson LXVI into a continuous narrative.
7. Describe briefly the westward progress of the human race (see Lesson LXVIII).
8. Describe the leading thought that runs through the song "*The Isles of Greece*."
9. Explain briefly, why a man standing on one foot inclines his body to the same side (see Lesson LXX).
10. Give a brief account of the battle of the Nile.
11. Combine the answers to the questions to Lesson LXXII into a continuous narrative.
12. Write a brief essay on fishing.
13. Illustrate the power of *Instinct* in the lower animals.
14. Paraphrase one of the extracts in Lesson LXXIX.

SECTION V.

LXXXI.—TRACKING THE ELEPHANT.

Aggageer, an African term meaning *elephant-hunter*.
Specula'ting, discussing.
Co'vert, hiding place.
Interven'ing, coming between.
Colos'sal, huge.
Determina'tion, resolution.
Recoil, the backward spring of a gun when fired.

Judic'iously, wisely.
Confron'ted, faced.
Absurd'ly, foolishly.
Dex'terity, quickness of movement.
Assall'ants, those attacking.
Pluck, courage.
Relin'quished, gave up.

TRACKING was very difficult; as there was a total absence of rain, it was next to impossible to distinguish the tracks of two days' date from those most recent upon the hard and parched soil. The greater part of the day was passed in useless labour; and, after fording the river backwards and forwards several times, we at last arrived at a large area of sand in the bend of the stream. that was evidently overflowed when the river was full—this surface of many acres was backed by a forest of large trees.

Upon arrival at this spot, the aggageers, who appeared to know every inch of the country, declared that unless the elephants had gone far away, they must be close at hand within the forest. We were speculating upon the direction of the wind, when we were surprised by the sudden trumpet of an elephant, that proceeded from the forest, already declared to be the covert of the herd. In a few minutes later, a fine bull elephant marched majestically from the jungle upon the large area of sand, and proudly stalked direct towards the river.

At that time we were stationed under cover of a high bank of sand that had been left by the retiring river in sweeping round an angle; we immediately dismounted, and remained well concealed. The question of attack was

quickly settled. I proposed that we should stalk the elephant, by creeping along the edge of the river, under cover of a sandbank about three feet high, and that, should the rifles fail, the aggageers should come at full gallop, and cut off his retreat from the jungle—we should then have a chance for the swords. Accordingly I led the way, followed by my attendants. Having the wind fair, we advanced quickly for about half the distance, at which time we were within a hundred and fifty yards of the elephant, who had just arrived at the water, and had commenced drinking.

We now crept cautiously towards him; the sandbank had decreased to a height of about two feet, and afforded very little shelter. Not a tree nor bush grew upon the surface of the barren sand, which was so deep that we sank nearly to the ankles at every footstep. Still we crept forward, as the elephant alternately drank and then spouted the water in a shower over his colossal form; but just as we had arrived within about fifty yards, he happened to turn his head in our direction, and immediately perceived us.

He cocked his enormous ears, gave a short trumpet, and for an instant he wavered in his determination whether to attack or fly; but as I rushed towards him with a shout, he turned towards the jungle, and I immediately fired a steady shot at the shoulder. As usual, the fearful recoil of the rifle, with a half-pound shell and twelve drachms of powder, nearly threw me backwards; but I saw the mark upon the elephant's shoulder, in an excellent line, although rather high.

The only effect of the shot was to send him off at great speed towards the jungle; but at the same moment, the three aggageers came galloping across the sand like greyhounds in a course, and judiciously keeping parallel with the jungle, they cut off his retreat, and, turning towards the elephant, they confronted him, sword in hand. At once the furious beast charged straight at the enemy, but now came the very gallant, but foolish part of the hunt. Instead of leading the elephant by the flight of one man and horse, accord-

ing to their usual method, all the aggageers at the same moment sprang from their saddles, and upon foot in the heavy sand attacked the elephant with their swords.

In the way of sport, I never saw anything so magnificent or so absurdly dangerous. No gladiatorial exhibition in the Roman arena could have surpassed the fight. The elephant was mad with rage; and, nevertheless, he seemed



to know that the object of the hunters was to get behind him. This he avoided with great dexterity, turning with quickness, and charging headlong, first at one, and then at another of his assailants, while he blew clouds of sand in the air with his trunk, and screamed with fury. Nimble as monkeys, nevertheless, the aggageers could not get behind him.

In the folly of excitement they had forsaken their horses, who had escaped from the spot. The depth of

the loose sand was in favour of the elephant, and was so much against the men that they avoided his charges with extreme difficulty. It was only by the determined pluck of all three that they alternately saved each other, as two invariably dashed in at the flanks when the elephant charged the third, upon which the wary animal immediately relinquished the chase, and turned round upon his pursuers.

During this time I had been labouring through the heavy sand, and shortly after I arrived at the fight, the elephant charged directly through the aggageers, receiving a shoulder shot from my rifle, and, at the same time, a slash from the sword of one of the aggageers, who, with great dexterity and speed, had closed in behind him, just in time to reach the leg. Unfortunately he could not deliver the cut in the right place, as the elephant, with increased speed, completely distanced his pursuers; he charged across the deep sand, and reached the jungle. We were shortly upon his track, and after running about a quarter of a mile, he fell dead in a dry watercourse. His tusks were like the quality of Abyssinian elephants, exceedingly short, but of good thickness.

Sir Samuel Baker.

Having the wind fair—i.e., blowing from the animal to the hunters. This is a point of prime importance in stalking any wild animal. Their power of scent is so remarkably keen, that it is in vain to attempt to approach them with the wind blowing from the sportsman to the animal.

Gladiatorial exhibition—These exhibitions were common in the later and declining days of the Roman Empire. Prisoners taken in war were set to contend with each other in the amphitheatre for the amusement of a brutal mob. The arena was the part of the amphitheatre in which these disgusting combats took place. *Arena* means literally *sand*, because the centre of the amphitheatre was covered with sand to conceal the blood. Compare Byron's famous lines:

"I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him! he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won."
Childe Harold, Canto IV.

LXXXII.—THE PILGRIMS AND THEIR PITCHERS.

Explanatory.—The following extract from *THE HAPPY HOME* by the late Dr. James Hamilton of London, is a parable, the meaning of which can be easily ascertained.

Exquisitely, beautifully.
Shivered, broken.
Shreds, fragments.
Compo'sure, calmness.

Accost'ed, spoke to.
Relics, remains.
Precincts, neighbourhood.
Adjust'ed, arranged.

It was long ago, and somewhere in the eastern clime. The King came into his garden and called the children round him. He led them up to a sunny knoll and a leafy arbour on its summit; and when they had all sat down he said, "You see far down the river, and hanging as on the sides of the hill, yonder palace? It is a palace, though here it looks so little and far away. But when you reach it you will find it a larger and sweeter home than this; and when you come you will find that I have got there before you.

"And when you arrive at the gate, that they may know that you belong to me, and may let you in, here is what each of you must take with you."

And he gave to each of the children a most beautiful alabaster jar—a little pitcher so exquisitely fashioned that you were almost afraid to touch it, so pure that you could see the daylight through it, and with delicate figures raised on its sides.

"Take this and carry it carefully. Walk steadily and the journey will soon be over."

But they had not gone far before they forgot. One was running carelessly and looking over his shoulders, when his foot stumbled; and as he fell full length on the stony path, the pitcher was shivered in a thousand pieces; and one way and another, long, long before they reached the palace, they had broken all the pitchers.

When this happened I may mention what some of them did. Some grew sulky, and knowing that it was of no use to go forward without the token, they began to shatter the fragments. Still smaller they dashed the broken shreds among the stones, and stamped them with their

feet ; and then they said, "Why trouble ourselves about this palace ? It is far away, and here is a pleasant spot. We will just stay here and play." And so they began to play.

Another could not play, but sat wringing his hands, and weeping bitterly. Another grew pale at first, but recovered his composure a little on observing that his pitcher was not broken so bad as some others. There were three or four large pieces, and these he put together as well as he could. It was a broken pitcher that could hold no water, but by a little care he could keep it together ; and so he gathered courage and began to walk along more cautiously.

Just then a voice accosted the weeping boy, and looking up he saw a very lovely form, with a sweet and pleasant countenance—such a countenance as is accustomed to be happy, though something for the present has made it sad. And in his hand he held just such a pitcher as the little boy had broken, only the workmanship was more exquisite, and the colours were as bright as the rainbow round the stranger's head.

"You may have this," he said ; "it is better than the one you have lost, and though it is not the same, they will know it at the gate !"

The little mourner could scarcely believe that it was really meant for him ; but the kind looks of the stranger encouraged him. He held out his hand for the stranger's vase, and gave a sob of joyful surprise when he found it his own.

The stranger made the same offer to the playing boys, but by this time they were so bent on their new amusements that they did not care for it. Some saucy children said he might lay his present down and leave it there if he liked, and they would take it when they wanted it. He passed away and spoke to the boy who was carrying the broken pitcher. At first he would have denied that it was broken, but the traveller's clear glance had already seen it all, and so he told him, "You had better cast it away and have this one in its stead."

The boy would have been very glad to have this new

one, but to throw away the relics of his own was what he could never think of. They were his chief dependence every time he thought of his journey's end, so he thanked the stranger and clasped his fragments firmer.

The boy with the gift pitcher and this other reached the precincts of the palace about the same time. They stood for a little and looked on. They noticed some of the white-robed inhabitants going out and in, and every time they passed the gate they presented such a token as they themselves had once got from the King, but had broken so long ago.

The boy who had accepted the kind stranger's gift now went forward and held it up; and whether it was the light glancing on it from the pearly gate, I cannot tell, but at that instant its owner thought it had never looked so fair. He who kept the gate seemed to think the same, for he gave a friendly smile, and immediately the door was lifted up to let the little pilgrim in.

The boy with the broken pitcher now began to wish that his choice had been the same: but there was no help for it now. He adjusted the fragments as skilfully as he could, and trying to look courageous, carried them in both his hands. But he who kept the gate was not to be deceived. He shook his head, and there was that sorrow in his look which leaves no hope. The bearer of the broken pitcher still held fast his useless shreds, and lingered long; but no one took any notice of him or felt the smallest pity for him, and though he made many efforts, every time he approached the door it seemed of itself to shut again.

Hamilton.

PRIDE.

The sin of pride is the sin of sins; in which all subsequent sins are included, as in their germ; they are but the unfolding of this one.

Archbishop Trench.

LXXXIII.—HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

Analysis.—Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, had bound himself to avenge his father's death, who had been foully murdered by his own brother, who thereupon married Hamlet's mother. The great weakness in Hamlet's character was want of decision. Over and over again he made up his mind to kill his usurping uncle, but as often he failed. In this famous soliloquy, he debates with himself whether, in his circumstances, it were better to live or to die. The inherent vice of his character comes out here in all its breadth. It would be an easy thing to do away with one's self, and thus get quit of all the ills that flesh is heir to, but the fear of something after death troubles the will, and causes us to bear patiently those ills which we have, rather than encounter others, of which we have no experience. In this way, man is tossed from side to side, and his want of decision renders his course uncertain and fruitless of result. The soliloquy should be read slowly, and in a thoughtful tone of voice, as if the reader were thinking out and debating with himself whether, after all, *suicide* might not be preferable to a life, where every high and lofty purpose is thwarted from indecision.

Outrageous, violent.
Consummation, end.
Rub, difficulty.
Shuffled off, laid aside.
Mortal coil, human body.
Pause, cause of anxiety.
Respect, consideration.
Contumely, insolence.

Quie'tus, rest, death.
Bod'kin, a large needle.
Far'dels, burdens.
Bourne, boundary.
Cast, tinge.
Awry, aside, out of their natural course.

To be—or not to be?—that is the question.—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune.
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die—to sleep—
No more?—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep—
To sleep—perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub.—
For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.—There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his *quietus* make
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life?
 But that the dread of something after death,
 (That undiscovered country, from whose bourne
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of.
 Thus, conscience does make cowards of us all:
 And, thus, the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action

Shakespeare.

To take arms against a sea of troubles—The metaphor has been objected to, as we do not take *arms* against a *sea*. But in the tumult of Hamlet's emotions, such expressions serve only to intensify our idea of the agitation that possessed his soul.

To die—to sleep—Observe how at first he looks upon *death* as only a *sleep*, and therefore something to be desired; but a little further on, *sleep* suggests the idea of *dreams*, and then *what dreams* may come? That's the point.

This mortal coil—Compare "this muddy vesture of decay." *Merchant of Venice*, Act IV, Scene 1.

The dread of something after death—Compare *Measure for Measure*, Act III, Scene 1—

"Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod, and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice.

"Tis too horrible!
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death."

Conscience does make cowards of us all—Compare *Macbeth*, Act II, Scene 2—

"Whence is that knocking?
 How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
 What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
 Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
 Clean from my hand?"

LXXXIV.—THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

Explanatory—Eugene Aram was born in Yorkshire in 1704. He was a man of remarkably studious habits, and, without any early training, made great progress in various branches of learning. In 1734, he set up a school in Knaresborough, where he married. About 1745, a shoemaker named Daniel Clark was suddenly missing under suspicious circumstances, but no clue to his fate was found until thirteen years afterwards. At that time, Aram was an usher in the Grammar School of Lynn, having left Yorkshire several years before. A skeleton had been discovered in a cave near Knaresborough, and a casual expression, dropped by one Richard Houseman regarding it, led to his apprehension as being concerned in the murder of Clark. From his confession, an order was issued for the arrest of Eugene Aram, who was brought to York and tried for murder on the 3rd of August, 1759. He was convicted and executed. Before his death he confessed his guilt, and acknowledged himself to be the murderer of Clark. Jealousy was the motive assigned for the crime. Lord Lytton has made the story the subject of one of his novels.

Ush'er, an undermaster in an Eng-	Sprite, spirit.
lish school.	Im'pulse, strong desire.
Pon'derous, heavy.	Tyran'nic, overmastering.
Tome, volume.	Gyves, handcuffs.
Unstable, liable to be overthrown.	

'Twas in the prime of summer time
 An evening calm and cool,
 And four-and-twenty happy boys
 Came bounding out of school:—
 There were some that ran, and some that leapt,
 Like troutlets in a pool.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
 And shouted as they ran—
 Turning to mirth all things on earth,
 As only boyhood can:—
 But the usher sat remote from all,
 A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
 To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
 For a burning thought was in his brow,
 And his bosom ill at ease:
 So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
 The book between his knees!

At last he shut the ponderous tome ;
 With a fast and fervent grasp
 He strained the dusky covers close,
 And fixed the brazen hasp :
 " O God ! could I so close my mind,
 And clasp it with a clasp ! "

Then leaping on his feet upright,
 Some moody turns he too' ,
 Now up the mead, then down the mead,
 And past a shady nook :—
 And lo ! he saw a little boy
 That pored upon a book.

" My gentle lad ! what is't you read ?—
 Romance or fairy fable ?
 Or is it some historic page,
 Of kings and crowns unstable ? "
 The young boy gave an upward glance—
 " It is the death of Abel."

The usher took six hasty strides,
 As smit with sudden pain ;
 Six hasty strides beyond the place,
 Then slowly back again :
 And down he sat beside the lad,
 And talked with him of Cain.

He told how murderers walked the earth
 Beneath the curse of Cain—
 With crimson clouds before their eyes,
 And flames about their brain :—
 For blood has left upon their souls
 Its everlasting stain !

" And well," quoth he, " I know, for truth,
 Their pangs must be extreme—
 Woe ! woe ! ! unutterable woe—
 Who spill life's sacred stream !
 For why ?—Methought last night I wrought
 A murder, in a dream.

" One that had never done me wrong—
 A feeble man, and old ;—
 I led him to a lonely field,
 (The moon shone clear and cold :)
 Now here," said I, " this man shall die,
 And I will have his gold !

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone ;
One hurried gash with a hasty knife—
And then the deed was done :—
There was nothing lying at my foot,
But lifeless flesh and bone !

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill ;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still ;
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill !

"And lo ! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame :
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame :—
I took the dead man by the hand,
And called upon his name !

"Oh ! how it made me quake, to see
Such sense within the slain !
For when I touched the lifeless clay—
The blood gush'd out again !—
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain !

"And now from forth the frowning sky,—
From the heaven's topmost height,—
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite :—
'Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight !'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme—
(My gentle boy, remember—this
Is nothing but a dream !)

"Down went the corse, with a hollow plunge,
And vanish'd in the pool ;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school.

" All night I lay in agony,—
In anguish dark and deep ;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep—
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep !

" Al' night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting, horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time—
A mighty yearning—like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime !

" One stern, tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave ;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave—
Still urging me to go and see
The Dead Man in his grave !

" Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool,
With a wild misgiving eye ;
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry !

" Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing ;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing ;
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

" With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began—
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murder'd man !

" And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where !
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there ;
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare !

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep;
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep,
Or land, or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

"So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,—
The world shall see his bones!

'Oh' how that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again—with a dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake!

"And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul—
It stands before me now!"
The fearful Boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow!

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist—
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

"The Death of Abel"—This is the title of a small German work, which has been translated into English, and for a while enjoyed considerable popularity.

He told how murderers walked the earth, &c.—The scholar may compare Dickens' account of Bill Sykes after the murder of Nancy in *Oliver Twist*.

Who spills life's sacred stream—Compare Leviticus xvii, 10-14; and Genesis ix, 4

The blood gushed out again—It is a common tradition that, if a murderer touch the body of the person he has murdered, the blood will flow afresh.

That earth refused to keep —Compare *Macbeth*, Act III, Scene 4 : —

"The times have been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crown,
And push us from our stools."

Cranmer—Archbishop Cranmer, who perished at the stake in the reign of the "bloody" Mary of England. Through natural timidity, he had been induced to sign a recantation of what were called his heretical doctrines; but, disavowing this recantation, he was condemned to be burned. At the stake he thrust his right hand, with which he had signed the recantation, into the fire, exclaiming, "That unworthy hand!"

LXXXV.—THE ST. GEORGE.

Illu'sion, a false or unreal appearance.

Fervid, warm, glowing.

Sanguine, hopeful.

Profiles, outlines seen from a side view.

Absorb'd, intense, earnest.

Development, growth.

Conceptions, thoughts, imaginations.

Detected, observed, discovered.

Ward, keep off.

Models, shapes.

Equivocation, evasion.

It stood in the artist's studio: and all Florence came to look at it, all examined it with curiosity, all admired it with eagerness; all pronounced it the master-piece of Donatello. The whole town was in raptures; and lovely ladies, as they bent from their carriages to answer the salutes of the Princes and Dukes, said, "Have I seen the new statue by Donatello?"

Is there an art like that of sculpture? Painting is a brilliant illusion—a lovely dream. Sculpture, while it represents a reality, is itself a reality. The pencil pours its fervid hues upon perishable canvas, and they fade with the passing air; but the chisel works in eternal marble—strikes out a creation immortal as the globe, and beautiful as the soul.

"I told thee, Donatello," said Lorenzo, "thou wouldst excel all thy rivals!"

"Fling by thy chisel now," cried another, "thou canst add nothing to that."

"I shall cease, hereafter, my devotion to the antique," cried a third.

Among the crowds who flocked to the studio of Donatello, there was a youth who had given some promise of excellence. Many said that with intense study he might one day make his name heard beyond the Alps; and some went so far as to hint that in time he might tread close on the heels even of Donatello himself: but these were sanguine men, and great friends of the young man; besides, they spoke at random.—They called this student Michael Angelo.

He had stood a long time regarding it with fixed eyes and folded arms. He walked from one position to another, measured it with his keen glances from head to foot, regarded it before, behind, and studied its profiles from various points. The venerable Donatello saw him, and awaited his long and absorbed examination, with the flattered pride of an artist, and the affectionate indulgence of a father. At length Michael Angelo stopped once more before it, inhaled a long breath, and broke the profound silence. "It wants only one thing," muttered the gifted boy.

"Tell me," cried the successful artist, "what it wants. This is the first censure which my St. George has elicited. Can I improve? Can I alter? Is it in the clay or the marble? Tell me!"

But the critic had disappeared.

Donatello knew the mighty genius of Michael Angelo. He had beheld the flashes of the sacred fire, and watched the development of the spirit within him.

"What!" cried the old man, "Michael Angelo gone to Rome, and not a word of advice about my statue?—The scape-grace! but I shall see him again, or, by the mass, I will follow him to the eternal city. His opinion is worth that of all the world! But one thing!" He looked at it again—he listened to the murmurs of applause which it drew from all who beheld it—a placid smile settled on his face. "But one thing: what can it be."

Years rolled by. Michael Angelo remained at Rome, or made excursions to other places, but had not yet re-

turned to Florence. Wherever he had been men regarded him as a comet—something fiery, terrible, tremendous, sublime. His fame spread over the globe; what his chisel touched it hallowed. He spurned the dull clay, and struck his vast and intensely brilliant conceptions at once from the marble. Michael Angelo was a name to worship, a spell in the arts, an honour to Italy, to the world. What he praised, lived; what he condemned, perished.

As Donatello grew old, his anxiety grew more powerful to know what the inspired eyes of the wonderful artist had detected in his great statue.

At length the immortal Florentine turned his eyes to his native republic, and, as he reached the summit of the hill which rises on the side of *Porta Romana*, he beheld the magnificent and glorious dome, and *Campanile*, shining in the soft golden radiance of the setting sun.

"Ah, death! can no worth ward thee? Must the inspired artist's eyes be dark, his hand motionless, his heart still, and his inventive brain as dull as the clay he models?" Yes! Donatello lies stretched on his last couch, and the light of life is passing from his eyes; yet even in that awful hour, his thoughts ran on the wishes of his past years, and he sent for the Florentine artist.

His friend came instantly.

"I am going, Michael, my chisel is idle, my vision is dim; but I feel thy hand, my noble boy, and I hear thy kind breast sob. I glory in thy renown: I predicted it; and I bless my Creator that I have lived to see it; but before I sink into the tomb, I charge thee, on thy friendship, on thy religion, answer my question truly."

"As I am a man, I will."

"Then tell me (without equivocation) what it is that my St. George wants?"

"The gift of speech!" was the reply.

A gleam of sunshine fell across the old man's face. The smile lingered on his lips long after he lay cold as the marble upon which he had so often stamped the conception of his genius.

Scottish Annual

Florence—An ancient and famous city of Italy on the river Arno
 Donatello—A celebrated sculptor of Florence.

Michael Angelo—Belonged to a noble Roman family, was born A.D., 1474, and distinguished himself as painter, sculptor, and poet. He died in 1563. His most celebrated painting is the *Last Judgment*, which is painted on the ceiling and end wall of the Sistine Chapel in Rome.

The eternal city—Rome.

Porta Romana—The *Roman Gate*, the gate that leads from Florence to Rome.

Campanile—The name given to a detached tower, in several parts of Italy, erected for the purpose of containing bells. The most famous is the Campanile of Pisa.

QUESTIONS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. What was the St. George?
2. What contrast is drawn in the lesson between painting and sculpture?
3. What do you know of Michael Angelo? | 4. What did he mean when he said that Donatello's <i>St. George</i> wanted only <i>one</i> thing. |
|--|---|

LXXXVI.—BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.

Scant, too small.

Spangled, set with SPANGLES, *i.e.*, bright shining bodies like beads.

Repining, complaining, murmuring.

Cor'geous, showy, splendid.

Contrition, penitence, sorrow.

Lute, an instrument of music with strings.

I was standing in the broad crowded street of a large city. It was a cold winter's day. There had been rain; and although the sun had been shining brightly, yet the long icicles hung from the eaves of the houses, and the wheels rumbled loudly as they passed over the ground. There was a clear bright look, and a cold bracing feeling in the air, and a keen north-west wind, which quickened every step.

Just then a little child came running along—a poor, ill-clad child. Her clothes were scant and thread-bare; she had no cloak and no shawl, and her little bare feet looked red and suffering. She could not have been more than eight years old. She carried a bundle in her hand. Poor little shivering child! I pitied her. As she passed me her foot slipped, and she fell with a cry of pain; but

she held the bundle tightly in her hand, and jumping up, although she limped sadly, endeavoured to run as before.

"Stop, little girl, stop!" said a sweet voice; and a beautiful woman wrapped in a huge shawl, and with furs around her, came out of a jeweller's shop close by.

"Poor little child," she said, "are you hurt? sit down on this step and tell me."



"Oh, I cannot," said the little child; "I cannot wait, I am in such a hurry. I have been to the shoemaker's, and mother must finish this work to-night or else she will never get any more shoes to bind."

"To-night?" said the beautiful woman; "to-night?"

"Yes," said the child, for the stranger's manner had made her bold—"yes, for the great ball to-night; and these satin slippers must be spangled, and——"

The beautiful woman took the bundle from the child's

hand and unrolled it. You do not know why her face flushed, and then turned pale ; but I looked into the bundle, and on the inside of a slipper I saw a name (a lady's name) written, but I shall not tell it.

"And where does your mother live, little girl?"

So the child told her where, and then she told her that her father was dead, and that her little brother was sick, and that her mother bound shoes that they might have bread ; but that sometimes they were very cold, and that her mother sometimes cried because she had no money to buy milk for her little brother. And then I saw that the lady's eyes were full of tears ; and she rolled up the bundle quickly and gave it back to the little girl, and turning away, went back into the shop from which she had just come out. As she went away I saw the glitter of a diamond pin. Presently she came back, and stepping into a handsome carriage rolled off.

The little girl looked after her a moment, and then, with her little bare feet, colder than they were before, ran quickly away.

I followed the little girl to a narrow damp street, and into a small dark room ; I there saw her mother—her sad faded mother, but with a face so sweet, so patient, hushing and soothing a sick baby. And the baby slept, and the mother laid it on her lap ; and the bundle was unrolled, and a dim candle helped her with her work ; for though it was not night, yet her room was very dark. Then, after a while, she kissed her little girl, and bade her warm her poor frozen feet over the scanty fire in the grate, and gave her a little piece of bread, for she had no more, and then she heard her say her evening prayer, and folded her tenderly to her bosom, blessed her, and told her that the angels would take care of her.

And the little child dreamed. Oh ! such pleasant dreams of warm stockings and new shoes ; but the mother sewed alone, and as the bright spangles glittered on the satin slippers, came there no repining into her head ? When she thought of her child's bare, cold feet, and of the scant morsel of dry bread that had not satisfied her hunger, came there visions of a bright room and gorgeous

clothing, and a table loaded with all that was good, a little portion of which spared to her would give warmth and comfort to her humble dwelling. If such thoughts came, and others of a pleasant cottage, and of one who had dearly loved her, and whose strong arm had kept want and trouble from her and her babes, but who could never come back—if these thoughts did come repiningly, there also came another; and the widow's hands were clasped and her head bowed low in deep contrition, as I heard her say, "Father, forgive me, for thou doest all things well, and I will trust in thee."

Just then the door opened softly and some one entered. Was it an angel? Her dress was spotless white, and she moved with a noiseless step. She went to the bed where the sleeping child lay, and covered it with soft, warm blankets. Then presently a fire sparkled and blazed in the grate, such as it had never known before. Then a huge loaf was placed on the table, and fresh milk for the sick babe. Then she passed gently before the mother, and drawing the unfinished slipper from her hand, placed there a purse of gold, and said, in a voice like music, "Bless thy God, who is the God of the fatherless and the widow," and she was gone; only as she went out I heard her say, "Better than diamonds, better than diamonds!" Whom could she mean? I looked at the mother. With clasped hands and streaming eyes, she blessed her God who had sent an angel to comfort her.

So I went too; and I went to a bright room where were music and dancing, and sweet flowers; and I saw the young happy faces of those who were there, and beautiful dresses sparkling with jewels; but none that I knew until one passed me whose dress was of simple white, with only a rose-bud on her bosom, and whose voice was like the sweet sound of a silver lute. No spangled slipper was on her foot, but she moved as one that treadeth upon the air, and the divine beauty of holiness had so glorified her face, that I felt as I gazed upon her that she was almost an angel of God.

Anonymous.

LXXXVII.—THE FRAME-WORK OF THE HUMAN BODY.

Interlock'ed, clasping each other.
 Appropriately, fitly.
 Screened, protected from injury.
 Cartilage, gristle.
 Obliquely, not in a right line,
 slanting.

Lig'ament, that which ties one
 thing to another the ligaments
 are softer than the cartilages.
 Betrays', shows, exhibits.

ALL persons know how important it is that the framework of a house, such as the walls, the posts, the beams, and the rafters, should be made of strong materials, and be well put together. If there should be anything wrong in the framework, or if the materials should be poor, of what use would the building be after it should be completed?

The human body has a framework, which sustains *the house we live in*. This house of ours, unlike the houses of men's making, is designed to be moved from place to place, and to be put in many different positions. It must be a strong and curiously planned framework that can support such a house, without being broken or injured by the many movements required of it. And yet, if this house of ours be properly taken care of, the framework will support it, and carry it about a great many years; and what is still more curious, if any of the parts of the house, such as a door, a hinge, or a post, get a little worn or injured by use, each has the power, with a little aid from the other parts, of repairing itself.

The bones of the body constitute the movable framework of which we have spoken. There are a great many of these bones—not less than two hundred and eight in number, besides the teeth—and they are joined together very curiously, and kept in their places by a great variety of braces, and bands, and cords, and pulleys, that hold the framework firmly, while they allow it to move freely in almost every direction.

This curious framework is sometimes called the *skeleton*. Nothing ever made by man can compare with it in beauty and excellence of workmanship. At the upper part of it is

what is called the *skull*, which is composed of eight bony plates, closely interlocked on their edges. It covers the top of the head, like a bowl or basin, giving support to the scalp or skin of the head, and the hair, and protecting from injury the *brain*, which lies beneath. The brain is the seat of thought. It is there that we think, and will, and reason; that we reflect upon the past, and make plans for the future. The brain is a very delicate organ; and, as it requires the very greatest care and protection, it is lodged in the hollow of the skull, which is the strongest and safest room in the house we live in. This lodging place has been very appropriately called "*the chamber of the soul*."

On the front side of this chamber are two openings, which have been called "*the windows of the soul*." They are placed with great care in little hollows called sockets, so as to be as little exposed as possible to danger from blows, that might chance to fall against that side of the chamber; and, by a little roof that projects over them, they are screened from the dust, the wind, and the rain.



These windows are the most curious and most wonderful pieces of workmanship that can be conceived.

But besides the bones of the skull, there are no less than fourteen bones of the face, and four small bones of the ear, and all together make up the framework of the *head*, which rests upon still another set of bones, called the spine, backbone, or *spinal column*. This spinal column, which is a very important part of the house we live in, and is the chief support of the body, is composed of no less than twenty-four bones, placed one upon another, and so closely interlocked and bound together, that it is almost impossible to separate them. Yet this column is very pliable and elastic, for it can be bent in all directions without injury; and between the bones are little cushions, formed of what is called *cartilage*, which yield to pressure like India-rubber, and spring back to their natural position when the pressure is removed.

Branching forward, and obliquely downward from the sides of this spinal column, are the ribs, twelve on each side, most of them fastened to the breast bone in front. They give protection to the liver, lungs, heart, and large blood-vessels. Then there are the bones of the hands and the arms, the latter supported at the shoulder by the collar-bone, the bones at the lower part of the body, and the bones of the legs and feet; and thus we have the framework of the body completed.

The manner in which all the pieces of this framework are joined together, and the means by which they are made to move easily in various directions, are exceedingly curious. Thus the shoulder has one kind of joint, and the elbow another, while the joints of the wrists and fingers are different still—each adapted to the motions which it is required to perform. They are also firmly held together by strong bands or ligaments; and the ends of the bones are very hard and smooth, and kept constantly oiled that they may not rub harshly upon each other. All these things show very clearly the wisdom and skill of Him who planned the framework of the house we live in.

“This curious frame betrays the power divine,
With God’s own image stamped on every line.”

QUESTIONS.

1. What things are essential in the frame-work of a house?
2. Wherein does the house we live in differ from ordinary houses?
3. What constitutes the frame-work of the human body?
4. How many bones are there in the body?
5. What name is given to this frame-work?
6. What forms the upper end of the skeleton, and of what is the skull composed?
7. Why is the skull so strong?
8. What has been called the *chamber of the soul*?
9. What are the *windows* of the soul?
10. Describe the position of these windows.
11. On what does the *head* rest?
12. Describe the *spinal* column.
13. Where are the ribs?
14. What lesson may we draw from the whole structure of the human skeleton?

LXXXVIII.—SUNSHINE AND SHOWER.

Copse, a thicket of low shrubs.

Waned, passed away.

Hue, colour.

Fretting, grumbling, complaining.

Raft, a number of boards tied together so as to float with the tide.

Parched, dried, scorched.

Two children stood at their father's gate,
 Two girls with golden hair ;
 And their eyes were bright, and their voices glad,
 Because the morn was fair.
 For they said, " We will take that long, long walk
 In the hawthorn copse to-day ;
 And gather great bunches of lovely flowers
 From off the scented May ;
 And oh ! we shall be so happy there,
 'Twill be sorrow to come away."

As the children spoke, a little cloud
 Pass'd slowly along the sky ;
 And one look'd up in her sister's face,
 With a tear-drop in her eye.
 But the other said, " Oh ! heed it not,
 'Tis far too fair to rain ;
 That little cloud may search the sky
 For other clouds in vain."
 And soon the children's voices rose
 In merriment again.

But ere the morning hours had waned,
 The sky had changed its hue ;
 And that one cloud had chased away
 The whole great heaven of blue.

The rain fell down in heavy drops ;
The wind began to blow ;
And the children, in their nice warm room,
Went fretting to and fro ;
For they said, " When we have aught in store,
It *always* happens so ! "

Now these two fair-haired sisters
Had a brother out at sea—
A little midshipman, aboard
The gallant " Victory."
And on that self-same morning,
When they stood beside the gate,
His ship was wreck'd ! and on a raft
He stood all desolate,
With the other sailors round him
Prepared to meet their fate.

Beyond they saw the cool, green land—
The land with her waving trees ;
And her little brooks, that rise and fall
Like butterflies in the breeze ;
But above, the burning noontide sun,
With scorching stillness shone ;
Their throats were parch'd with bitter thirst,
And they knelt down, one by one,
And pray'd to God for a drop of rain,
And a gale to waft them on.

And then the little cloud was sent—
That shower in mercy giv'n ;
And, as a bird before the breeze,
Their raft was landward driven.
And some few mornings after,
When the children met once more,
And their brother told the story,
They knew it was the hour
When *they had wished for sunshine,*
And God had sent the shower.

MORAL.

MAN PROPOSES, BUT GOD DISPOSES.

LXXXIX.—LOVE THE AGED.

Antique, old, ancient.
Wreath, a chaplet.
Tomes, volumes.
Legendary lore, stories.

Exul'ting, rejoicing, triumphing.
Control, restraint.
Venerable, to be treated with respect.

I LOVE the old—to lean beside
The antique easy chair,
And pass my fingers softly o'er
A wreath of silver'd hair ;
To press my glowing lips upon
The furrow'd brow, and gaze
Within the sunken eye, where dwells
The "light of other days."

To fold the pale and feeble hand
That on my youthful head
Has lain so tenderly, the while
The ev'ning prayer was said ;
To nestle down close to the heart,
And marvel how it held
Such tomes of legendary lore,
The chronicles of old.

O youth ! thou hast so much of joy,
So much of life and love ;
So *many* hopes—Age has but *one*—
The hope of bliss above.
Then turn awhile from these away,
To cheer the old, and bless
The wasted heart-spring with a stream
Of gushing tenderness.

Thou treadest now a path of bloom,
And thine exulting soul
Springs proudly on, as though it mock'd
At time's unfelt control.
But they have march'd a weary way,
Upon a thorny road ;
Then soothe the toil-worn spirits ere
They pass away to God.

Yes, love the aged, bow before
 The venerable form,
 So soon to seek beyond the sky
 A shelter from the storm.
 Aye, love them ; let thy silent heart
 With reverence untold,
As pilgrims very near to heaven,
 Regard and love the old.

L. V. Smith.

XC.—A LION HUNT.

[GERARD, from whose adventures the following extract is taken, was an officer in the French army, employed in Algeria, a French province in the north of Africa. He was a man of great courage, and a capital marksman, and succeeded in killing a great number of lions, thus acquiring a great reputation, both among his own countrymen and among the natives of the country. He published an account of his adventures in French, written with great spirit and modesty.]

Waylay, to come upon one un-
 awares,
 Remonstrances, warnings, en-
 treaties.
 Corporal, a non-commissioned
 officer, the lowest in rank.
 Carbine, a small gun, carried by
 cavalry.
 Clamour, noise, barking.
 Serene, clear.

Overcast, covered with clouds.
 Lu'minous, clear, bright.
 Contem'plated, watched.
 Illumined, lighted up.
 Loomed up, appeared larger than
 reality.
 Un'dulating, flowing, waving up
 and down.
 Congratulations, good wishes

On the 4th of August, 1844, I received an invitation from the inhabitants of Mahouna, the lions' paradise, which I immediately accepted. On my arrival, about sunset, I found the village surrounded by immense piles of light wood, arranged for the reception of the lion, that paid them nightly calls. I forbade them being kindled, and immediately selected the place I intended to occupy, in order to waylay him that very night, in case he should come as usual to prey on the herds. Having, by careful searching, found the route by which the animal usually came, I took my seat directly in his path, in spite of the remonstrances of the Arabs.

Finding me fixed in my purpose, they brought me mats and cushions ; and a smoking repast was soon placed by

the side of the couch that was to serve me for the night. My hosts remained with me till a late hour, telling many tragic stories of the strength and ferocity of the lion. As midnight approached, the party broke up, with many prayers for my success. I remained on the watch, with a native corporal in the French service, named Saadi, whose brother was chief of this country. He was armed with a carbine, and I with a double barrellled rifle.



About one o'clock in the morning, my Arab friend, little accustomed to these night watches, pleaded guilty to being very sleepy, and stretched himself out behind me, where, to do him justice, he slept most soundly. I know many brave men who would not have done as much, while lying in wait for a lion. I had taken the precaution to have all the dogs tied up under the tents, so as to quiet their customary clamour: and now, in the dead silence around me, I could detect the faintest noise or motion. Up to

this time, the heavens had been serene, and the moon clear; but soon clouds gathered in the west, and came scudding past before a warm sultry wind; and a little later, the sky was all overcast, the moon disappeared, and the thunder rolled round us in heavy peals, announcing a coming tempest. Then the rain fell in torrents, and, drenching my companion, he awoke, and we consulted for a moment about returning. But while we were talking, an Arab called out from the tents, "Beware, the lion will come with the storm!"

This decided me to remain at my post, and I covered the locks of my gun with the skirts of my coat. Soon the rain ceased; flashes of lightning played round the distant horizon; and the moon, brighter than ever, came in and out from the fleecy clouds over our heads. I took advantage of every one of these brief moments of clear sky to survey the country about me, and to examine every clump of trees or fallen log; and it was in one of these short luminous intervals that, all of a sudden, I thought I saw the lion. I waited breathless till the moon came out again. Yes, it was he! standing motionless only a few paces from the camp. Accustomed to see fires lighted at every tent, to hear a hundred dogs barking in terror, and to see the men hurling lighted brands at him, he, without doubt, was at a loss to explain the rather suspicious silence that reigned around him.

While I was turning slowly round, in order to take better aim, without being seen by the animal, a cloud shut out the moon. I was seated with my left elbow on my knee, my rifle at my shoulder, watching, by turns, the lion, that I only recognized as a confused mass, and the passing cloud, the extent of which I anxiously contemplated. At length it passed by; and the moonlight, dearer to me than the most beautiful sunshine, illuminated the scene, and again showed me the lion still standing in the same place. I saw him the better, because he was so much raised above me; and he loomed up proudly magnificent, standing, as he was, in majestic repose, with his head high in air, and his flowing mane undulating in the wind, and falling to his knees. It was a black lion, of

noble form, and the largest size. As he presented his side to me, I aimed just behind his shoulder, and fired. I heard a fierce roar of mingled pain and rage, echoing up the hills, with the report of my gun, and then from under the smoke, I saw the lion bounding upon me.

Saadi, roused the second time that night from his slumbers, sprang to his gun, and was about to fire over my shoulder. With a motion of my arm, I pushed aside the barrel of his gun; and when the beast, still roaring furiously, was within three steps of me, I fired my second directly into his breast. Before I could seize my companion's gun, the lion rolled at my feet, bathing them in the blood that gushed in torrents from his throat. He had fallen so near me that I could have touched him from where I stood.

It was a long time before the Arabs could believe that the lion was really dead, or venture into the presence of the fallen monarch of the forest. But when assured that their dread enemy, from whom they had suffered so much, could no longer harm them, they overwhelmed me with thanks and congratulations. The men, with stately grace, kissed the hem of my garment, or my rifle that lay at my side, saying, "May God strengthen your arm, and bless you." The women kissed my hand, saying, "God bless the mother that bore you." The mothers lifted up their children in their arms, that they might touch me and kiss me, saying, "Don't be afraid, he only harms the lion; he is our friend and brother."

I can truly say, with all sincerity, that there were no voices so sweet as those which named my mother's name, that asked me her age, and when I had left her, if I ever heard from her now when far away, if I wanted to see her, and if she were ever coming to their country; and that ended their questions by invoking a thousand blessings on her honoured head.

Gerard.

Mahouna—A place in the province of Guelma in Algeria.

XCL.—USES OF THE OCEAN.

In dispensable, absolutely necessary.

Inexhaustible, that cannot be dried up.

Crested, white-foamed waves.

Anthem, song of praise.

Scavenger, one who cleans streets.

Omnipresent, everywhere present.

Omniscient, seeing everything.

Sanatory, designed to promote health.

Sediment, deposit, that which settles down.

Malaria, poisonous matter.

Pivot, that on which anything turns.

It is a common thing, in speaking of the sea, to call it "a waste of waters." But this is a mistake. Instead of being a waste and desert, it keeps the earth itself from becoming a desert. It is the world's fountain of life, and health and beauty; and if it were taken away, the grass would perish from the mountains, the forests would crumble on the hills, the harvests would become powder on the plains, the continents would be one vast Sahara of frosts and fire, and the solid globe itself would swing in the heavens, silent and dead, as on the first morning of creation. Water is indispensable to all life, animal or vegetable. This element of water is supplied entirely by the sea.

The sea is the great inexhaustible fountain, which is continually pouring up into the sky as many streams and as large, as the rivers of the world are pouring into it. The sea is the real birthplace of the clouds and the rivers, and out of it come all the rains and dews of heaven. We are surrounded every moment by the presence and bounty of the sea. It looks out upon us from every violet in our garden; from every spire of grass, that drops upon our passing feet the beaded dew of the morning; from the bending grain, that fills the arm of the reaper; from the bursting presses, and barns filled with plenty; from the broad foreheads of our cattle, and the rosy faces of our children; from the cool dropping well at our door; from the brook that murmurs at its side, and from the elm and spreading beech that weave their protecting branches beneath the sun, and swing their breezy shadows over our habitation.

It is the sea that feeds us. It is the sea that clothes us.

It cools us with the summer cloud, and warms us with the blazing fires of winter. We make wealth for ourselves and for our children out of its rolling waters, though we may live hundreds of miles away from its shores, and never have looked on its crested beauty, or listened to its eternal anthem. Thus the sea, though it bears no harvest on its bosom, yet sustains all the harvests of the world. Though a desert itself, it makes all the other wildernesses of the earth to bud and blossom as the rose. Though its own waters are as salt and wormwood, it makes the clouds of heaven to drop with sweetness, opens springs in the valleys and rivers among the hills, and fountains in all dry places, and gives drink to all the inhabitants of the earth.

The sea is a perpetual source of health to the world. Without it there could be no drainage for the land. It is the scavenger of the world. Its agency is omnipresent. Its vigilance is omniscient. Where no sanitary committee could ever come, where no police could ever penetrate, its myriad eyes are searching, and its million hands are busy exploring all the lurking places of decay, bearing swiftly off all the dangerous sediments of life, and laying them a thousand miles away in the slimy bottom of the deep.

The sea is also set to purify the atmosphere. The winds, whose wings are heavy, and whose breath is sick with the malaria of the lands over which they have blown, are sent out to range over these mighty pastures of the deep, to plunge and play with its rolling billows, and dip their pinions over and over in its healing waters. There they rest when they are weary. There they rouse themselves when they are refreshed, and lifting its waves upon their shoulders, they dash it into spray, and hurl it backwards and forwards through a thousand leagues of sky. Thus their whole substance is drenched and bathed, and washed through and through by this glorious baptism. Thus they fill their mighty wings once more with the sweet breath of ocean; and, striking for the shore, they go breathing health and vigor, along all the fainting hosts that wait for them in mountain and forest, and valley and

plain, till the whole drooping continent lifts up its rejoicing face, and mingles its laughter with the sea.

The sea keeps all our mills and factories in motion. Thus it spins our thread and weaves our cloth. It is the sea that cuts our iron bars like wax, and rolls them out into proper thinness, or piles them into the solid shaft, strong enough to be the pivot of a revolving planet. It is the sea that tunnels the mountain, and bores the mine, and lifts the coal from its sunless depth, and the ore from its rocky bed. It is the sea that lays the iron track, that builds the iron horse, that fills his nostrils with fiery breath, and sends his tireless hoofs thundering across the continents. It is the power of the sea that is doing for man all those mightiest works that would be else impossible. It is by this power that he is to level the mountains, to tame the wilderness, to throw his paths around the globe, and make his nearest approaches to omnipresence and omnipotence.—*L. Swain.*

QUESTIONS.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What epithet is often applied to the sea? 2. Show that this is a mistake. 3. What would happen if the sea were taken away? 4. Whence do we obtain all our supplies of water? 5. How does the water pass from the sea to the atmosphere? | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6. What traces of the sea can we observe all around us? 7. Show how the sea feeds us. 8. Show how the sea acts as a great sanitary agent. 9. How does the sea purify the atmosphere? 10. Show the uses of the sea in our mills, factories, and rail-roads. |
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[XCII]—EFFECTS OF MACHINERY

Material, that of which anything is made.
Reduced, lowered, made less.
Decreased, lessened.
Commodities, goods.
Threatened, seemed likely.

Benefits, does good to.
Consumers, those who use the goods.
Producers, those that manufacture goods.

FOUR hundred years ago, all the books in use were written with pen and ink, and the labour of making a book was very great indeed. Books were also very expensive, for the writers of them—*scribes*, as they were called—were scarce, as so few persons could write, and the large amount

of time taken up in writing had to be well paid for. But, when the art of printing was invented, it was found that a man with a printing press and types, could produce hundreds of times as many books with his *machinery*, as could the scribe with his *pen*.

As the cost of a printer's labour was no more than the cost of the same amount of a scribe's labour, and the printer's labour was so much more productive, printed books could be sold much cheaper than those that were written. For, if a scribe could write *one* book in a week, a printer could print at least *five hundred* of them, with the same amount of labour, and could therefore sell each of them for very much less. Accordingly, when books began to be printed, so great was the difference between the cost of production by writing and by printing, that the scribes stood no chance of living, and very soon lost all their work.

The *material* also was made more productive by the use of machinery for printing. The same quantity of paper that made only one written book, was enough to make many printed books, so that there was a saving of materials as well as a saving of labour. The cost of producing books having been so much reduced by the use of printing machinery, owing to their taking so much less material and labour to make them, their price was gradually reduced; and now a better Bible can be bought for a *shilling*, than could at one time be bought for *fifty pounds*.

In the manufacture of cotton goods also, the use of machinery has produced wonderful differences in price, because it has so much lessened the cost of production. Seventy years ago, cotton-spinners, with their machines, spun fine cotton threads that could not have been spun at all by hand, and which then sold at *twenty guineas* a pound. Since that time, the use of better machines has so much decreased the cost of producing these fine threads—or yarns, as they are called—that the same quality of yarn can now be sold at *fifteen shillings* a pound.

Before the stocking loom was invented, a good pair of

stockings cost five shillings, because of the amount of labour required to make them; by the same amount of labour with the stocking loom, a woman can make so many pairs, that each pair can be sold for a shilling. Within the last few years, farmers have begun to use reaping and thrashing machines; because they find that, after adding together the cost of the machines, and the cost of the labour required to work them, it costs much less to reap and thrash the wheat by these machines, than to do it by the hand.

A sewing machine has lately been invented, by which a woman can do twenty times as much work as with her needle; it has made the labour of sewing twenty times as productive as before. This being the case, the cost of the labour of sewing with it is only one-twentieth of the cost of the labour of sewing with the needle; and even after adding the greater cost of the machine, the cost of producing goods by the sewing machine is so much less than the cost of the same goods sewn with the needle, that they can be sold at a much lower price. When more tailors, shirt, shoe, and dress makers, make use of these machines, we shall get clothes cheaper than we now do.

Now, it is quite plain that all consumers benefit by the use of machinery, as they get commodities at a lower price in consequence. The only persons, who are thought to *lose* by the use of machinery, are the work people, some of whom are sometimes thrown out of work by the use of a new machine, which requires fewer persons to attend it. But even these lose for a *time* only, because the increased demand for the cheapened articles, always in the end gives employment to a larger number of people than were employed before the machine was used.

This has clearly been the case with the use of machinery for printing. When this was first used, all the scribes lost their employment; but before long there was more than enough employment for them at the printing presses, because of the greatly increased demand for books. Within a very few years there were twenty times as many printers

employed as there once were scribes ; and there can be no doubt but that there are now hundreds of times as many persons employed in producing books, as there would be if books were written.

Ninety years ago, a cotton spinning machine was invented that enabled one man to do the work of twenty, and so threatened to turn out of work nineteen out of every twenty hand-spinners. This caused them to be alarmed, to cry out against the use of these machines, and even to go about the country breaking them up, as they were thought to be the greatest enemies to the spinners. And so for a time they were ; but it was not long before the decrease in price, that followed the use of this machine, so greatly increased the demand for cotton yarns, that there were many more persons wanted to attend to the new machines than were before wanted to work the spinning-wheels. So much has the demand continued to increase that, for every cotton-spinner at work ninety years ago, there are now a *hundred* ; yet people said that the use of machinery would ruin the work people.

Thirty years ago, when passenger railways were coming into use, there was just as great an outcry against *them* ; it was said that they would ruin all the people who owned coaches and coach horses, as they would all be useless. But that was soon found to be a mistake, and now it is well known that there are many more horses and coaches of different kinds employed in taking people to railway stations than were employed before the railways were made, to say nothing of the numbers of *people* employed on railways. Altogether it may safely be said that, for every person employed in carrying people and goods, just before railways were made, there are now *fifty* employed.

Thus, we have seen that the use of machinery, by reducing the cost of producing commodities, benefits *all*. It benefits the *consumers*, by enabling them to buy at lower prices ; and it benefits the *producers*, by giving them more employment. As the producers are *consumers* also, it benefits *them* in two ways.

QUESTIONS.

1. Why were books so dear four hundred years ago?
2. Show how the art of printing has tended to make books cheap.
3. What has been the effect of machinery in the manufacture of cotton goods?
4. Show the effects of machinery upon the price of stockings, and on that of sewn goods.
5. How do consumers benefit by the use of machinery?
6. Who might be supposed to *lose* by the use of machinery?
7. Show that this loss is only *temporary*, by referring to—(a.) Printers. (b.) Cotton-spinners. (c.) Horse-hirers and contractors.
8. Show how the use of machinery benefits *all* classes of men.

XIII.—BURIAL OF MOSES.

Trampling, sound of feet in motion.
 Verdure, greenness.
 Procession, company of men moving in a body.
 Eyry, the hatching place of birds of prey.
 Stalking, moving stealthily in search of prey.
 Muffled, so covered as to render the sound low and solemn.

Sage, philosopher.
 Bard, poet.
 Choir, a band of singers.
 Embellished, adorned with armorial ensigns, or badges.
 Pall, a cloth thrown over the coffin.
 Bier, hearse.
 Incarnate, embodied in flesh.
 Curious, inquisitive.
 Mysteries, secrets.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
 On this side Jordan's wave,
 In a vale in the land of Moab,
 There lies a lonely grave.
 And no man dug that sepulchre,
 And no man saw it e'er;
 For the angels of God upturn'd the sod,
 And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
 That ever pass'd on earth;
 But no man heard the trampling,
 Or saw the train go forth.
 Noiselessly as the daylight
 Comes when the night is done;
 And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
 Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the springtime
 Her crown of verdure weaves,
 And all the trees on all the hills
 Open their thousand leaves;

So, without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Bethpeor's height,
Out of his rocky eyry
Look'd on the wond'rous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallow'd spot ;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth.
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land,
Men lay the sage to rest ;
And give the bard an honour'd place,
With costly marble dressed ;
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings and the organ rings
Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword ;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word.
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truth half so sage,
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour ?
The hill side for his pall ;
To lie in state, while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall ;

And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in a grave.

In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again—most wond'rous thought!—
Before the judgment day;
And stand with glory wrapp'd around
On the hills he never trod;
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Bethpeor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace;
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep,
Of him He loved so well!

By Nebo's lonely mountain—Read Deuteronomy xxxiv. particularly verse 6.

The angels of God upturned the sod—Compare Jude, v. 9.

Stanza 5—Compare any account of the burial of Wellington.

Stanza 6—St. Paul's in London, or Westminster Abbey, will illustrate this stanza.

Minster transept—A *minster* is a monastic or cathedral church. The ground plan of minsters is usually in the form of a cross, with one long aisle and a short one crossing it. The cross aisle is called the *transept*. The transept divides the long aisle into two unequal parts, the longer of which is called the *nave*, and the other the *choir*. (Illustrate on blackboard.)

Stanza 9—Compare Matthew xvii, 1-8. Luke ix, 28-36, particularly v. 31.

On the hills he never trod. The hills of Palestine, which Moses was not allowed to enter. The mount of the Transfiguration is commonly said to have been Tabor. It is more probable that it was Hermon, one of the heights of Lebanon.

XCIV.—THE SUNBEAM.

Explanatory.—Who has not experienced a thrill of delight when the sun, hidden for a time behind the clouds, suddenly burst forth and lighted up the whole face of nature? The following lines beautifully and simply give voice to this feeling. The comparison between the *sunbeam* and *faith*, contained in the last stanza, is extremely natural and touching.

Lingerer, one who delays or tarries.

Feathery, resembling feathers.

Arcades, a walk arched above; a space covered by an arch.

Fire-flies, small insects which give forth a brilliant light at night.

Array, dress.

Case ment, a part of a window-sash, opening upon hinges.

Spell, charm.

Mortals, human beings.

Hues, colours, tints.

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall :
A joy thou art and a wealth to all ;
A bearer of hope unto land and sea ;
Sunbeam, what gift hath the world like thee ?

Thou art walking the billows and ocean smiles ;
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles ;
Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,
And gladdened the sail like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades,
And the quivering leaves, that have caught thy glow,
Like fireflies glance to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains, a vapour lay
Folding their heights in its dark array ;
Thou breakest forth, and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot :
Something of sadness had wrapped the spot ;
A gleam of thee on its casement fell,
And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.

Sunbeam of summer, O, what is like thee,
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea ?
One thing is like thee, to mortals given—
The faith touching all things with hues of heaven

Mrs. Lemon

XCV.—THE ATMOSPHERE.

Syn'onyme, one of two or more words having the same or a similar meaning.

Mo'bile, movable, light.

Impun'ity, without injury.

Lavish'ly, profusely.

In'valid, a sick person.

Mantle, spread over.

Brace, strengthen.

Chast'ened, subdued, pure.

Gloam'ing, twilight.

Diver'sify, give variety to.

Monot'onous, unvaried.

Gair'ish, gaudy, brightly shining.

THE atmosphere rises above us, with its cathedral dome arching towards the heavens, to which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the apostle John saw in his vision, "a sea of glass like unto crystal." So massive is it that, when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile that we live years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap-bubble sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wing.

It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south wind brings back colour to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its northern blasts brace into new vigour the hardy children of our rugged clime.

The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the "gloaming," and the "clouds that cradle near the setting sun"; and without it the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens; the cold weather would not send its snow-feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers; the kindly rain would never fall, nor hailstorm nor fog diversify the face of the sky; our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things.

Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip slowly through her fingers, so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and each creature space to find a place of rest, and nestle to repose. In the morning, the gairish sun would at once burst from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by and bye a handful, and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth till her eyelids open, and, like man, she "goeth forth again to her labour till the evening." — *Quarterly Review*.

Grand objects which the apostle John, &c. Compare Revelation iv, 6.
 "The clouds that cradle near the setting sun" A reference to the first line of Wilson's (Christopher North) exquisite sonnet to a cloud :—
 "A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun."

"Triumphal arch" The first words of Campbell's poem on the rainbow.
 "Goeth forth again to her labour till the evening." Compare Psalm civ, 23.

XCVI.—BEHIND TIME.

Conduct'or, the person in charge of a train.
Elaps'd, gone by.
Column, a body of troops in deep file, with narrow front.
Reinforce'ments, supplies of additional troops.
Corps, body of soldiers.
Reserve, a select body of troops kept in the rear of an army in action, to give support when required.

Bank'ruptcy, failure.
Assets, property or effects.
Remitt'ances, money sent home.
Maturing, ripening. Bills or notes *mature* when they become due.
Insol'vent, one who cannot pay his debt.
Reprieve, a suspension of a sentence of death.
Ignomin'ious, shameful.

A RAILROAD train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station at which the cars usually passed each other. The conductor was late, so late, that the period during

which the down train had to wait had nearly elapsed ; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity ! and all because an engineer had been behind time.

A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated, for eight mortal hours, on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west ; reinforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight ; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost.

A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would yet be well. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and ordered them to charge the enemy. The whole world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear ; the imperial guard was beaten back ; Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was behind time.

A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had enormous assets in California, it expected remittances by a certain day, and if the sums promised arrived, its credit, its honour, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at day-break, but it was found, on inquiry, that she had brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late ; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting, had been behind time.

A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation ; and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve. A favourable answer had been expected the night before, and

though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive in season. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body swung revolving in the wind. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand which he waved rapidly to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve, but he had come too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death, because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer arrive behind time.

It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honour, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed, because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because for ever "behind time." Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people.

If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by those who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being behind time.—*Freeman Hunt.*

Grouchy—One of Napoleon's generals, who failed to come up in time at the memorable battle of Waterloo (18th June, 1815). To his non-arrival, the French attribute their defeat.

St. Helena—An island in the Atlantic, to which Napoleon was banished after his defeat at Waterloo, and where he died.

PROCRASTINATION.

Be wise to-day: 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life:
Procrastination is the thief of time.—*Young.*

XCVII.—OVER THE RIVER.

Explanatory.—The following lines, from an American authoress, describe very beautifully the expectant attitude of one who is waiting for death to reunite him with those who have gone before.

Beck'on, make signs to.
Phan'tom, ghostly, shadowy.
Myst'ic, mysterious, dark.
Yearn'ing, longing, earnestly de-
siring.

Sun'der, separate.
Flush'ing, making red.
Strand, shore.

OVER the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side :
The gleam of the snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold.
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels that met him there ;
The gates of the city we could not see ;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me !

Over the river, the boatman pale,
Carri'd another—the househo'd pet ;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie ! I see her yet !
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark :
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be ;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me !

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail.
And lo ! they have passed from our yearning heart ;
They cross the stream and are gone for aye ;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day.

We only know that their bark no more
 May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;
 Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
 They watch and beckon and wait for me !

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
 Is flushing river and hill and shore,
 I shall one day stand by the water cold,
 And list for the sound of the boatman's oar.
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail ;
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand ;
 I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
 To the better shore of the spirit land,
 I shall know the loved who have gone before,
 And joyfully sweet shall the meeting be,
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The angel of death shall carry me !

Nancy A. W. Priest.

QUESTIONS.

STANZA 1.

1. What is meant by the "river"?
2. "The gleam of the snowy robes." Quote illustrative passages.
3. What is "the rushing tide"? (Compare Addison's *Vision of Mirza*.)
4. What is the meaning of "mortal" in line eight? Give other meanings of the same word.
5. "The angels that met him there." Give illustrative passages.

STANZA 2.

6. Who is "the boatman pale"?
7. What is "the phantom bark," and why is it called "phantom"?
8. What caused the "sunshine" to "grow strangely dark"?
9. Why is the river called a "mystic" river?

STANZA 3.

10. "None return from those quiet shores." Quote a similar idea from Hamlet's "Soliloquy on Death" (Lesson LXXXIII.)
11. What is the "veil" that may not be "sundered apart"?
12. Quote any passage you remember, in which life is compared to a "sea."

STANZA 4.

13. What is the "water cold"? Why "cold"?
14. Why is the sail called a "flapping sail"?
15. What is meant by the "strand" in line 6?
16. What is "the spirit land"?

LOOKING BACK.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned;
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind.

Gray

XCVIII.—THE SKATER AND THE WOLVES.

Addict'ed, devoted to.

Sequest'ered, lonely.

Ex'cellent, glad.

Excur'sions, journeys.

Rencounter, a combat, a meeting
in which there is danger.

Peerless, matchless.

Glinting, shining fitfully.

Incrusted, covered with frozen
snow.

Reverberated, echoed back.

Miscal'culating, judging wrongly.

En'ergies, powers.

Im'minent, near at hand.

Ten'sion, stretch.

Involuntary, not of one's own
will.

Evolution, turning round.

San'guinary, bloodthirsty.

Antag'onists, enemies.

Den'izens, inhabitants.

DURING the winter of 1844, being in the northern part of Maine, I had much leisure to devote to the sports of a new country. To none of these was I more passionately addicted than to skating. The deep and sequestered lakes, frozen by the intense cold of a northern winter, presented a wide field to the lover of this pastime. Often would I bind on my skates, glide away up the glittering river, and wind each mazy streamlet that flowed beneath its fetters on toward the parent ocean, with exultant joy and delight. Sometimes these excursions were made by moonlight; and it was on one of these latter occasions that I had an encounter, which, even now, I cannot recall without a thrill of horror.

I had left my friend's house one evening just before dusk, with the intention of skating a short distance up the Kennebec, which glided directly before the door. The night was beautifully clear. The peerless moon rode through an occasional fleecy cloud, the stars twinkled in the sky, and every frost-covered tree and shrub sparkled with rare brilliancy. Light also came glinting from ice, and snow wreath, and incrusted branches, as the eye followed for miles the broad gleam of the river that, like a jewelled zone, swept between the mighty forests that bordered its banks.

And yet all was still. The cold seemed to have frozen tree, air, water, and every living thing. Even the ringing of my skates echoed back from the hill with a startling clearness, and the crackle of the ice, as I passed over it in my course, seemed to follow the tide of the river with

lightning speed. I had gone up the river nearly two miles when, coming to a little stream which empties into the larger, I turned into it to explore its course. Fir and hemlock of a century's growth met overhead, and formed an archway radiant with frost work. All was dark within; but I was young and fearless, and as I peered into an unbroken forest that reared itself on the borders of the stream, I laughed with very joyousness.

My wild hurrah rang through the silent woods, and I stood listening to the echo that reverberated again and again, until all was hushed. Suddenly a sound arose! It seemed to me to come from the ice beneath my feet. It was low and tremulous at first; but it ended in one long wild yell. I was appalled. Never before had such a noise met my ears. Presently I heard the brushwood on shore crash as though from the tread of some animal. The blood rushed to my forehead. My energies returned, and I looked around me for some means of escape. The moon shone through the opening at the mouth of the creek, by which I had entered the forest, and, considering this the best way of escape, I darted toward it like an arrow.

The opening was hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could scarcely have excelled me in flight; yet, as I turned my eyes to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the brushwood, at a pace nearly double in speed to my own. By their great speed, and the short yells which they occasionally gave, I knew at once that these were the much dreaded grey wolves. I had never met with these ferocious animals; but from the description given of them, I had little pleasure in making their acquaintance. Their untameable fierceness and untiring strength render them objects of dread to every benighted traveller.

The bushes that skirted the shore now seemed to rush past with the velocity of lightning, as I dashed on in my flight to pass the narrow opening. The outlet was nearly gained, a few seconds more and I would be comparatively safe; but in a moment my pursuers appeared on the bank above me, which here rose to the height of ten or twelve feet. There was no time for thought. I bent my head,

and dashed wildly forward. The wolves sprang ; but, miscalculating my speed, fell behind, while their intended prey glided out upon the river.

I turned toward home. The light flakes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was some distance from my pursuers, when their fierce growl told me I was still their fugitive. I did not look back, nor feel afraid. I thought of home, of the bright faces awaiting my return ;



and then all the energies of body and mind were exerted for escape. I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the days that I had spent on my good skates, never thinking that they would thus prove my only means of safety in such imminent peril.

Every half minute a furious yelp from my fierce attendants made me but too certain that they were in close pursuit. Nearer and nearer they came. I heard their feet pattering on the ice. I even felt their very breath,

and heard their in my frame w trees along the light, and my speed ; yet sti breath with a motion on my p

The wolves o to turn on sm ahead. Their were gleaming shaggy breasts passed me thei The thought f could avoid th they came too they are una line.

I immediat having regain The race was they were alm and dashed di evolution, and again sailed o lessness and b yards at each times, every m and baffled.

At one tim sanguinary a their white f me, and their fox-trap ! I tripped on a fissure, the st told.

I thought it would be b body ; for o

and heard their snuffing scent. Every nerve and muscle in my frame were stretched to the utmost tension. The trees along the shore seemed to dance in an uncertain light, and my brain turned with my own breathless speed; yet still my pursuers seemed to hiss forth their breath with a sound truly horrible, when an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course.

The wolves close behind, unable to stop, and as unable to turn on smooth ice, slipped and fell, still going on far ahead. Their tongues were lolling out; their white tusks were gleaming from their bloody mouths, their dark shaggy breasts were fleeced with foam; and as they passed me their eyes glared, and they howled with fury. The thought flashed on my mind that by this means I could avoid them—namely, by turning aside whenever they came too near; for, by the formation of their feet, they are unable to run on ice except in a straight line.

I immediately acted upon this plan. The wolves, having regained their feet, sprang directly toward me. The race was renewed for many yards up the stream; they were almost close on my back, when I glided round and dashed directly past them. A fierce yell greeted my evolution, and the wolves, slipping on their haunches, again sailed onward, presenting a perfect picture of helplessness and baffled rage. Thus I gained nearly a hundred yards at each turning. This was repeated two or three times, every moment the animals becoming more excited and baffled.

At one time, by delaying my turning too long, my sanguinary antagonists came so near that they threw their white foam over my dress, as they sprang to seize me, and their teeth clashed together like the spring of a fox-trap! Had my skates failed for one instant, had I tripped on a stick, or had my foot been caught in a fissure, the story I am now telling would never have been told.

I thought all the chances over. I thought how long it would be before I died, and then of the search for my body; for oh! how fast man's mind traces out all the

dread colours of death's picture. Only those who have been near the grim original can tell.

But I soon came opposite the house, and my hounds (I knew their deep voices) roused by the noise, bayed furiously from their kennels. I heard their chains rattle: how I wished they would break them! then I should have had protectors to match the fiercest denizens of the forest.

The wolves, taking the hint conveyed by the dogs, stopped in their mad career, and, after a few moments, turned and fled. I watched them until their forms disappeared over a neighbouring hill; then, taking off my skates, I wended my way to the house with feelings which may be better imagined than described. But even yet, I never see a broad sheet of ice by moonlight, without thinking of that snuffing breath, and those ferocious objects that followed me so closely down that frozen river.—*Whitehead.*

Maine—One of the United States of North America, lying between the 43° and 48° of north latitude. It comprises an area of rather more than 30,000 square miles. The cold of winter is very severe.

Kennebec—The largest river in Maine, after the Penobscot. It has two principal branches, the eastern and the western.

XCIX.—POETIC GEMS.

1.—MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.

Shakespeare.

2.—A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Shakespeare.

3.—OLD AGE.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er ;
 So, calm are we when passions are no more ;
 For then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
 Clouds of affection from our *younger* eyes
 Conceal that emptiness which *age* describes.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd.
 Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
 As they draw near to their eternal home ;
 Leaving the *old*, both worlds at once *they* view,
 That stand upon the threshold of the *new*.

Waller.

4.—POWER OF HOPE.

The wretch, condemned with life to part,
 Still, still on hope relies ;
 And every pang that rends the heart
 Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers the way ;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.

Goldsmith.

5.—THE EVENING CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow ;
 Long had I watch'd the glory moving on,
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
 Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow !
 Even in its very motion there was rest ;
 While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given ;
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll
 Right onwards to the golden gates of heaven ;
 Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

John Wilson

6.—TRUE DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

To make a happy fireside clime,
 To *weans* and wife ; children
 That's the true pathos and sublime
 Of human life. Burns.

7.—A DEATH-BED.

Her suffering ended with the day,
 Yet lived she at its close,
 And breathed that long, long night away,
 In statue-like repose.
 But when the sun, in all his state,
 Illumed the eastern skies,
 She pass'd through glory's morning gate,
 And walked in paradise. Aldrich (American)

C.—COMPOSITION EXERCISES.

1. Describe an elephant hunt.
2. Explain the parable of "The Pilgrims and their Pitchers."
3. Write the story of Eugene Aram.
4. Write, in your own words, the story of "The St. George."
5. Describe briefly the frame-work of the human body.
6. Write, in your own words, the story contained in Lesson LXXXVIII.
7. Write an essay on the Uses of the Ocean.
8. Explain how the use of machinery tends to lessen the price of commodities.
9. Write an abstract of Lesson XCIV.
10. Write an essay on being *Behind Time*.
11. Write an analysis of Lesson XCVII.
12. Write, in your own words, the story of the Skater and the Wolves.
13. Paraphrase any one of the poetic gems.
14. Describe the operations of harvest.
15. Describe the mode by which coal is brought to the surface of the earth.
16. Describe a boat-race, a shinty match, &c.
17. Show that exercise is necessary to health.
18. Describe some of the effects of frost.
19. Describe the manufacture of gas.

SECTION VI.

SELECT PIECES FOR RECITATION

CL.—THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
 The village smithy stands ;
 The smith a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands ;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
 His face is like the tan ;
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,
 He earns whate'er he can ;
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow ;
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
 With measured beat and slow,
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
 When the evening sun is low.

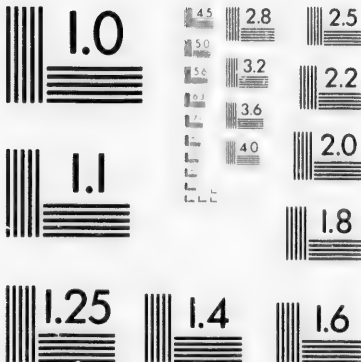
And children coming home from school
 Look in at the open door ;
 They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys ;
 He hears the parson pray and preach,
 And he hears his daughter's voice
 Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.



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It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise ;
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies :
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes :
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close :
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought !
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

Longfellow.

CII.—THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Explanatory—This extract is from Shakespeare's play of *Julius Cæsar*. After Cæsar's death, Brutus and Cassius gathered together an army, composed mainly of the old stern republican party, and endeavoured to make head against Marc Antony and young Octavius. Retiring to the east, they engaged in battle at Philippi in Macedonia, but were defeated, and with them perished the last attempt to preserve the old order of things in Rome. The quarrel took place shortly before the battle of Philippi.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this :—
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein my letters (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) were slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet,
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm :—
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods! this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement.

Bru. Remember March,—the Ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me:—
I'll not endure it.
I am a soldier
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to! you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more; I shall forget myself:—
Have mind upon your health: tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible.

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. Ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this! ay more. Fret till your proud heart break
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods!
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me—every way you wrong me, Brutus :
I said an elder soldier, not a better.

Did I say better?—

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace ; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not !—

Bru. No.

Cas. What ! durst not tempt him !

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;—

For I can raise no money by vile means :

By heaven ! I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,

By any indirection ! I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me ! Was that done like Cassius ?

Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,—

As lock such rascal counters from his friends,—

Be ready, gods ! with all your thunderbolts,

Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not :—he was but a fool

That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities :

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they did appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony ! and young Octavius, come :

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius ;

For Cassius is a-weary of the world—

Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;

Check'd like a bondman ; and all his faults observed,
 Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth ! Oh, I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast—within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
 If that thou be'st a Roman—take it forth :
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
 Strike as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
 Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger.
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope :—
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
 O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
 Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas.

O Brutus !

Bru.

What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
 When that rash humour which my mother gave me
 Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius : and, henceforth,
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Shakespeare.

The Ides of March—In the Roman Calendar the Ides fell on the 15th in the months of March, May, July and October ; in the other months on the 13th day. Cæsar was assassinated on the Ides of March.

Great Julius—Julius Cæsar, the conqueror of Gaul, and the first Roman who invaded Britain.

Olympus—A lofty mountain in Greece, the fabled residence of the gods.

Antony—Marc Antony was connected, on his mother's side, with the family of Cæsar. It was he who delivered the famous oration over the dead body of Cæsar, which so roused the Romans that Brutus and Cassius were obliged to quit Rome.

Young Octavius—Better known under his title of Augustus, the first Roman emperor.

Plutus—The god of riches.

CIII.—THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN ;

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED,
AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown ;
A train band captain *eke* was he also
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
'Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mistress Gilpin, "That's well said ;
And for that wine is dear ;
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife ;
O'erjoy'd was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off, the chaise was stay'd
Where they did all get in ;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Wee never folk so glad ;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin, at his horse's side,
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got in haste, to ride,
But soon came down again.

For saddletree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind !"

"Good lack !" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed ;
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, " Fair and softly," John he cried
But John he cried in vain ;
The trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands.
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before ;
What thing upon his back had got,
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;
Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay ;
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung ;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all ;
And every soul cried out, " Well done !"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
His fame soon spread around ;
He carries weight ! he rides a race !
'Tis for a thousand pound !

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke,
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way ;
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tired:
Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come,
And if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The calender right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus shewed his ready wit :
" My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

" But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face ;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, " It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
" I am in haste to dine ;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !
For which he paid full dear ;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig ;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why ?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back again ;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein ;

But, not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry :

"Stop thief ! stop thief !—a highwayman !"
Not one of them was mute ;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space ;
The toll-men thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town ;
Nor stopped till, where he had got up,
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
 And Gilpin, long live he ;
 And when he next doth ride abroad,
 May I be there to see !

Edmonton—A village some eight or nine miles north of London. The "Bell" was the name of a public house.

Cheapside—One of the streets of London.

Islington—One of the suburbs of London, lying to the north. It forms now a part of the town.

Ware—A village ten miles north of Edmonton.

CIV.—TRIAL SCENE FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Explanatory.—The story on which the famous comedy of *The Merchant of Venice* is founded is briefly this: Bassanio, a merchant of Venice, is in immediate need of three thousand ducats, and applies for the loan of this sum to a Jew, named Shylock, offering the name of his friend Antonio as security. Shylock, to be avenged on the Christians for the injuries they have heaped on him, agrees to give the loan, on condition that, if it is not paid on the appointed day, Antonio shall forfeit a pound of his fair flesh to be cut from whatever part of his body the Jew may please to select. When the time came, Antonio was unable to meet his obligation, and Shylock insisted upon his bond. Our extract describes the celebrated trial scene, in which Portia, betrothed to Bassanio, disguised as a Doctor of the Law, turns the tables upon Shylock, and the result is seen in our extract. Gratiano and Salarino are friends of Antonio's. Nerissa, waiting-woman to Portia, accompanies her to Venice in the capacity of clerk.

SCENE—*Venice. A Court of Justice.*

*Enter the DUKE, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, and
 SALARINO.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here ?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee ; thou art come to answer

A stony adversary,—an inhuman wretch

Uncapable of pity, void and empty

From any drachm of mercy.

Ant. I have heard

Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify

His rigorous course ; but since he stands obdurate,

And that no lawful means can carry me

Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose

My patience to his fury : and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.—

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act ; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty :
And where thou now exact'st the penalty
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh),
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal ;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.—

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose ;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond :
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats : I'll not answer that :
But, say, it is my humour : Is it answered ?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned ? What ! are you answer'd yet ?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig ;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat ;
Now, for your answer :
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,

More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd ?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love ?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What ! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee
twice ?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew ?

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height ;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder !),
His Jewish heart :—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here are six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none ?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them :—Shall I say to you :
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs !
Why sweat they under burdens ! let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands ! You will answer,
The slaves are ours :—So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought ; 'tis mine, and I will have it :
If you deny me, fie upon your law !
There is no force in the decrees of Venice :
I stand for judgment : answer, shall I have it ?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all:
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood,

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Come you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace.
[Presents a letter.]

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
But here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand.—Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome; take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such a rule that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, do you not?

[2^d ANT.]

Ant. Ay, so he says,

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,—
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,—
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court:
Yea, thrice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart;
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be;—there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent:

And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !—
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee !

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor,—here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee

Shy. An oath, an oath,—I have an oath in heaven :
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?

No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit ;

And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart :—Be merciful ;
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge :

You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound : I charge you, by the law
(Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar),
Proceed to judgment by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me : I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then, thus it is :—
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true : O wise and upright judge !—
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast :—
So says the bond ;—Doth it not, noble judge ?—
Nearest his heart,—those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh the
flesh ?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, (on your charge,)
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

Por. It is not so express'd :—But what of that ?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it ;—'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you anything to say ?

Ant. But little ; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—

Give me your hand, Bassanio ; fare you well !

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom :—it is still her use,

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow.

An age of poverty : from which lingering penance

Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife :

Tell her the process of Antonio's end,

Say, how I loved you, speak me fair in death ;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt ;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Shy. We trifle time ; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine ;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge !

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his
breast.—

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge !—A sentence ; come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little ;—there is something else.—

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;

The words expressly are, a pound of flesh :—

Then take thy bond,—take thou thy pound of flesh ;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate

Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge !—Mark, Jew, a learned judge !

Shy. Is that the law ?

Por. Thyself shall see the act :

For, as thou urgest justice,—be assured

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge !—Mark, Jew, a learned judge !

Shy. I take this offer then,—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft !
The Jew shall have all justice ;—soft—no haste ;
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew ! an upright judge ! a learned judge !

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more.
But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple,—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel ! a Daniel, Jew !—
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause ? take the forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

Por. He hath refused it in the open court ;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I ;—a second Daniel !

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal ?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then, the devil give him good of it !
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew—

The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be proved against an alien,
That, by direct or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.—
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st :
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant ; and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself ;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :—
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;

The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state ; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that :
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

Gra. A halter gratis ;—nothing else, for heaven's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content,—so he will let me have

The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter ;—

Two things provided more.—That for this favour,
He presently become a Christian.

The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this ; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew ? what dost thou say ?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence :
I am not well ; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening, thou shalt have two godfathers ;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,—
To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.

CV.—A DIRGE FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

Softly, peacefully,
Lay her to rest ;
Place the turf lightly
On her young breast.
Gently, solemnly,
Bend o'er the bed,
Where ye have pillowed
Thus early her head.

Plant a young willow
Close by her grave ;
Let its long branches
Soothingly wave.
Twine a sweet rose-tree
Over the tomb ;
Sprinkle fresh buds there
Beauty and bloom.

Let a bright fountain,
Limpid and clear,
Murmur its music—
Smile through a tear :
Scatter its diamonds
Where the loved lies,--
Brilliant and starry,
Like angels' eyes.

Then shall the bright birds,
On golden wing,
Lingering ever,
Murmuring sing.
Then shall the soft breeze
Pensively sigh ;
Bearing rich fragrance
And melody by.

Lay the sod lightly
Over her breast ;
Calm be her slumber,
Peaceful her rest.
Beautiful, lovely,
She was but given,
A fair bud to earth,
To blossom in heaven.--*D. Ellen Goodman.*

CVI.—VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

Explanatory—The following poem is founded on the account given of the overthrow of Babylon in the Book of Daniel, chapter v.

The king was on his throne,
The satraps thronged the hall :
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deemed divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand :
The fingers of a man ;—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice ;
All bloodless wax'd his look,
And tremulous his voice.
“ Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth.”

Chaldæa's seers are good,
But here they have no skill ;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore :
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

The lamps around were bright,
 The prophecy in view ;
 He read it on that night ;—
 The morrow proved it true.

“ Belshazzar’s grave is made,
 His kingdom pass’d away,
 He, in the balance weigh’d,
 Is light and worthless clay.
 The shroud, his robe of state,
 His canopy, the stone.
 The Mede is at his gate!
 The Persian on his throne!”

Byron.

CVIL.—GENEVIEVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of Love,
 And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
 Live o’er again that happy hour,
 When midway on the mount I lay,
 Beside the ruined tower.

The moonlight, stealing o’er the scene,
 Had blended with the lights of eve;
 And she was there, my hope, my joy,
 My own dear Genevieve.

She leaned against the armed man,
 The statue of the armed Knight ;
 She stood and listened to my lay,
 Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
 My hope ! my joy ! my Genevieve !
 She loves me best whene’er I sing
 The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
 I sang an old and moving story,
 An old rude song, that suited well
 That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
For well she knew, I could not choose,
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ;
And that for ten long years he woo'd
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined ; and ah !
The deep, the low, the pleading tone,
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace ;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face !

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night !

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shades,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glades,—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land :—

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain :—

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
 And how his madness went away,
 When on the yellow forest leaves
 A dying music he lay ;—

His dying words—but when I reached
 That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
 My faltering voice and pausing harp
 Disturbed her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
 Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve ;
 The music and the doleful tale,
 The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
 An undistinguishable throng,
 And gentle wishes long subdued,
 Subdued and cherished long !

She wept with pity and delight,
 She blushed with love, and virgin shame,
 And like the murmur of a dream,
 I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, she stepped aside,
 As conscious of my look she stepped—
 Then suddenly with timorous eye
 She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
 She pressed me with a meek embrace,
 And bending back her head, looked up,
 And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
 And partly 'twas a bashful art,
 That I might rather feel than see,
 The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
 And told her love with virgin pride,
 And so I won my Genevieve,
 My bright and beauteous Bride.—*Coleridge.*

CVIII.—THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast ;
 And the woods, against a stormy sky,
 Their giant branches tossed ;
 And the heavy night hung dark
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came !
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame ;—
 Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear ;
 They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
 Till the stars heard and the sea ;
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free.
 The ocean eagle soared
 From his nest by the white waves' foam ;
 And the rocking pines by the forest roared,—
 Such was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
 Amid that pilgrim band ;
 Why had they come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land ?
 There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth ;
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?—
 Bright jewels of the mine ?
 The wealth of seas ? the spoils of war ?
 No ; 'twas a faith's pure shrine.
 Yes, call that holy ground,—
 Which first their brave feet trod ;
 They have left unstained what there they found—
 Freedom to worship God !—*Mrs. Hemans.*

CIX.—THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day's as bright as then ;
The lark's loud song is in mine ear
And the corn is green again.
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your warm breath on my cheek ;
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
The village church stands near,—
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary.
And my step might break your rest,
Where I've laid you, darling, down to sleep
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely, now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends ;
But, Oh ! they love the better
The few our Father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride ;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true ;
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there ;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times less fair.—*Lady Dufferin.*

CX.—THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

HARK ! the warning needles click,
 Hither, thither, clear and quick ;
 He who guides their speaking play,
 Stands a thousand miles away !
 Here we feel the electric thrill
 Guided by his simple will ;
 Here the instant message read,
 Brought with more than lightning speed.
 Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
 Ours the wonder-working wire !

Let the sky be dark or clear,
 Comes the faithful messenger ;
 Now it tells of loss and grief,
 Now of joy in sentence brief ;
 Now of safe or sunken ships,
 Now the murderer outstrips ;
 Now of war and fields of blood,
 Now of fire, and now of flood.
 Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
 Ours the wonder-working wire !

Think the thought and speak the word,
 It is caught as soon as heard ;
 Borne o'er mountains, lakes, and seas,
 To the far antipodes.
 Melbourne speaks at twelve o'clock,
 London reads ere noon the shock.
 Seems it not a feat sublime ?
 Intellect has conquered Time !
 Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
 Ours the wonder-working wire !

Marvel ! triumph of our day,
 Flash all ignorance away ;
 Flash sincerity of speech,
 Noble aims to all who teach ;
 Flash till Power shall learn the Right,
 Flash till Reason conquer Might ;
 Flash resolve to every mind,
 Manhood flash to all mankind !
 Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
 Ours the wonder-working wire !—*Anonymous.*

Orphean—Pertaining to Orpheus, one of the ancient Grecian bards, who is fabled to have tamed the wildest animals by the music of his lyre. Hence, an Orphean song is one that charms like the strains of Orpheus.

CXI.—NATURE'S TEACHING.

First Voice.

SUNLIGHT ! tell the hidden meaning
Of the rays thou lettest fall ;
Are they lessons writ in burning,
Like God's warning on the wall ?

Second Voice.

Strive, O man, to let a loving
Spirit cheer the sad and poor ;
So shall many a fair hope blossom
Where none grew before !

First Voice.

Stars ! what is it ye would whisper
With your pure and holy light ?
Looking down so calm and tender
From the watch-tower of the night.

Second Voice.

When thy soul would quail from scorning,
Keep a brave heart and a bold ;
As we always shine the brightest
When the nights are cold.

First Voice.

Hast thou not a greeting for me,
Heaven's own happy minstrel bird ?
Thou, whose voice like some sweet angel's,
Viewless, in the cloud is heard.

Second Voice.

Though thy spirit yearneth skyward,
O, forget not human worth !
I, who chaunt at heaven's portal,
Build my nest on earth.

First Voice.

River ! river ! singing gaily
From the hill-side all day long,
Teach my heart the merry music
Of thy cheery, rippling song.

Second Voice.

Many winding ways I follow ;
 Yet at length I reach the sea;
 Man, remember that thy ocean
 Is ETERNITY.

Anonymous.

CXII.—SELECTIONS FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

The Lady of the Lake is the most popular of all Sir Walter Scott's poems. The scene of the poem is laid chiefly in the vicinity of Loch Katrine, in the western Highlands of Perthshire. King James V. (known in the poem as Fitz-James), having outstripped all his companions in a stag hunt, and having urged his horse until he fell dead, is left alone in the valley of the Trossachs. It is thus the poet describes the scenery :—

THE western waves of ebbing day
 Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
 Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
 Was bathed in floods of living fire,
 But not a setting gleam could glow
 Within the dark ravines below,
 Where twined the path in shadow hid,
 Round many a rocky pyramid,
 Shooting abruptly from the dell
 Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle ;
 Round many an insulated mass,
 The native bulwarks of the pass,
 Huge as the tower which builders vain
 Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
 The rocky summits, split and rent,
 Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,
 Or seem'd fantastically set
 With cupola or minaret,
 Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,
 Or mosque of Eastern architect.
 Nor were these earthborn castles bare,
 Nor lack'd they many a banner fair ;
 For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,
 Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
 All twinkling with the dewdrops' sheen,
 The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
 And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
 Waved in the west-winds summer sighs.

Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;
The primrose pale and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower ;
Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain,
With boughs that quaked at every breath.
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath ;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue ;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim,
As served the wild duck's brood to swim.
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace ;
And farther as the hunter stray'd,
Still broader sweeps its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-encircled, seem'd to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat ;
Yet broader floods extending still
Divide them from their parent hill.
Till each, retiring claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,

Unless he climb, with footing nice,
 A far projecting precipice.
 The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
 The hazel saplings lent their aid ;
 And thus an airy point he won,
 Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
 One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
 Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd,
 In all her length far winding lay,
 With promontory, creek, and bay,
 And islands that, empurpled bright,
 Floated amid the livelier light,
 And mountains, that like giants stand,
 To sentinel enchanted land.
 High on the south, huge Benvenue
 Down in the lake in masses threw
 Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,
 The fragments of an earlier world ;
 A wildering forest feather'd o'er
 His ruin'd sides and summit hoar.
 While on the north, through middle air,
 Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

After surveying the exquisite scene spread out before him, Fitz-James sounded his bugle-horn to call "some wanderers of the chase." Scarcely has he done so when a young girl is seen to shoot a little boat from an island in Loch Katrine, and to make for the shore. This was Ellen Douglas, the Lady of the Lake, daughter of Earl Douglas, who was at that time in banishment from the court, and forced to seek protection among these wild fastnesses, under the safe keeping of Roderick Dhu, chief of Clan-Alpine. Ellen's appearance is thus described :—

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
 A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
 Of finer form, or lovelier face !
 What though the sun, with ardent frown,
 Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,
 The sportive toil, which, short and light,
 Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
 Served too in hastier swell to show
 Short glimpses of a breast of snow :
 What though no rule of courtly grace
 To measured mood had train'd her pace—
 A foot more light, a step more true,
 Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew ;

E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
 Elastic from her airy tread :
 What though upon her speech there hung
 The accents of the mountain tongue,—
 Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
 The list'ner held his breath to hear!

A chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid ;
 Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
 Her golden brooch such birth betray'd.
 And seldom was a snood amid
 Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
 Whose glossy black to shame might bring
 The plumage of the raven's wing ;
 And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
 Mantled a plaid with modest care,
 And never brooch the folds combined
 Above a heart more good and kind.
 Her kindness and her worth to spy.
 You need but gaze on Ellen's eye,
 Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
 Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
 Than every free-born glance confess'd
 The guileless movements of her breast ;
 Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
 Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,
 Or filial love was glowing there,
 Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,
 Or tale of injury called forth
 The indignant spirit of the North.
 One only passion unreveal'd,
 With maiden pride the maid conceal'd,
 Yet not less purely felt the flame ;—
 O need I tell that passion's name !

The poem goes on to tell how Roderick Dhu, coming to the island shortly after the departure of Fitz-James, finds there Malcolm Greme, a suitor for the hand of Ellen Douglas. Roderick, unaware of this, proposes to marry her, and to raise his followers for the purpose of restoring the Douglas to his lands and his honours. His proposals are rejected ; but, fearing that king James would invade his territory in pursuit of the Douglas, he resolves to summon his clan, and for this purpose sends out the Fiery Cross. This incident is thus graphically described :—

Then Roderick with impatient look,
 From Brian's hand the symbol took:

"Speed, Malise, speed!" he said, and gave
The crosslet to his henchman brave.
"The muster-place be Lanrick mead—
Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed!"
Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,
A barge across Loch Katrine flew;
High stood the henchman on the prow,
So rapidly the barge-men row,
The bubbles, where they launch'd the boat
Were all unbroken and afloat,
Dancing in foam and ripple still,
When it had near'd the mainland hill;
And from the silver beach's side
Still was the prow three fathom wide,
When lightly bounded to the land
The messenger of blood and brand.

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's hide
On fleeter foot was never tied.
Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste
Thine active sinews never braced.
Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,
Burst down like torrent from its crest;
With short and springing footstep pass
The trembling bog and false morass;
Across the brook like roebuck bound,
And thread the break like questing hound;
The crag is high, the scaur is deep,
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap:
Parch'd are thy burning lips and brow,
Yet by the fountain pause not now;
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!
The wounded hind thou track'st not now,
Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,
Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace,
With rivals in the mountain race;
But danger, death, and warrior deed,
Are in thy course—speed, Malise, speed!

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
In arms the huts and hamlets rise;
From winding gien, from upland brown,
They poured each hardy tenant down.

Nor slack'd the messenger his pace;
He show'd the sign, he named the place,
And, pressing forward like the wind,
Left clamour and surprise behind.
The fisherman forsook the strand,
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand;
With changed cheer, the mower blithe
Left in the half-cut swathe the scythe;
The herds without a keeper stray'd,
The plough was in mid-furrow staid,
The falc'ner toss'd his hawk away,
The hunter left the stag at bay;
Prompt at the signal of alarms,
Each son of Alpine rush'd to arms;
So swept the tumult and affray
Along the margin of Achray.
Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!
The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep
So stilly on thy bosom deep;
The lark's blithe carol, from the cloud,
Seems for the scene too gaily loud.

Speed, Malise, speed! the lake is past,
Duncraggan's huts appear at last,
And peep like moss-grown rocks, half seen,
Half hidden in the copse so green;
There mayst thou rest, thy labour done.
Their Lord shall speed the signal on.—
As stoops the hawk upon his prey
The henchman shot him down the way.
—What woeful accents load the gale?
The funeral yell, the female wail!
A gallant hunter's sport is o'er.
A valiant warrior fights no more.
Who, in the battle or the chase,
At Roderick's side shall fill his place!—
Within the hall, where torches' ray
Supplies the excluded beams of day,
Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,
And o'er him streams his widow's tear.
His stripling son stands mournful by,
His youngest weeps, but knows not why;
The village maids and matrons round
The dismal coronach resound.

CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the corrie,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber !
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever !

See Stumah, who, the bier beside,
His master's corpse with wonder eyed,
Poor Stumah ! whom his least halloo
Could send like lightning o'er the dew,
Bristles his crest, and points his ears,
As if some stranger step he hears.
'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread,
Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,
But headlong haste, or deadly fear,
Urge the precipitate career.
All stand aghast !—unheeding all,
The henchman bursts into the hall ;
Before the dead man's bier he stood ;
Held forth the Cross besmeared with blood ;
"The muster-place is Lanrick mead ;
Speed forth the signal ! clansmen, speed !"

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,
Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign.

In haste the stripling to his side
His father's dirk and broadsword tied ;
But when he saw his mother's eye
Watch him in speechless agony,
Back to her open'd arms he flew,
Press'd on her lips a fond adieu,—
“ Alas ! ” she sobbed ; “ and yet be gone,
And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son ! ”
One look he cast upon the bier,
Dash'd from his eye the gathering tear,
Breathed deep to clear his labouring breast,
And toss'd aloft his bonnet crest,
Then, like the high-bred colt, when, freed,
First he essays his fire and speed,
He vanished, and o'er moor and moss
Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.
Suspended was the widow's tear,
While yet his footsteps she could hear ;
And when she mark'd the henchman's eye
Wet with unwonted sympathy,
“ Kinsman,” she said, “ his race is run,
That should have sped thine errand on ;
The oak has fall'n—the sapling bough
Is all Duncraggan's shelter now.
Yet trust I well, his duty done,
The orphan's God will guard my son.
And you, in many a danger true,
At Duncan's hest your blades that drew,
To arms, and guard that orphan's head !—
Let babes and women wail the dead.”
Then weapon-clang, and martial call,
Resounded through the funeral hall,
When from the walls the attendant band
Snatch'd sword and targe with hurried hand ;
And short and flitting energy
Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye,
As if the sounds to warrior dear
Might rouse her Duncan from his bier.
But faded soon that borrowed force ;
Grief claim'd his right, and tears their course.

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.
O'er dale and hill the summons flew,
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew ;

The tear that gather'd in his eye
He left the mountain breeze to dry ;
Until, where Teith's young waters roll,
Betwixt him and a wooded knoll,
That graced the sable strath with green,
The chapel of Saint Bride was seen.
Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,
But Angus paused not on the edge ;
Though the dark waves danced dizzily,
Though reel'd his sympathetic eye,
He dash'd amid the torrent's roar ;
His right hand high the crosslet bore,
His left the pole-axe grasp'd, to guide
And stay his footing in the tide.
He stumbled twice—the foam splash'd high,
With hoarser swell the stream raced by ;
And had he fall'n—for ever there,
Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir !
But still, as if in parting life,
Firmer he grasped the Cross of strife,
Until the opposing bank he gain'd,
And up the chapel pathway strain'd.

A blithesome rout, that morning tide,
Had sought the chapel of Saint Bride.
Her troth Tomben's Mary gave
To Norman, heir of Armandave,
And, issuing from the Gothic arch,
The bridal now resumed their march.
In rude, but glad procession, came
Bonneted sire and coif-clad dame ;
And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,
Which snooded maiden would not hear :
And children, that, unwitting why,
Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry ;
And minstrels, that in measures vied
Before the young and bonny bride,
Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose
The tear and blush of morning rose.
With virgin step, and bashful hand,
She held the 'kerchief's snowy band ;
The gallant bridegroom, by her side,
Beheld his prize with victor's pride,
And the glad mother in her ear
Was closely whispering word of cheer.

Who meets them at the churchyard gate?
The messenger of fear and fate!
Haste in his hurried accent lies,
And grief is swimming in his eyes.
All dripping from the recent flood,
Panting and travel-soil'd he stood,
The fatal sign of fire and sword
Held forth, and spoke the appointed word:
"The muster-place is Laurick mead;
Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!"
And must he change so soon the hand,
Just link'd to his by holy band,
For the fell Cross of blood and brand?
And must the day, so blithe that rose,
And promised rapture in the close,
Before its setting hour, divide
The bridegroom from the plighted bride?
O, fatal doom!—it must! it must!
Clan-Alpine's cause, her Chieftain's trust,
Her summons dread, brook no delay;
Stretch to the race—away! away!
Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,
And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride,
Until he saw the starting tear
Speak woe he might not stop to cheer;
Then, trusting not a second look,
In haste he sped him up the brook,
Nor backward glanced, till on the heath
Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Teith.
—What in the racer's bosom stirr'd?
The sickening pang of hope deferr'd,
And memory, with a torturing train
Of all his morning visions vain.
Mingled with love's impatience, came
The manly thirst for martial fame;
The stormy joy of mountaineers,
Ere yet they rush upon the spears;
And zeal for Clan and Chieftain burning,
And hope, from well-fought field returning,
With war's red honours on his crest,
To clasp his Mary to his breast.
Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and brae,
Like fire from flint he glanced away,
While high resolve, and feeling strong,
Burst into voluntary song.

SONG.

The heath this night must be my bed,
 The bracken curtain for my head,
 My lullaby the warder's tread,
 Far, far, from love and thee, Mary !
 To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
 My couch may be my bloody plaid,
 My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid !
 It will not waken me, Mary !

I may not, dare not, fancy now
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
 I dare not think upon thy vow,

 And all it promised me, Mary.
 No fond regret must Norman know ;
 When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
 His heart must be like bended bow,
 His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught,
 For, if I fall, in battle fought,
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.

And, if return'd from conquer'd foes,
 How blithely will the evening close,
 How sweet the linnet sing repose,
 To my young bride and me, Mary !

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,
 Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze,
 Rushing, in conflagration strong,
 Thy deep ravines and dells along,
 Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow,
 And reddening the dark lakes below ;
 Nor faster speeds it, nor so far,
 As o'er thy heaths the voice of war.
 The signal roused to martial coil,
 The sullen margin of Loch Voil,
 Waked still Loch Doine, and to the source,
 Alarm'd, Balvaig, thy swampy course ;
 Thence southward turned its rapid road
 Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,
 Till rose in arms each man might claim
 A portion in Clan-Alpine's name,
 From the grey sire, whose trembling hand
 Could hardly buckle on his brand,
 To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
 Were yet scarce terror to the crow.

Each valley, each sequester'd glen,
 Muster'd its little horde of men,
 That met as torrents from the height
 In Highland dales their streams unite,
 Still gathering, as they pour along,
 A voice more loud, a tide more strong,
 Till at the rendezvous they stood
 By hundreds, prompt for blows and blood ;
 Each train'd to arms since life began,
 Owning no tie but to his clan,
 No oath, but by his chieftain's hand,
 No law, but Roderick Dhu's command.

Unconscious of these warlike preparations, Fitz-James, led by his vagrant fancy and love of adventure, pays a second visit to the island. Ellen, alarmed for his safety, and afraid that he may be regarded by Roderick Dhu as a spy, urges his speedy withdrawal. Before his departure he gives her a signet ring, telling her that she has simply to present it to the king, who will grant her request, whatever it may be. Ellen provides him with a guide, who proves false, and attempts to shoot Fitz-James. Missing its aim, the arrow pierces the heart of Blanche of Devan, a poor Lowland maid, who, having been made prisoner in one of Roderick's plundering raids, has been carried into these mountain fastnesses, where her reason gave way under the wrongs inflicted on her. Fitz-James pursues the guide, kills him, and, taking a lock of hair which Blanche carried in her breast, he dips it in her blood, and vows to wear it until he has stained it in the heart's blood of Roderick Dhu. In attempting to find his way out of the glen, he is overtaken by night, and, at a sudden turn of the path, he comes upon a solitary soldier, who stops him and asks him his errand. Finding he was a knight, he offers him the usual rites of hospitality, and pledges his word to conduct him on the morrow in safety far past Clan-Alpine's outmost ward. Rising early, the two warriors pursue their journey along the shores of Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar. It is here that the famous combat—perhaps the most thrilling incident in the whole poem—takes place, and it is thus described :—

At length they came where, stern and steep,
 The hill sinks down upon the deep.
 Here Vennachar in silver glows,
 There ridge on ridge Benledi rose ;
 Ever the hollow path twined on,
 Beneath steep bank and threatening stone.
 An hundred men might hold the post
 With hardihood against a host.
 The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
 Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
 With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
 And patches bright of bracken green,

And heather black, that waved so high,
 It held the copse in rivalry.
 But where the lake slept deep and still,
 Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
 And oft both path and hill were torn,
 Where wintry torrents down had borne
 And heap'd upon the cumber'd land
 Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
 So toilsome was the road to trace,
 The guide, abating of his pace,
 Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
 And ask'd Fitz-James, by what strange cause
 He sought these wilds, traversed by few,
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

"Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
 Hangs in my belt, and by my side;
 Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
 "I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
 When here, but three days since, I came,
 Bewilder'd in pursuit of game,
 All seem'd as peaceful and as still,
 As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
 Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
 Nor soon expected back from war.
 Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,
 Though deep perchance the villain lied."
 "Yet why a second venture try?"—
 "A warrior thou, and ask me why!—
 Moves our free course by such fix'd cause,
 As gives the poor mechanic laws?
 Enough, I sought to drive away
 The lazy hours of peaceful day;
 Slight cause will then suffice to guide
 A Knight's free footsteps far and wide,—
 A falcon flown, a greyhound stray'd,
 The merry glance of mountain maid:
 Or, if a path be dangerous known,
 The danger's self is lure alone."—

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—
 Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
 Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war,
 Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"
 —"No, by my word;—of bands prepared
 To guard King James's sports I heard:

Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."—
"Free be they flung ! for we were loth
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung !—as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewilder'd in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vow'd and mortal foe ?"
"Warrior, but yester-morn I knew
Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlaw'd desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabb'd a knight :
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart."

Wrothful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lower'd the clansman's sable scowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said,
"And heard'st thou why he drew his blade ?
Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe ?
What reck'd the Chieftain if he stood
On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood ?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven."
"Still was it outrage ;—yet, 'tis true,
Not then claim'd sovereignty his due ;
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrow'd truncheon of command,
The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy Chieftain's robber life !
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruin'd Lowland swain
His herds and harvest rear'd in vain.
Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn,
The spoils from such foul foray borne."

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
And answer'd with disdainful smile,—

"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
 I mark'd thee send delighted eye,
 Far to the south and east where lay,
 Extended in succession gay,
 Deep waving fields and pastures green,
 With gentle slopes and groves between :—
 These fertile plains, that soften'd vale,
 Were once the birthright of the Gael ;
 The stranger came with iron hand,
 And from our fathers reft the land.
 Where dwell we now ? See rudely swell
 Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
 Ask we this savage hill we tread,
 For fatten'd steer or household bread ;
 Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
 And well the mountain might reply,—
 'To you, as to your sires of yore,
 Belong the target and claymore !
 I give you shelter in my breast,
 Your own good blades must win the rest,'
 Pent in this fortress of the North,
 Think'st thou we will not sally forth
 To spoil the spoiler as we may,
 And from the robber rend the prey ?
 Ay, by my soul !—While on yon plain
 The Saxon rears one shock of grain ;
 While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
 But one along yon river's maze,—
 The Gael, of plain and river heir,
 Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.
 Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold
 That plundering Lowland field and fold
 Is aught but retribution true ?
 Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

Answer'd Fitz-James,—“ And, if I sought,
 Think'st thou no other could be brought ?
 What deem ye of my path waylaid ?
 My life given o'er to ambuscade ? ”—
 “ As of a meed to rashness due :
 Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—
 I seek my hound, or falcon stray'd,
 I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,—
 Free hadst thou been to come and go ;
 But secret path marks secret foe.
 Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,

Hadst thou, unheard, been doom'd to die,
Save to fulfil an augury."—

"Well, let it pass ; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride :
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace ; but when I come agen,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band !"

"Have, then, thy wish !"—he whistled shrill.
And he was answer'd from the hill ;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows ;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe ;
From shingles grey their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.
That whistle garrison'd the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still.
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fix'd his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now ?

These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true ;
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu ! ”

Fitz-James was brave :—Though to his heart
The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Return'd the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before :—
“ Come one, come all ! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.”
Sir Roderick mark'd—and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood—then waved his hand :
Down sunk the disappearing band ;
Each warrior vanish'd where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood ;
Sunk brand, and spear, and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low :
It seem'd as if their mother Earth
Had swallow'd up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had toss'd in air,
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—
The next but swept a lone hill-side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide :
The sun's last glance was glinted back,
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green, and cold grey stone.

Fitz-James look'd round—yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received ;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied,
“ Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest ;—I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford :
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.

So move we on ;—I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.”
They moved ;—I said Fitz-James was brave,
As ever knight that belted glaive ;
Yet dare not say, that now his blood
Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through ;
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
With lances that, to take his life,
Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonour'd and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
The vanish'd guardians of the ground,
And still, from copse and heather deep,
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain,
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left ; for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

The Chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd :
And here his course the Chieftain staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said :—
“ Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.

See, here, all vantageless I stand,
Arm'd like thyself, with single brand :
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

The Saxon paused :—" I ne'er delay'd,
When foeman bade me draw my blade ;
Nay more, brave Chief, I vow'd thy death :
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved :
Can nought but blood our feud atone ?
Are there no means ?"—" No, stranger, none !
And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel :
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead—
' Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife."
" Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
" The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favour free,
I plight mine honour, oath, and word,
That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

Dark lightning flash'd from Roderick's eye,—
" Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu ?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate !
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate :
My clansman's blood demands revenge.—
Not yet prepared ?—By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valour light
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,

And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."—
—"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word !
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword ;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell ! and, ruth, begone !
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief ! can courtesy be shown ;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."
Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again ;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside ;
For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard ;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintain'd unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood ;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And shower'd his blows like wintry rain ;
And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foil'd his wild rage by steady skill ;
Till at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee:

"Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
— Like adder dart'g from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Receiv'd but reck'd not of a wound,
And lock'd his arms his foeman round. —
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel! —
They tug, they strain! down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The Chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,
His knee was planted in his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright! —
— But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game:
For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye.
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

Fitz-James, having sounded his bugle, was immediately joined by four mounted squires. Two were left to attend to Roderick's wounds, and to convey him to Stirling. Fitz-James, accompanied by the other two, set off at full gallop for Stirling, which he was anxious to reach by noon, in order to grace by his presence the burghers' games, which were to be held that day. The Douglas had meanwhile left the island and betaken himself to the abbey of Cambus-Kenneth, in the neighbourhood of Stirling, where he left his daughter under the protection of the Abbess. He resolves to present himself at the sports, and, joining in them, gains an easy victory over every competitor. The people, struck with his marvellous strength, begin to whisper that the mysterious stranger can be

none other than Douglas. His identity is put beyond doubt in this way:—

The monarch saw the gambols flag,
And bade let loose a gallant stag,
Whose pride, the holiday to crown,
Two favourite greyhounds should pull down,
That venison free, and Bourdeaux wine,
Might serve the archery to dine.
But Lufra,—whom from Douglas' side
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,
The fleetest hound in all the north,—
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.
She left the royal hounds mid-way,
And, dashing on the antler'd prey,
Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,
And deep the flowing life-blood drank.
The king's stout huntsman saw the sport
By strange intruder broken short,
Came up, and with his leash unbound,
In anger struck the noble hound.
The Douglas had endured that morn,
The king's cold look, the nobles' scorn,
And last, and worst to spirit proud,
Had borne the pity of the crowd ;
But Lufra had been fondly bred,
To share his board, to watch his bed ;
And oft would Ellen Lufra's neck,
In maiden glee, with garlands deck.
They were such playmates that with name
Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.
His stifled wrath is brimming high,
In darken'd brow and flashing eye ;
As waves before the bark divide,
The crowd gave way before his stride ;
Needs but a buffet and no more,
The groom lies senseless in his gore,
Such blow no other hand could deal,
Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

Then clamour'd loud the royal train,
And brandish'd swords and staves amain.
But stern the baron's warning—"Back !
Back, on your lives, ye menial pack !
Beware the Douglas, Yes ! behold,
King James ! The Douglas, doom'd of old,

And vainly sought for, near and far,
 A victim to atone the war.
 A willing victim now attends,
 Nor claims thy grace but for his friends."
 "Thus is my clemency repaid?
 Presumptuous lord!" the monarch said;
 "Of thy mis-proud, ambitious clan,
 Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,
 The only man, in whom a foe
 My woman mercy would not know;
 But shall a monarch's presence brook
 Injurious blow, and haughty look?
 What, ho! the captain of our guard!
 Give the offender fitting ward
 Break off the sports!"—for tumult rose,—
 And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows,—
 "Break off the sports!" he said, and frown'd,
 "And bid our horsemen clear the ground."

Then uproar wild and misarray
 Marr'd the fair form of festal day.
 The horsemen prick'd among the crowd,
 Repell'd by threats and insult loud;
 To earth are borne the old and weak,
 The timorous fly, the women shriek;
 With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar,
 The hardier urge tumultuous war.
 At once round Douglas darkly sweep
 The royal spears in circle deep,
 And slowly scale the pathway steep;
 While on the rear in thunder pour
 The rabble with disordered roar.
 With grief the noble Douglas saw
 The Commons rise against the law,
 And to the leading soldier said,—
 "Sir John of Hyndford! 'twas my blade,
 That knighthood on thy shoulder laid:
 For that good deed, permit me then
 A word with these misguided men.

"Hear, gentle friends! ere yet for me,
 Ye break the bands of fealty.
 My life, my honour, and my cause,
 I tender free to Scotland's laws.
 Are these so weak as must require
 The aid of your misguided ire?"

Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
Is then my selfish rage so strong,
My sense of public weal so low,
That for mean vengeance on a foe,
Those cords of love I should unbind,
Which knit my country and my kind?
Oh no! Believe, in yonder tower
It will not soothe my captive hour,
To know those spears our foes should dread,
For me in kindred gore are red:
To know, in fruitless brawl begun,
For me, that mother wails her son;
For me, that widow's mate expires;
For me, that orphans weep their sires;
That patriots mourn insulted laws,
And curse the Douglas for the cause.
O let your patience ward such ill,
And keep your right to love me still!"

The crowd's wild fury sunk again
In tears, as tempests melt in rain.
With lifted hands and eyes they pray'd
For blessings on his generous head,
Who for his country felt alone,
And prized her blood beyond his own.
Old men, upon the verge of life,
Bless'd him who stay'd the civil strife;
And mothers held their babes on high,
The self-devoted Chief to spy,
Triumphant over wrongs and ire,
To whom the prattlers owed a sire:
Even the rough soldier's heart was moved;
As if behind some bier beloved,
With trailing arms and drooping head,
The Douglas up the hill he led,
And at the castle's battled verge,
With sighs resign'd his honour'd charge.

The offended monarch rode apart,
With bitter thought and swelling heart,
And would not now vouchsafe again
Through Stirling streets to lead his train.
"O Lennox, who would wish to rule
This changeling crowd, this common fool!
Hear'st thou," he said, "the loud acclaim.
With which they shout the Douglas name?"

With like acclaim, the vulgar throat
Strain'd for King James their morning note :
With like acclaim they hail'd the day,
When first I broke the Douglas away ;
And like acclaim would Douglas greet,
If he could hurl me from my seat.
Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, tickle, fierce, and vain !
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream,
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood.
Thou many-headed monster-thing,
O who would wish to be thy king !—

“ But soft ! what messenger of speed
Spurs hitherward his panting steed ?
I guess his cognizance afar—
What from our cousin, John of Mar ? ”
“ He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound
Within the safe and guarded ground :
For some foul purpose yet unknown,—
Most sure for evil to the throne,—
The outlawed chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Has summoned his rebellious crew ;
Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid
These loose banditti stand arrayed.
The Earl of Mar, this morn, from Doune,
To break their muster marched, and soon
Your grace will hear of battle fought ;
But earnestly the Earl besought,
Till for such danger he provide,
With scanty train you will not ride.”

“ Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,—
I should have earlier looked to this ;
I lost it in this bustling day.
Retrace with speed thy former way ;
Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,
The best of mine shall be thy need.
Say to our faithful Lord of Mar,
We do forbid the intended war ;
Roderick, this morn, in single fight,
Was made our prisoner by a knight,
And Douglas hath himself and cause
Submitted to our kingdom's laws.

The tidings of their leaders lost
 Will soon dissolve the mountain host,
 Nor would we that the vulgar feel,
 For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel.
 Bear Mar our message, Braco, fly !"
 He turned his steed,—“ My liege, I hie,
 Yet, e'er I cross this lily lawn,
 I fear the broadswords will be drawn.”
 The turf the flying courser spurned,
 And to his towers the King returned.

Ill with King James's mood that day,
 Suited gay feast and minstrel lay ;
 Soon were dismissed the courtly throng,
 And soon cut short the festal song,
 Nor less upon the saddened town
 The evening sunk in sorrow down ;
 The burghers spoke of civil jar,
 Of rumoured feuds and mountain war,
 Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,
 All up in arms :—the Douglas too,
 They mourned him pent within the hold,
 “ Where stout Earl William was of old,”
 And there his word the speaker staid,
 And finger on his lip he laid,
 Or pointed to his dagger-blade.
 But jaded horsemen, from the west,
 At evening to the Castle pressed ;
 And busy talkers said they bore
 Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore :
 At noon the deadly fray begun,
 And lasted till the set of sun.
 Thus giddy rumour shook the town,
 Till closed the Night her pennons brown.

The games were broken off, and the Douglas was led to prison. Roderick Dhu had meanwhile been conveyed to Stirling, where he lay dying. In the morning, Ellen resolves to proceed to Stirling to present the signet ring, and plead for mercy for her father and Roderick Dhu. The result is told in the following words :—

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,
 The list'ner had not turn'd her head,
 It trickled still, the starting tear,
 When light a footstep struck her ear,
 And Snowdown's graceful Knight was near.
 She turn'd the hastier, lest again
 The prisoner should renew his strain.

"O welcome, brave Fitz-James!" she said;
 "How may an almost orphan maid
 Pay the deep debt"——"O say not so!
 To me no gratitude you owe.
 Not mine, alas! the boon to give,
 And bid thy noble father live;
 I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,
 With Scotland's King thy suit to aid.
 No tyrant he, though ire and pride
 May lay his better mood aside.
 Come, Ellen, come!—'tis more than time,
 He holds his court at morning prime."
 With beating heart and bosom wrung,
 As to a brother's arm she clung.
 Gently he dried the falling tear,
 And gently whisper'd hope and cheer;
 Her faltering steps half led, half staid,
 Through gallery fair and high arcade,
 Till, at his touch, its wings of pride
 A portal arch unfolded wide.

Within 'twas brilliant all and light,
 A thronging scene of figures bright;
 It glowed on Ellen's dazzled sight,
 As when the setting sun has given
 Ten thousand hues to summer even,
 And from their tissue, fancy frames
 Aërial knights and fairy dames.
 Still by Fitz-James her footing staid;
 A few faint steps she forward made,
 Then slow her drooping head she raised,
 And fearful round the presence gazed;
 For him she sought, who own'd this state!
 The dreaded prince whose will was fate!—
 She gazed on many a princely port,
 Might well have ruled a royal court;
 On many a splendid garb she gazed!—
 Then turn'd bewilder'd and amazed,
 For all stood bare; and, in the room,
 Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume,
 To him each lady's look was lent,
 On him each courtier's eye was bent;
 Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
 He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
 The centre of the glittering ring,—
 And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King!

As wreath of snow, on mountain-breast,
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
And at the Monarch's feet she lay;
No word her choking voice commands—
She show'd the ring—she clasped her hands.
O! not a moment could he brook,
The generous prince, that suppliant look!
Gently he raised her,—and, the while,
Check'd with a glance the circle's smile;
Graceful, but grave, her brow he kiss'd,
And bade her terrors be dismiss'd:—
“ Yes, Fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James
The fealty of Scotland claims.
To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring;
He will redeem his signet ring.
Ask nought for Douglas;—yester even,
His prince and he have much forgiven:
Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,
I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.
We would not to the vulgar crowd
Yield what they craved with clamour loud;
Calmly we heard and judg'd his cause,
Our council aided, and our laws.
I stanch'd thy father's death-feud stern,
With stout De Vaux and Grey Glencairn;
And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own
The friend and bulwark of our Throne.—
But, lovely infidel, how now?
What clouds thy misbelieving brow?
Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid;
Thou must confirm this doubting maid.”

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,
And on his neck his daughter hung.
The Monarch drank, that happy hour,
The sweetest, holiest draught of Power,—
When it can say, with godlike voice,
Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!
Yet would not James the general eye
On Nature's raptures long should pry;
He stepp'd between—“ Nay, Douglas, nay,
Steal not my proselyte away!
The riddle 'tis my right to read,
That brought this happy chance to speed.—

Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray
In life's more low but happier way,
'Tis under name which veils my power,
Nor falsely veils—for Stirling's tower
Of yore the name of Snowdown claims,
And Normans call me James Fitz-James.
Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
Thus learn to right the injur'd cause."—
Then, in a tone apart and low,
—"Ah, little trait'ress! none must know
What idle dream, what lighter thought,
What vanity full dearly bought,
Join'd to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew
My spell-bound steps to Benvenue,
In dangerous hour, and all but gave
Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive!"—
Aloud he spoke—"Thou still dost hold
That little talisman of gold,
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring—
What seeks fair Ellen of the King?"

Full well the conscious maiden guess'd,
He probed the weakness of her breast;
But, with that consciousness, there came
A lightening of her fears for Græme.
And more she deem'd the Monarch's ire
Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire,
Rebellious broadsword boldly drew;
And, to her generous feeling true,
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.—
"Forbear thy suit:—The King of kings
Alone can stay life's parting wings,
I know his heart, I know his hand,
Have shared his cheer, and prov'd his brand:—
My fairest earldom would I give
To bid Clan Alpine's Chieftain live!—
Hast thou no other boon to crave?
No other captive friend to save?"
Blushing, she turn'd her from the King,
And to the Douglas gave the ring,
As if she wish'd her sire to speak
The suit that stain'd her glowing cheek.
"Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,
And stubborn justice holds her course.
Malcolm, come forth!" And, at the word,
Down kneel'd the Græme to Scotland's Lord.

"For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,
 From thee may Vengeance claim her dues.
 Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
 Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
 And sought, amid thy faithful clan,
 A refuge for an outlaw'd man,
 Dishonouring thus thy loyal name,—
 Fetters and warder for the Græme!"
 His chain of gold the King unstrung,
 The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung.
 Then gently drew the glittering band.
 And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

The poem concludes with the following exquisite stanzas:—

Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
 On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
 In twilight copse the glowworm lights her spark,
 The deer, half seen, are to the covert wending.
 Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
 And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
 Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,
 With distant echo from the fold and lea,
 And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet once again, farewell, thou minstrel harp!
 Yet once again, forgive my feeble sway.
 And little reck I of the censure sharp
 May idly cavil at an idle lay.
 Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
 Through secret woes the world has never known,
 When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
 And bitterer was the grief devoured alone.
 That I o'erlive such woe, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
 Some Spirit of the air has waked thy string!
 'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
 'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing
 Receding now, the dying numbers ring,
 Fainter and fainter, down the rugged dell,
 And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
 A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
 And now 'tis silent all!—Enchantress, fare thee well!

CXIII.—ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

[THOMAS GRAY, a celebrated English poet, was born in London in 1716, and died in 1771. His life was spent chiefly at the University of Cambridge, in which college he held the situation of Professor of Modern History. As a poet he is energetic and full of classic grace, and his lyrics, though few, have been rarely, if ever, surpassed. His principal odes are "The Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," "The Progress of Poesy," and "The Ode on Eton College."]

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save, that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await, alike, the inevitable hour :—
 The paths of glory lead—but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud ! impute to these the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
 Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes.

'Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined !—
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

'The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame ;
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones, from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

'Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply :
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 To teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If, 'chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say—
 "Oft have we seen him, 't the peep of dawn,
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

340 ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

- " There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
- " Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.
- " One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :
- " The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne :—
Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath you aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown :
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere :
Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear ;
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Pray.

CXIV.—THE BATTLE OF THE LEAGUE.

THE King is come to marshal us, all in his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord
the King!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks
of war,
And be your Oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are coming. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring cul-
verin!

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
"Now by the lips of those we love, fair gentlemen of France,
(Charge for the Golden Lilies,—upon them with the lance!"
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in
rest.

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white
crest,
And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while, like a guiding
star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turn'd
his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is
slain.

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay
gale;
The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven
mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to
man:

But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner! but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall
return.

Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spear-
men's souls.

Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be
bright :
Ho ! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-
night,
For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath raised the
slave,
And mock'd the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the
brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are ;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre '
T. B. Macaulay.

CXV.—THE BELLS.

[EDGAR ALLAN POE, an eccentric but brilliant American writer, whose various contributions to the magazines and newspapers acquired for him considerable reputation as a poet. His tales are marked by a peculiar ingenuity, and even power, and his poems, though not always finished, show a wonderful command of rhythmical expression.]

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells !
What a world of merriment their melody foretells !
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night !
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight ;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells !
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight !
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon !

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony volaminously wells !
 How it swells !
 How it dwells
 On the future ! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells !
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright !
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavour,
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells !
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair !
 How they clang, and clash, and roar !
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air !
 Yet the ear, it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows ;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
 Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamour and the clangor of the bells !

Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells !
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels !
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright,
 At the melancholy menace of their tone !
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls :
 And their king it is who tolls ;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
 A pean from the bells !
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pean of the bells !
 And he dances and he yells ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pean of the bells—
 Of the bells ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells ;
 To the sobbing of the bells ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
 Bells, bells, bells,
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Edgar Allan Poe.

CXVI.—OF THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.

compels !

Oh ! sacred Truth ! thy triumph ceased a while,
 And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
 When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
 Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,
 Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
 Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet-horn :
 Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
 Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man !

Warsaw's last champion, from her height surveyed,
 Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
 Oh, Heaven ! he cried, my bleeding country save !
 Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ?
 Yet, though Destruction sweep those lovely plains,
 Rise, fellow-men ! our country yet remains !
 By that dread name we wave the sword on high !
 And swear for her to live !—with her to die !

He said, and on the rampart heights arrayed
 His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed ;
 Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm :
 Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
 Revenge, or death,—the watchword and reply :
 Then pealed the notes omnipotent to charm,
 And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm !—

In vain, alas ! in vain, ye gallant few !
 From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew ;—
 Oh ! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
 Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime :
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe !
 Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
 Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career ;—
 Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
 And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell !

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
 Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
 On Prague's proud arch the fires of Ruin glow,
 His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below ;
 The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
 Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay !

Hark ! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call !
Earth shook—red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious nature shuddered at the cry !

Departed spirits of the mighty dead !
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled !
Friends of the world ! restore your swords to man,
Fight in her sacred cause and lead the van !
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own
Oh ! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN.

Campbell.

CXVII.—THE FATE OF VIRGINIA.

[THE RIGHT HON. T. B. MACAULAY was born in 1800, and died in 1860. He is distinguished as an historian, an orator, and a poet. For many years he represented the City of Edinburgh in the House of Commons, and held several important offices in the Privy Council. His speeches in Parliament were generally marked with fervid eloquence, and his ballads, the *Lays of Rome*, are characterised by fervour and graphic simplicity. His *History of England*, which has so exalted his reputation, exhibits, in its pictorial passages, all the qualities of epic description.]

"Why is the Forum crowded ! What means this stir in Rome ?"

"Claimed as a slave, a free-born maid is dragged here from her home.

On fair Virginia, Claudius has cast his eye of blight ;
The tyrant's creature, Marcus, asserts an owner's right,
O, shame on Roman manhood ! Was ever plot more clear !
But, look ! the maiden's father comes ! Behold Virginus here !"

Straightway Virginus led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood ; piled up with horn and hide.

Hard by, a butcher on a block had laid his whittle down,—
Virginus caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,

And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet child, farewell !

The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,—
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.

"The time is come. The tyrant points his eager hand this way ;
 See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey ;
 With all his wit he little deems that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
 Thy father hath, in his despair, one fearful refuge left ;
 He little deems that, in this hand, I clutch what still can save
 Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave ;
 Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow,—
 Foul outrage, which thou knowest not,—which thou shalt never know.
 Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss ;
 And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this !"
 With that, he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
 And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath ;
 And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death ;
 And in another moment brake forth from one and all
 A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall ;
 Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered
 nigh,
 And stood before the judgment seat, and held the knife on high :
 "O, dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
 By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain ;
 And e'en as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
 Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line !"
 So spake the slayer of his child ; then, where the body lay,
 Pausing, he cast one haggard glance, and turned and went his way.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius : "Stop him, alive or dead !
 Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head !"
 He looked upon his clients,—but none would work his will ;
 He looked upon his lictors,—but they trembled and stood still.
 And as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
 Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left ;
 And he hath passed in safety unto his woful home.
 And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done in Rome

T. B. Macaulay.

CXVIII.—THE OCEAN.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods ;
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore ;
 There is society where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not man the less, but nature more,
 From these our interviews : in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain,
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering, in thy playful spray,
 And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals—
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war :
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay

Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now !

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests !—in all time—
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime !
The image of Eternity !—the throne
Of the Invisible !—Even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ! Each zone
Obeys thee ! Thou goest forth, dread ! fathomless ! alone !

Byron.

SECTION VII.

SELECTIONS OF ORATORICAL PIECES.

CXIX.—PARLIAMENTARY ORATORY.

ONE of the proud results of our free constitution has been the development of Parliamentary Oratory,—an honour and ornament to our history,—a source of public enlightenment,—and an effective instrument of popular government. Its excellence has varied, like our literature, with the genius of the men, and the events of the periods, which have called it forth ; but from the accession of George III. may be dated the Augustan era of Parliamentary eloquence.

The great struggles of the Parliament with Charles I. had stirred the eloquence of Pym, Hampden, Wentworth, and Falkland ; the Revolution had developed the oratory of Somers ; and the Parliaments of Anne and the two first Georges had given scope to the various talents of Bolingbroke, Pulteney, Wyndham, and Walpole. The reputation of these men has reached posterity ; but their speeches, if they survived the memory of their own generations, have come down to us in fragments, as much the composition of the historian or reporter, as of the orators to whom they are assigned. Happily the very period distinguished by our most eloquent statesmen was that in which they had the privilege of addressing posterity, as well as their own contemporaries. The expansion of their audience gave a new impulse to their eloquence, which was worthy of being preserved for all ages.

Lord Chatham had attained the first place among statesmen in the late reign, but his fame as an orator mainly rests upon his later speeches—in the reign of

George III. Lofty and impassioned in his style, and dramatic in his manner, his oratory abounded in grand ideas and noble sentiments, expressed in language simple, bold, and vigorous. The finest examples of his eloquence stand alone, and unrivalled; but he flourished too early to enjoy the privilege of transmitting the full fruits of his genius to posterity.

He was surrounded and followed by a group of orators, who have made their time the classic age of Parliamentary history. Foremost amongst them was his extraordinary son, William Pitt. Inferior to his father in the highest qualities of an orator, he surpassed him in argument, in knowledge, in intellectual force, and mastery. Magniloquent in his style, his oratory sometimes attained the elevation of eloquence, but rarely rose above the level of debate. His composition was felicitously described by Wyndham as a "state-paper style." He may be called the founder of the modern school of Parliamentary debaters. His speeches were argumentative, admirably clear in statement, skilfully arranged, vigorous, and practical. Always marked by rare ability, they yet lacked the higher inspirations of genius. In sarcasm he had few equals. No one held so absolute a sway over the House of Commons. In voice and manner he was dignified and commanding. The minister was declared in every word he uttered; and the consciousness of power, while it sustained the dignity of his oratory, increased its effect upon his audience.

The eloquence of his great rival, Mr. Fox, was as different as were his political opinions and position. His success was due to his natural genius, and to the great principles of liberty which he advocated. Familiar with the best classical models, he yet too often disdained the studied art of the orator, and was negligent and unequal in his efforts. But when his genius was aroused within him, he was matchless in demonstrative argument, in force, in wit, in animation, and spontaneous eloquence. More than any orator of his time, he carried with him the feelings and conviction of his audience; and the spirit and reality of the man charm us scarcely less in

his printed speeches. Wanting in discretion, he was frequently betrayed into intemperance of language and opinion; but his generous ardour in the cause of liberty still appeals to our sympathies, and his broad constitutional principles are lessons of political wisdom.

Mr. Fox had been from his earliest youth the friend and disciple of Mr. Burke,—and vast was the intellect of his master. In genius, learning, and accomplishments, Mr. Burke had no equal, either among the statesmen or writers of his time; yet he was inferior, as an orator, to the three great men who have been already noticed. His speeches, like his writings, bear witness to his deep philosophy, his inexhaustible stores of knowledge, and redundant imagination. They are more studied, and more often quoted, than the speeches of any other statesman. His metaphors and aphorisms are as familiar to our ears as those of Lord Bacon. But transcendent as were his gifts, they were too often disfigured by extravagance. He knew not how to restrain them within the bounds of time and place, or to adapt them to the taste of a popular assembly, which loves directness and simplicity. His addresses were dissertations rather than speeches. To influence men, an orator must appeal directly to their reason, their feelings, and present temper; but Mr. Burke, while he astonished them with his prodigious faculties, wearied them with refinements and imagery, in which they often lost the thread of his argument.

Mr. Sheridan is entitled to the next place in this group of orators. His brilliancy and pointed wit, his spirited declamation and effective delivery, astonished and delighted his audience. Such was the effect of his celebrated speech on the fourth, or “Begum charge” against Warren Hastings, that the peers and strangers joined with the house in a “tumult of applause;” and could not be restrained from clapping their hands in ecstasy. The House adjourned, in order to recover its self-possession. Mr. Pitt declared that this speech “surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish, to

agitate or control the human mind." Mr. Fox said, "Eloquent indeed it was; so much so, that all he had ever heard, all he had ever read, dwindled into nothing, and vanished like vapour before the sun." Mr. Sheridan afterwards addressed the Lords, in Westminster Hall, on the same charge, for four days; and Mr. Burke said of his address, "That no species of oratory—no kind of eloquence which had been heard in ancient or modern times—nothing which the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, or the morality of the pulpit could furnish, was equal to what they had that day heard in Westminster Hall." But while particular efforts of this accomplished speaker met with extraordinary success, he was restrained, by want of statesmanship and character, from commanding a position in the House of Commons equal to his great talents as an orator.

The qualities of Mr. Wyndham were of another class. Superior to the last in education and attainments, and little inferior in wit, he never achieved successes so dazzling; yet he maintained a higher place among the debaters of his age. Though his pretensions to the higher qualities of a statesman were inconsiderable, his numerous talents and virtues graced a long and distinguished public life.

Lord Erskine was not inferior, as an orator, to the greatest of his contemporaries; but the senate was not the scene of his most remarkable triumphs. His speeches at the bar combined the highest characteristics of eloquence,—fire, force, courage, earnestness, the closest argument, imagery, noble sentiments, great truths finely conceived and applied, a diction pure and simple, action the most graceful and dignified. But none of these great qualities were used for display. They were all held, by the severity of his taste and the mastery of his logic, in due subordination to the single design of persuading and convincing his audience. The natural graces of his person completed the orator. Lord Brougham has finely portrayed "that noble figure, every look of whose countenance is expressive, every motion of whose form is graceful; an eye that sparkles and pierces, and

almost assures victory, while it speaks 'audience ere the tongue.'"

Had his triumphs been as signal in the senate, he would have been the first orator of his age. In that arena there were men greater than himself, but he was admitted to an eminent place amongst them. He fought for many years, side by side, with Mr. Fox; and his rare gifts were ever exerted in the cause of freedom.

To complete the glittering assemblage of orators who adorned the age of Chatham and of Pitt, many remarkable figures yet stand in the foreground. We are struck with the happy wit and resources of Lord North,—the finished precision of Wedderburn,—the rude force of Thurlow,—the refinement and dignity of Lord Mansfield,—the constitutional wisdom of Lord Camden,—the logical subtlety of Dunning,—the severe reason of Sir William Grant,—the impassioned gentleness of Wilberforce,—and the statesmanlike vigour of Lord Grenville.

Thomas Erskine May.

CXX.—LORD CHATHAM ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

[WILLIAM PITT, Earl of Chatham, one of the most illustrious statesmen that ever graced the British senate, was the son of Robert Pitt, Esq., of Boconock, in Cornwall, where he was born in 1708. Having been returned as a member of parliament, his great talents as an orator were soon displayed in opposition to Sir Robert Walpole. After holding some of the chief offices in the cabinet, and as he was speaking with his accustomed eloquence and energy against the American war, in the House of Lords, April 7, 1778, he fell down in a convulsive fit, and died in a few weeks after.]

I CANNOT, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can

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parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! "But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world; now, none so poor as to do her reverence." The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by our inveterate enemy—and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the British troops than I do. I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst, but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never!

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes confederate for his harm
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.

CXXI. EXTRACT FROM CURRAN'S SPEECH ON
CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

[JOHN PHILIPOT CURRAN, a celebrated Irish barrister, of humble origin, was born near Cork, 1750; he received his education at Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards studied law in the Temple, London. After struggling with many difficulties, he rose to great eminence as an advocate. He became a member of the Irish House of Commons in 1784. When the Whigs came into office, he was appointed Master of the Rolls in Ireland. His oratorical powers were of the most splendid kind, his wit, pathos, and sarcasm being alike irresistible. He died 1817.]

This paper, Gentlemen, insists upon the necessity of emancipating the Catholics of Ireland, and that is charged as part of the libel. If they had waited another year—if they had kept this prosecution impending for another year—how much would remain for a jury to decide upon, I should be at a loss to discover. It seems as if the progress of public information were eating away the ground of the prosecution. Since the commencement of the prosecution, this part of the libel has unluckily received the sanction of the legislature. In that interval, our Catholic brethren have obtained that admission, which it seems it was a libel to propose. In what way to account for this, I am really at a loss. Have any alarms been occasioned by the emancipation of our Catholic brethren? Has the bigoted malignity of any individuals been crushed? or has the stability of the government, or that of the country, been weakened? or is one million of subjects stronger than four millions? Do you think that the benefit they have received, should be poisoned by the sting of vengeance? If you think so, you must say to them, "You have demanded emancipation, and you have got it; but we abhor your persons, we are outraged at your success, and we will stigmatize, by a criminal prosecution, the adviser of that relief which you have obtained from the voice of your country." I ask you, do you think, as honest men, anxious for the public tranquillity, conscious that there are wounds not yet completely cicatrized, that you ought to speak this language at this time, to men who are too much disposed to think that, in this very emancipation, they have been

saved from their own parliament, by the humanity of their sovereign? Or do you wish to prepare them for the revocation of these improvident concessions? Do you think it wise or humane, at this moment, to insult them, by sticking up in a pillory the man who dared to stand forth as their advocate? I put it to your oaths; do you think that a blessing of that kind—that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression—should have a stigma cast upon it, by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure?—to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it; giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper, giving “Universal Emancipation!” I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil; which proclaims, even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of Universal Emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced;—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him;—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down;—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by irresistible genius of Universal Emancipation.

SLAVES cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
 Receive our air, that moment they are free;
 They touch our country and their shackles fall.
 Where Britain's power is felt, mankind her mercy feels.

CXXII.—BRITISH RULE IN AMERICA.

[PATRICK HENRY, an American orator and statesman, was born in Virginia in 1736. In 1765 he was elected a member of the House of Burgesses, to oppose the British Stamp Act. He soon distinguished himself by his boldness and eloquence in all the measures which led to the Declaration of Independence. He was a natural orator of the highest order, possessing great powers of imagination, sarcasm, and humour, united with great force and energy of manner, and a deep knowledge of human nature.]

MR. PRESIDENT,—It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that Syren, till she transforms us to beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future, but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be "betrayed with a kiss!" Ask yourselves, how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land? Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentle-

men assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and to rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir—we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—"unable to cope with so formidable an adversary." But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house?

Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just Power who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir—let it come! It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, "Peace! peace!" but there is no peace! The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty Power! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!—*Patrick Henry.*

CXXIII.—SHEIL'S REPLY TO LORD LYNDHURST.

THE Duke of Wellington is not, I am inclined to believe, a man of excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved; but, notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking that, when

he heard his countrymen (for we are his countrymen), designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate could supply—I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown. Yes, “the battles, sieges, fortunes,” that he has passed, ought to have brought back upon him—he ought to have remembered—that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat, which has made his name imperishable—from Assaye to Waterloo—the Irish soldiers, with whom our armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the athletic arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through those phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valour climbed the steep, and filled the moats of Badajos? All—all his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory:—Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and last of all, the greatest! Tell me, for you were there,—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me, from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast; tell me, for you must needs remember,—on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance—while death fell in showers upon them—when the artillery of France, levelled with a precision of the most deadly science, played upon them—when her legions, incited by the voice, and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset—tell me, if for an instant, when to hesitate for that instant was to be lost, the “aliens” blanched? And when at length the moment for the last and decisive movement had arrived, and the valour which had so long been wisely checked was at length let loose—when, with words familiar but immortal, the great captain exclaimed, “Up, lads, and at them!”—tell me, if Ireland with less heroic valour than the natives of your own glorious isle precipitated herself upon

the foe? The blood of England, of Scotland, and of Ireland, flowed in the same stream—on the same field. When the still morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together—in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited;—the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust—the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril—in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate? and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?

CXXIV.—LORD BROUGHAM ON NEGRO SLAVERY.

[LORD HENRY BROUGHAM was born in Edinburgh, 1779. On leaving the University of that city he travelled for some time on the Continent, and on his return settled in Edinburgh as an advocate. He was one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*. In 1806 he removed to London, where his practice soon became important. He entered Parliament in 1810, and carried the Bill making the slave trade a felony. His most celebrated forensic efforts were those in the case of Queen Caroline. When Earl Grey was called on to form a ministry, Brougham was appointed Lord Chancellor.]

I TRUST that at length the time is come when Parliament will no longer bear to be told, that slave-owners are the best lawgivers on slavery—no longer suffer our voice to roll across the Atlantic in empty warnings and fruitless orders. Tell me not of rights—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny his right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings, of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of laws that sanction such a claim! There is a law above all the enactments of human codes—the same throughout the world—the same in all times;—such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the sources of power, wealth, and knowledge, to another all unutterable woes—such is it at this day:—it is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal—while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and

hate blood—they shall reject with indignation the wild and guilty phantasy, that man can hold property in man! In vain you appeal to treaties, to covenants between nations. The covenants of the Almighty, whether the old covenant or the new, denounce such unholy pretensions. To these laws did they of old refer who maintained the African trade. Such treaties did they cite, and not untruly; for, by one shameful compact, you bartered the glories of Blenheim for the traffic in blood. Yet, in despite of law and of treaty, that infernal traffic is now destroyed, and its votaries put to death like other pirates. How came this change to pass? Not, assuredly, by Parliament leading the way; but the country at length awoke; the indignation of the people was kindled; it descended in thunder, and smote the traffic, and scattered its guilty profits to the winds. Now, then, let the planters beware—let their assemblies beware—let the Government at home beware—let the Parliament beware! The same country is once more awake—awake to the condition of negro slavery; the same indignation kindles in the bosom of the same people; the same cloud is gathering that annihilated the slave-trade; and if it shall descend again, they on whom its crash may fall will not be destroyed before I have warned them: but I pray that their destruction may turn away from us the more terrible judgments of God.

CXXV.—BURKE'S PANEGYRIC ON MARIE ANTOINETTE.

[EDMUND BURKE, the celebrated statesman, was born at Carlow, in Ireland, 1730. In 1774, without any solicitation on his part, he was elected for Bristol. His *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful* is the best of his literary efforts. When the French Revolution took place, he produced his celebrated reflections on that event. As an orator he ranks among the first of modern times.]

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the ele-

vated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace, concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour, and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity; which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which, vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.—*Burke.*

CXXVI. —ON THE THREATENED INVASION (1803).

[ROBERT HALL, a celebrated Baptist preacher, and a distinguished theological writer, was born at Arncliffe, in Leicestershire, in 1764, and died at Bristol in 1831. Mr. Hall was gifted with a powerful and persuasive eloquence but it was his "Sermon on Modern Infidelity" that established his fame as a divine. His works have been collected and published since his death.

By a series of criminal enterprises, by the success of guilty ambition, the liberties of Europe have been gradually extinguished: the subjugation of Holland, Switzerland, and the free towns of Germany, has com-

pleted that the eastern laws, and every spot of country which she is but she is destruction. covering the and we are only apert the Therm of freedom of subluna the capacity race: for what cond fortunes an at this mo their desti on the Co it ever to will invest whether t Europe av virtuous freedom v invited th torch kin poetry, an poured in with innu became a whether t a funeral necessary you feel every the apprehen impatient Go, then,

pleted that catastrophe; and we are the only people in the eastern hemisphere who are in possession of equal laws, and a free constitution. Freedom, driven from every spot on the Continent, has sought an asylum in a country which she always chose for her favourite abode: but she is pursued even here, and threatened with destruction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here; and we are most exactly, most critically placed in the only aperture where it can be successfully repelled—in the Thermopylae of the world. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned—the most important, by far, of sublunary interests!—you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race; for with you it is to determine (under God) in what condition the latest posterity shall be born; their fortunes are entrusted to your care; and on your conduct at this moment depends the colour and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, after having been extinguished on the Continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge, in the midst of that thick night that will invest it? It remains with you, then, to decide whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in everything great and good; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God; whose magic torch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence; the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders;—it is for you to decide, whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapped in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. Go, then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with

every auspicious omen; advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the host to war. Religion is too much interested in your success, not to lend you her aid; she will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet, many to the sanctuary; the faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God; the feeble hands, which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit; and from myriads of humble, contrite hearts the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven, with the shouts of battle, and the shock of arms. The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall, you will have the satisfaction (the purest allotted to man!) of having performed your parts: your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead; while posterity, to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period (and they will incessantly revolve them), will turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulchre. I cannot but imagine that the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable, till it be brought to a favourable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals! Your mantle fell when you ascended; and thousands, inflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready to swear by Him that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth for ever and ever, that they will protect freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labours, and cemented with your blood. And Thou, sole Ruler among the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, gird on thy sword, thou Most Mighty! Go forth with our hosts in the day of battle! Impart, in addition to their hereditary valour, that confidence of success which springs from thy presence! Pour into their hearts the

spirit of departed heroes! Inspire them with thine own; and, while led by thy hand, and fighting under thy banners, open thou their eyes, to behold in every valley, and in every plain, what the prophet beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire, and horses of fire! Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark; and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them.—*Hall.*

CXXXVII.—SHERIDAN'S INVECTIVE AGAINST WARREN HASTINGS.

[RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, distinguished as a statesman, wit, and dramatist, was born at Dublin in 1751, and died in 1816. He was returned to Parliament as member for the borough of Stafford, and attained distinguished celebrity as an orator. He made the grandest display of his eloquence during the impeachment of Warren Hastings. His writings are chiefly dramatic.]

HAD a stranger, at this time, gone into the province of Oude, ignorant of what had happened since the death of Sujah Dowla, that man who, with a savage heart, had still great lines of character, and who, with all his ferocity in war, had still, with a cultivating hand, preserved to his country the riches which it derived from benignant skies and a prolific soil—if this stranger, ignorant of all that had happened in the short interval, and observing the wide and general devastation, and all the horrors of the scene—of plains unclothed and brown—of vegetables burnt up and extinguished—of villages depopulated and in ruin—of temples unroofed and perishing—of reservoirs broken down and dry—he would naturally inquire, what war has thus laid waste the fertile fields of this once beautiful and opulent country—what civil dissensions have happened, thus to tear asunder and separate the happy societies that once possessed those villages—what disputed succession, what religious rage has, with unholy violence, demolished those temples, and disturbed fervent but unobtruding piety in the exercise of its duties?

What merciless enemy has thus spread the horrors of fire and sword—what severe visitation of Providence has

dried up the fountain, and taken from the face of the earth every vestige of verdure? Or, rather, what monsters have stalked over the country, tainting and poisoning, with pestiferous breath, what the voracious appetite could not devour? To such questions, what must be the answer? No wars have ravaged these lands and depopulated these villages, no civil discords have been felt—no disputed succession—no religious rage—no merciless enemy—no affliction of Providence, which, while it scourged for the moment, cut off the sources of resurrection—no voracious and poisoning monsters—no, all this has been accomplished by the friendship, generosity, and kindness of the English nation. They have embraced us with their protecting arms, and, lo! those are the fruits of their alliance. What, then, shall we be told that, under such circumstances, the exasperated feelings of a whole people, thus goaded and spurred on to clamour and resistance, were excited by the poor and feeble influence of the Begums?

When we hear the description of the paroxysm, fever, and delirium, into which despair had thrown the natives, when on the banks of the polluted Ganges, panting for death, they tore more widely open the lips of their gaping wounds, to accelerate their dissolution; and, while their blood was issuing, presented their ghastly eyes to heaven, breathing their last and fervent prayer, that the dry earth might not be suffered to drink their blood, but that it might rise up to the throne of God, and rouse the eternal Providence to avenge the wrongs of their country. Will it be said that this was brought about by the incantations of these Begums in their secluded Zenana! or, that they could inspire this enthusiasm and this despair into the breasts of a people who felt no grievance, and had suffered no torture? What motive, then, could have such influence in their bosom? What motive? *That* which nature, the common parent, plants in the bosom of man, and which, though it may be less active in the Indian than in the Englishman, is still congenial with, and makes part of his being—*that* feeling which tells him, that man was never made to be the property of man; but that

when, through pride and insolence of power, one human creature dares to tyrannize over another, it is a power usurped, and resistance is a duty—that feeling which tells him that all power is delegated for the good, not for the injury of the people, and that when it is converted from the original purpose the compact is broken, and the right is to be resumed—that principle which tells him, that resistance to power usurped is not merely a duty which he owes to himself and to his neighbour, but a duty which he owes to his God, in asserting and maintaining the rank which He gave him in the creation! to that common God, who, where He gives the form of man, whatever may be the complexion, gives also the feelings and the rights of man—that principle, which neither the rudeness of ignorance can stifle, nor the enervation of refinement extinguish—that principle, which makes it base for a man to suffer when he ought to act, which, tending to preserve to the species the original designations of Providence, spurns at the arrogant distinctions of man, and vindicates the independent qualities of his race.

Sheridan.

CXXVIII.—THE MISERIES OF WAR.

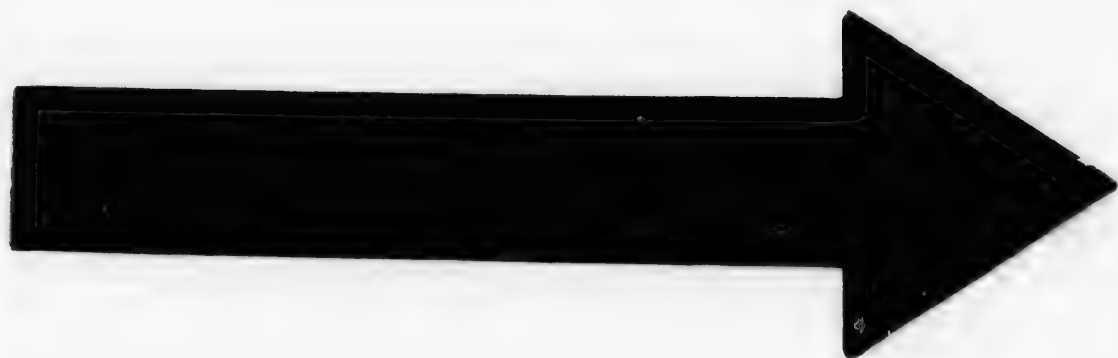
WHAT a scene must a field of battle present, where thousands are left without assistance, and without pity, with their wounds exposed to the piercing air, while the blood, freezing as it flows, binds them to the earth, amidst the trampling of horses and the insults of an enraged foe! If they are spared by the humanity of the enemy, and carried from the field, it is but a prolongation of torment. Conveyed in uneasy vehicles, often to a remote distance, through roads almost impassable, they are lodged in ill prepared receptacles for the wounded and the sick, where the variety of distress baffles all the efforts of humanity and skill, and renders it impossible to give each the attention he demands. Far from their native home, no tender assiduities of friendship, no well known voice, no

wife, or mother, or sister, is near to soothe their sorrows, relieve their thirst, or close their eyes in death! Unhappy man!—and must you be swept into the grave unnoticed and unnumbered, and no friendly tear be shed for your sufferings or mingled with your dust.

We have hitherto adverted only to the sufferings of those who are engaged in the profession of arms, without taking into our account the situation of the countries which are the scene of hostilities. How dreadful to hold everything at the mercy of an enemy, and to receive life itself as a boon dependent on the sword! How boundless the fears which such a situation must inspire, where the issues of death and life are determined by no known laws, principles, or customs and no conjecture can be formed of our destiny, except as far as it is dimly deciphered in characters of blood, in the dictates of revenge, and the caprices of power! Conceive, but for a moment, the consternation which the approach of an invading army would impress on the peaceful villages in our own neighbourhood. When you have placed yourselves for an instant in that situation, you will learn to sympathise with those unhappy countries which have sustained the ravages of arms. But how is it possible to give you an idea of those horrors? Here, you behold rich harvests, the bounty of Heaven and the reward of industry, consumed in a moment or trampled under foot, while famine and pestilence follow the steps of desolation. There, the cottages of peasants given up to the flames—mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves but their infants—the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes in all directions, miserable fugitives on their native soil! In another part, you witness opulent cities taken by storm; the streets, where no sounds were heard but those of peaceful industry, filled on a sudden with slaughter and blood, resounding with the cries of the pursuing and the pursued; the palaces of nobles demolished, the houses of the rich pillaged, and every age, sex, and rank, mingled in promiscuous massacre and ruin!—*Rev. Robert Hall.*

CXXIX.—NAPOLEON AND WELLINGTON.

NAPOLEON and Wellington were not merely individual characters: they were the types of the powers which they respectively headed in the contest: Napoleon had brighter genius, Wellington superior judgment: the former combated with greater energy, the latter with more perseverance. Rapid in design, instant in execution, the strokes of the French hero fell like the burning thunderbolt; cautious in council, yet firm in action, the resources of the British champion multiplied, like the vigour of vegetation, after the withering stroke had fallen. No campaign of Wellington's equals in energy and activity those of Napoleon in Italy and in France; none of Napoleon's approaches in foresight and wisdom that of Wellington at Torres Vedras. The vehemence of the French Emperor would have exhausted, in a single season, the whole resources which, during the war, were at the disposal of the English general; the caution of Wellington would have alienated in the very beginning the troops which overflowed with the passions of the Revolution. Ardour and onset were alike imposed on the former by his situation, and suggested by his disposition; foresight and perseverance were equally dictated to the latter by his necessities, and in unison with his character. The one wielded at pleasure the military resources of the half of Europe, and governed a nation heedless of consequences, covetous of glory, reckless of slaughter; the other led the forces of a people distrustful of its prowess, avaricious of its blood, niggardly, in the outset, of its expenditure, but, when once roused, invincible in its determination. And the result, both in the general war and final struggle, was in entire conformity with this distinction. Wellington retired in the outset before the fierce assault of the French legions, but he saw them, for the first time since the Revolution, permanently recoil in defeat from the rocks of Torres Vedras. He was at first repeatedly expelled from Spain, but at last he drove the invaders with disgrace across the Pyrenees. He was in



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the beginning assailed unawares, and well nigh overpowered in Flanders; but in the end he baffled all Napoleon's efforts, and, rising up with the strength of a giant, crushed at once his army and his empire on the field of Waterloo.

The personal and moral characters of the two chiefs were still more strikingly opposed, and emblematic of the sides they severally led. Both were distinguished by the unwearied perseverance, the steady purpose, the magnanimous soul, which are essential to glorious achievements; both were provident in council, and vigorous in execution; both possessed personal intrepidity in the highest degree; both were indefatigable in activity, and iron in constitution; both enjoyed the rarer qualities of moral courage and fearless determination. But, in other respects, their minds were as opposite as were the poles asunder. Napoleon was covetous of glory, Wellington was impressed with duty; Napoleon was reckless of slaughter, Wellington was sparing of blood; Napoleon was careless of his word, Wellington was inviolable in faith. Treaties were regarded by the former as binding only when expedient—alliances valid only when useful; obligations were regarded by the latter as obligatory, though ruinous—convention as sacred, even when disgraceful. Napoleon's wasting warfare converted allies into enemies; Wellington's protecting discipline changed enemies into friends. The former fell because all Europe rose up against his oppression; the latter triumphed because his principles were such that all Europe was at last glad to place itself under his guidance. There is not a proclamation of Napoleon to his soldiers in which glory is not mentioned, nor one in which duty is alluded to; there is not an order of Wellington to his troops in which duty is not inculcated, nor one in which glory is mentioned.

The intellectual characters of the heroes exhibited the same distinctive features as their military career and moral qualities. No man ever surpassed Napoleon in the clearness of his ideas, or the stretch of his glance into the depths of futurity; but he was often misled by the

fervour of his conceptions, and mistook the dazzling brilliancy of genius for the steady light of truth. With less ardour of imagination, less originality of thought, less creative power, Wellington had more justness of judgment, and a far greater capability of discriminating error from truth. The young and the ardent who have life before them, will ever turn to the St. Helena memoirs for the views of a mind of the most profound and original cast on the most important subjects of human thought. The mature and the experienced, who have known its vicissitudes, will rest with more confidence on the "Maxims and Opinions" of Wellington, and marvel at the numerous instances in which his instinctive sagacity and prophetic judgment had, in opposition to all around him, beheld the shadow of coming events, even amidst the clouds with which he was surrounded. No one can read the speculations of the French Emperor without admiration at the brilliancy of his ideas, and the originality of his conceptions: none can peruse the maxims of the English general without closing the book at every page to meditate on the wisdom and justice of his opinions. The genius of the former shared in the fire of Homer's imagination; the mind of the latter exhibited the depth of Bacon's intellect.

But it was in the prevailing moral principles by which they were regulated that the distinctive character of their minds was most striking and important. Singleness of heart was the characteristic of the British hero, a sense of duty his ruling principle; ambition pervaded the French conqueror, a thirst for glory was his invariable incentive; but he veiled it to others, and perhaps to himself, under the name of a patriotic spirit. The former proceeded on the belief that the means, if justifiable, would finally work out the end; the latter on the maxim that the end would justify the means. Napoleon placed himself at the head of Europe, and desolated it for fifteen years with his warfare; Europe, in return for Waterloo, placed Wellington at the head of its armies, and he gave it thirty years of unbroken peace. The former thought only in peace of accumulating the resources of future war; the latter

sought only in war the means of securing future peace, and finally sheathing the sword of conquest. The one exhibited the most shining example of splendid talents devoted to temporal ambition and national aggrandisement; the other, the noblest instance of moral influence directed to exalted purposes and national preservation. The former was in the end led to ruin while blindly pursuing the meteor of worldly greatness; the latter was unambitiously conducted to final greatness, while only following the star of public duty. The struggle between them was the same at bottom as that which, anterior to the creation of man, shook the powers of heaven; and never was such an example of moral government afforded as the final result of their immortal contest. Wellington was a warrior, but he was so only to become a pacificator; he has shed the blood of man, but it was only to stop the shedding of human blood; he has borne aloft the sword of conquest, but it was only to plant in its stead the emblems of mercy. He has conquered the love of glory, the last infirmity of noble minds, by the love of peace, the first grace of the Christian character.—*Alison*.

CXXX.—HANNIBAL TO HIS SOLDIERS.

[TITUS LIVIUS, the celebrated Roman historian, was born near Padua. In the reign of Augustus he went to Rome, where he was held in great esteem by the Emperor. His reputation is principally built upon his *History of Rome*, in 142 books, of which only 35 have been preserved. It is one of the most valuable literary relics of antiquity.]

I KNOW not, soldiers, whether you or your parents be encompassed by fortune with the stricter bounds and necessities. Two seas enclose you on the right and left:—not a ship to flee to for escaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone; behind you are the Alps, over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage.—Here, then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die, the very first hour you meet the enemy. But the same fortune which has laid you under the necessity of

fighting, has set before your eyes those rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to wish for greater from the immortal gods. Should we by our valour recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravished from our fathers, these would be no inconsiderable prizes. Yet, what are these? The wealth of Rome, whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils of nations, all these, with the masters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come to reap the full recompense of your toilsome marches over so many mountains and rivers, and through so many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labours; it is here that you will finish your glorious warfare, and receive ample recompense of your completed service. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and sounding. It has often happened that a despised enemy has given a bloody battle, and the most renowned kings and nations have by a small force been overthrown. And if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there, wherein they may stand in competition with you? For (to say nothing of your service in war for twenty years together with so much valour and success) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmost bounds of the earth, through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? With raw soldiers, an undisciplined army, beaten, vanquished, besieged by the Gauls the very last summer, an army unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

Or shall I, who was born, I might almost say, but certainly brought up, in the tent of my father, that most excellent general, shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but, which is greater yet, of the Alps themselves, shall I compare

myself with this half-year captain?—A captain!—before whom, should one place the two armies without their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is consul! I esteem it no small advantage, soldiers, that there is not one among you, who has not often been an eye-witness of my exploits in war; not one of whose valour I myself have not been a spectator, so as to be able to name the times and places of his noble achievements; that with soldiers, whom I have a thousand times praised and rewarded, and whose pupil I was, before I became their general, I shall march against an army of men, strangers to one another.

On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength; a veteran infantry, a most gallant cavalry; you, my allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy; you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge.—First, they demanded me; that I, your general, should be delivered up to them; next, all of you, who had fought at the siege of Saguntum; and we were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation! Everything must be yours, and at your disposal! You are to prescribe to us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace! You are to set us bounds; to shut us up within hills and rivers; but you—you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed! Pass not the Iberus. What next? Touch not the Saguntines. Is Saguntum upon the Iberus? Move not a step towards that city. Is it a small matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily and Sardinia? you would have Spain too? Well, we shall yield Spain; and then—you will pass into Africa! Will pass, did I say? This very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, soldiers, there is nothing left for us but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come

on, then! Be men! The Romans may with more safety be cowards. They have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to flee to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither; but for you there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds, and once again I say, you are conquerors.—*Livy.*

CXXXI.—THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

THERE is dignity in toil—in toil of the hand as well as toil of the head—in toil to provide for the bodily wants of an individual life, as well as in toil to promote some enterprise of world-wide fame. All labour that tends to supply man's wants, to increase man's happiness, to elevate man's nature—in a word, all labour that is honest—is honourable too. Labour clears the forest, and drains the morass, and makes "the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose." Labour drives the plough, and scatters the seeds, and reaps the harvest, and grinds the corn, and converts it into bread, the staff of life. Labour, tending the pastures and sweeping the waters, as well as cultivating the soil, provides with daily sustenance the nine hundred millions of the family of man. Labour gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field and the fleece from the flock, and weaves it into raiment soft and warm and beautiful, the purple robe of the prince and the grey gown of the peasant being alike its handiwork. Labour moulds the brick, and splits the slate, and quarries the stone, and shapes the column, and rears not only the humble cottage, but the gorgeous palace, and the tapering spire, and the stately dome. Labour, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long-hidden stores of coal to feed ten thousand furnaces, and in millions of homes to defy the winter's cold.

Labour explores the rich veins of deeply-buried rocks, extracting the gold and silver, the copper and tin.

Labour smelts the iron, and moulds it into a thousand shapes for use and ornament, from the massive pillar to the tiniest needle, from the ponderous anchor to the wire gauze, from the mighty fly-wheel of the steam engine to the polished purse-ring or the glittering bead. Labour hews down the gnarled oak, and shapes the timber, and builds the ship, and guides it over the deep, plunging through the billows, and wrestling with the tempest, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime.

Labour, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts over marshy swamps, suspends bridges over deep ravines, pierces the solid mountain with its dark tunnel, blasting rocks and filling hollows, and while linking together with its iron but loving grasp all nations of the earth, verifying, in a literal sense, the ancient prophecy, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low;" labour draws forth its delicate iron thread, and stretching it from city to city, from province to province, through mountains and beneath the sea, realizes more than fancy ever fabled, while it constructs a chariot on which speech may outstrip the wind and compete with the lightning, for the telegraph flies as rapidly as thought itself.

Labour, a mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste; he looks earnestly at the scene, so quiet in its desolation; then waving his wonder-working wand, those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests; those barren mountain slopes are clothed with foliage; the furnace blazes; the anvil rings; the busy wheel whirls round; the town appears; the mart of commerce, the hall of science, the temple of religion, rear high their lofty fronts; a forest of masts, gay with varied pennons, rises from the harbour; representatives of far-off regions make it their resort; science enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its service: art, awakening, clothes its strength with beauty; civilization smiles; liberty is glad, humanity rejoices; piety exults; for the voice of industry and gladness is heard on every side.

Working men, walk worthy of your vocation! You

have a noble escutcheon ; disgrace it not. There is nothing really mean and low but sin. Stoop not from your lofty throne to defile yourselves by contamination with intemperance, licentiousness, or any form of evil. Labour, allied with virtue, may look up to heaven and not blush, while all worldly dignities, prostituted to vice, will leave their owner without a corner of the universe in which to hide his shame. You will most successfully prove the honour of toil by illustrating in your own persons its alliance with a sober, righteous, and godly life. Be ye sure of this, that the man of toil, who works in a spirit of obedient, loving homage to God, does no less than cherubim and seraphim in their loftiest flights and holiest songs.—*Newman Hall.*

CXXXII.—SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS.

IT had been a day of triumph at Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an extent hitherto unknown, even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away ; the roar of the lion had ceased ; the last loiterers had retired from the banquet ; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dew-drops on the corslet of the Roman sentinel and tipped the dark waters of Vulturius with a wavy, tremulous light.

No sound was heard save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach ; and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed. In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre, a band of gladiators assembled ; their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows, when Spartacus, starting forth from amid the throng, thus addressed them :—"Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call *him* chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena

every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when at noon I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbour, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why; and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling! To-day I killed a man in the arena; and when I broke his helmet clasps, behold it was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died; the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave, and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged

that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call vestals, and the rabble shouted in derision; deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at the sight of that piece of bleeding clay!

And the prætor drew back, as if I were pollution, and sternly said:—"Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!" And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. Oh, Rome, Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me; ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plated mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe; to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze, thy life blood lies curdled!

Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are. The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours, and a dainty meal for him ye will be! If ye are *beasts* then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are *men* follow me! Strike down your guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins that you do crouch and cower like a belaboured hound beneath his master's lash? Oh, comrades! warriors! Thracians! If we must fight, let us fight for *ourselves*! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our *oppressors*! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honourable battle! —*Kellog.*

CXXXIII.—GRATTAN'S REPLY TO MR. CORRY.

[HENRY GRATTAN, an eminent Irish orator and statesman, was born about the year 1750, at Dublin. He was called to the Irish bar in 1772. As a member of the Parliament of Ireland he immediately became distinguished for his patriotic speeches. The latter years of his life were devoted to a warm and energetic support of Catholic Emancipation.]

HAS the gentleman *done*? Has he *completely* done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House. But I did not call him to order,—why? because the limited talents of *some* men render it impossible for them to be severe *without* being unparliamentary. But before I sit down I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time.

On any other occasion, I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt anything which might fall from that honourable member; but there are times when the insignificance of the *accuser* is lost in the magnitude of the *accusation*. I know the difficulty the honourable gentleman laboured under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it when *not* made by an honest man.

The right honourable gentleman has called me “an unimpeached traitor.” I ask why not “traitor,” unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him: it was because he durst not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy counsellor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I say, he is one who has abused the privilege of parliament and the freedom of debate, by uttering language which, if spoken out of the House, I

should answer only with a *blow*. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy counsellor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow.

He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false. Does the honourable gentleman rely on the report of the House of Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

I have returned,—not as the right honourable member has said, to raise another storm,—I have returned to discharge an honourable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that Constitution of which I was the parent and founder, from the assassination of such men as the right honourable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt, they are seditious, and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand, ready for impeachment or trial. I dare accusation. I defy the honourable gentleman; I defy the government; I defy their whole phalanx; let them come forth. I tell the ministers, I will neither give quarter nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House, in defence of the liberties of my country.—*H. Grattan.*

CXXXIV.—DEFENCE OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

SUCH, my lords, is the case now before you! Such is the evidence in support of this measure—evidence inadequate to prove a debt—impotent to deprive of a civil right—

ridiculous to convict of the lowest offence—scandalous if brought forward to support a charge of the highest nature which the law knows—monstrous to ruin the honour, to blast the name of an English Queen! What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of judicial legislation, a parliamentary sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against this defenceless woman? My lords, I pray you to pause. I do earnestly beseech you to take heed! You are standing upon the brink of a precipice—then, beware! It will go forth your judgment, if sentence shall go against the Queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced, which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who gave it. Save the country, my lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe—save yourselves from this peril—rescue that country, of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer, when severed from the people, than the blossom when cut off from the roots and the stem of the tree. Save that country, that you may continue to adorn it—save the crown, which is in jeopardy—the aristocracy, which is shaken—save the altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred throne! You have said, my lords, you have willed—the Church and the King have willed—that the Queen should be deprived of its solemn service. She has, instead of that solemnity, the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplications at the Throne of Mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people, in a larger measure than the merits of their rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice!—*Lord Brougham.*

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anxious	proceed	electricity	patriarch
asthma	prorogue	eloquence	physician
autumn	quarrel	emphasis	political
borough	roguish	envelop	porcelain
bosom	saucer	ethereal	precipice
busy	sceptre	etymology	prevalent
centre	slaughter	exaggerate	privilege
chemist	surgeon	exhibit	prodigal
chieftain	syringe	explicit	pyramid
christen	viaticals	extraordinary	
circuit		generally	register
colour	academy	genial	residence
couple	aërial	geography	retinue
crystal	almanac	hemisphere	rheumatism
cipher	ancestor	hypocrisy	sacrifice
daughter	anxiety	impossible	scholastic
echo	appetite	intolerance	scientific
enough	arable	iniquitous	separate
	architect	jealousy	sepulchre
fatigue	audible	lieutenant	society
gesture	bayonet		susceptible
ghastly	business	mahogany	telescope
grandeur	catalogue	maintenance	terrier
guinea	catechism	massacre	theatre
heifer	circular	medicine	tournament
hostler	citadel	mineral	tranquillity
issue	citizen	miracle	traveller
lyric	committee	myriad	tropical
machine	conqueror	mystery	valiant
malign	courageous	necessitate	vehicle
marine	delicacy	obediently	veteran
measles	dilemma	obstacle	vicinity
muscle	diocese	omniscient	vinegar
nephew	disciple	orient	visitor
neuter	dissyllable	oblique	vitiare

WORDS FREQUENTLY MISPRONOUNCED.

Ab'jectly	blas'phemous	chast'isement	e'poch
accli'mate	bla'tant	chican'ery	eq'ue'rry
accli'matize	bomb	chime'ra	ere
acous'tics	bouquet	chi'valric	es'pionage
adamante'an	bourn	chlor'ide	ex'pletive
adept'	brah'min	chyle	expon'ent
ad'mirable	brava'do	cie'atrice	ex'quisite
advertize'	brig'and	clerk	extem'pore
adver'tisement	bro'mide	coadju'tor	extir'pate
a'errated	bronchi'tis	colise'um	extraor'dinary
aer'ie	bruit	c'olumn	ey'ry
again'	buoy	com'parable	
(agen')	buoy'ant	compromise'	fab'ric
ag'grandize	bus'tle	concen'trate	façade'
albu'men	butch'er	condo'lence	fac'ile
al'gebra		con'duit	fal'con
allies'	calceine'	confis'cate	farra'go
allopathy	calisthen'ics	con'strue	fe'alty
amen'ity	calor'ic	contour'	fe'cund
ancho'vy	cal'yx	con'tumely	feoff
anem'one	camel'opard	cor'ollary	fer'rule
antip'odes	can'phor	cyclope'an	fet'id
ap'erture	canine'	cy'nosure	fin'ale
Ar'ab	canor'ous		finance'
Ar'abic	cantat'a	deco'rous	flac'cid
arch'itect	caou'thouc	des'ultory	fla'geolet
ar'chives	(koo'chook)	di'atribe	flaunt
arma'da	car'avan	dioc'esan	forbade'
aspir'ant	car'bine	dis'cern	for'e'castle
ass'ets	Caribbe'an	dishabille'	fore'head
aure'ola	cast'net	dis'putable	form'idable
awk'ward	cas'tle	dis'tich	frag'ile
az'ure	catch	divan'	fran'chise
	catechu'men	dol'orous	frat'ricide
	caud'al	dyn'asty	fu'tile
	cayenne'	dys'entery	
	cen'tenary		gal'low
	centrif'ugal	eclat'	gape
	cephalic	e'er	gar'rulous
	cere'ments	e'gotism	gas'eous
	chagrin'	elegiac	ghoul
	chalced'ony	empyre'an	giaour
	chalyb'eate	ener'vate	gib'berish
	chain	epicure'an	glis'ten
	char'acter	epis'tle	gon'dola
	chasm	epizoo'tic	grat'is
bade			
bal'cony			
banan'a			
bastile'			
been			
be'hemoth			
bel'low			
bestrew'			
betroth'			
bi'nary			
bi'son			
bitu'men			

grimace'
guer'don
guillotine'
gum-ar'abic
gun'wale
(gun'el)
gut'ta-per'cha
gyp'sum

hal'cyon
half'penny
har'ass
has'ten
haunch
hegi'ra
hein'ous
he'liotrope
hem'istich
Hercu'lean
hiber'nate
hirsute'
holm
hom'age
hori'zon
hos'pitable
hos'tler
house'wife
hum'ble
hus'tle
hydrop'athy
hy'giene
hymene'al
hyper'bole

i'dyl
im'becile
implac'able
importune'
inamorat'a
inci'sive
incom'parable
indecor'ous
in'dustry
in'teger
in'tegral
inter'calary
interne'cine
inter'polate
inter'stice
in'ventory

irrep'arable
irrev'ocable
is'olate
joust
jug'ular
ju'venile
kiln

lab'oratory
lam'entable
lang-syne
lav'a
lee'ward
leg'ate
le'gend
leis'ure
le'nient
len'itive
let'tuce
lev'ee
le'ver
li'chen
lieuten'ant
lin'eament
lis'ten
live'long
lud'icrous
lyce'um

Madei'ra
mamma'
mandarin'
mar'itime
mas'culine
mas'sacre
mat'utinal
mausole'um
medic'inal
mer'cantile
mirage'
miscon'strued
misog'yist
mis'tletoe
mod'el
mois'ten
molec'ular

naï'ad

na'ively
na'tional
ne'er
nest'le
noth'ing
nuis'ance
ob'durate
obei'sance
oblique'
ocean'ic
Od'yssey
offici'nal
of'ten
or'chestra
Cri'en
Orphe'an

page'ant
palav'er
pann'ier
panoram'a
pa'thos
pa'tron
pe'dal
ped'e'tal
per'em'ptory
pes'tle
pi'anist
pia'no-for'te
pilas'ter
plat'inum
plebe'ian
pleth'ora
poign'ant
prece'dence
prod'uce
prom'issory
pronuncia'tion
quadru'pedal
quar'antine
quinine'
rationa'le
ref'erable
refut'able
rep'arable
rep'utable
res'pite
rev'enue
rev'ocable
route

routine'
ruth'less
sac'ristan
sal'ic
sal'iva
sat'ire
Seine
se'nile
sep'ulture
ser'vile
shak'el
si'ne'cure
soften
scon'orous
spin'ach
splen'etic
stupen'dous
suav'ity
sub'lunary
subs'idence
surtout'

tarpaul'in
ten'able
tep'id
tia'ra
tirade'
tor'toise
tour
trib'une
trip'artite
tru'culent

ung'uent
vac'cine
vaga'ry
val'et
vase
vert'igo
vic'ar
vira'go
viz'ier

whis'tle
wont
won't
yacht
ze'nith
zool'ogy
zodi'acal

PREFIXES.

ENGLISH OR SAXON.

A, *on* or *in*, as *abed*, *ashore*.
be, *about* or *before*, as *bespatter*.
En, *em* or *im*, *in* or *on*, also *to make*, as
encircle, *embark*, *imbibe*, *enfeeble*.
Fore, *before*, *foretell*.
Mis, *error*, *misdeed*.
Out, *beyond* or *superiority*, *outrun*.

Over, *eminence* or *excess*, *overtop*, *over-throw*.
Un, *not*; *before* a verb, *to undo*, *unpleasant*, *untie*.
Up, *motion upwards*, as *upright*.
With, *from* or *against*, *withhold*, *withstand*.

LATIN.

A, *ab*, *abs*, *from* or *away*, as *avert*,
abhor, *abstain*.
Ad, with its different forms, *a*, *ac*, *af*,
ag, *al*, *an*, *ap*, *ar*, *as*, *at*, *to*, as *adhere*,
ascend, *accept*, *affect*, *aggravate*,
allot, *announce*, *appear*, *arrest*, *as-
 sent*, *attend*.
Am, *round about*, *ambient*.
Ante, *before*, *antecedent*.
Circum, with its form *circu*, *round
 about*, *circumference*, *circuit*.
Cis, *on this side*, *cisalpine*.
Con, with its various forms, *co*, *cog*,
col, *com*, *cor*, *together*, as *convene*,
co-operate, *cognate*, *collect*, *compose*,
correct.
Contra, which has sometimes the term
counter, *against*, *contradict*, *counter-
 act*.
De, *down*, as *deject*.
Dis, with its forms, *di*, *dis*, *asunder*, as
dissever, *divert*, *diffuse*.
E, *ex*, with its forms, *ec*, *ef*, *out of*,
from, *aseject*, *expel*, *eccentric*, *effuse*.
Extra, *beyond*, *extravagant*.
In, with its forms, *ig*, *il*, *im*, *ir*, *in*, *into*,
upon, as *inter*, *ignore*, *illumine*, *in-
 pend*, *irrigate*: *before* adjectives it

means *not*, as *inactive*, *ignorant*.
Inter, *between*, *intercept*.
Intro, *within*, *introduce*.
Juxta, *close to*, *juxtaposition*.
Ob, with its various forms, *oc*, *of*, *op*,
in the way of, *against*, *obstacle*,
occur, *offer*, *oppose*.
Per or *pel*, *through*, *thoroughly*, *perfect*,
pellucid.
Post, *after*, *postscript*.
Pre, *before*, *precede*.
Preter, *beyond*, *præternatural*.
Pro, *forth*, *for*, *forward*, *provoke*, *pro-
 noun*, *proceed*.
Re, *back* or *again*, *recede*, *repeat*.
Retro, *backwards*, *retrospect*.
Se, *aside* or *apart*, *secede*.
Sine, with its forms, *sim* and *sin*, *with-
 out*, *sinecure*, *simple*, *sincer*.
Sub, with its forms, *sue*, *suf*, *sug*, *sup*,
sub, *under* or *after*, as *subject*, *suc-
 ceed*, *suffuse*, *suggest*, *suppose*, *sus-
 tain*.
Subter, *under*, as *subterfuge*.
Super, or *sur*, *over* or *above*, *superflue*,
surprise.
Trans, *across*, *beyond*, *transfer*.
Ultra, *beyond*, *ultramarine*.

GREEK.

A, or *an*, *without*, *apathy*, *anarchy*.
Amphi, *both*, *amphibious*.
Ana, *through* or *up*, *anatomy*.
Anti, *against*, *antichrist*.
Apo, *from*, *apostasy*.
Cata, *down*, *catarrh*.
Dia, *through*, *diameter*.
Endo, *within*, *endogenous*.
Epi, *upon*, *epitaph*.

Exo, or *ex*, *without*, *exotic*.
Hyper, *over* and *above*, *hypercritical*.
Hypo, *under*, *hypocrite*.
Meta, *change*, *metamorphosis*.
Para, *beside*, *near to*, *parallel*, *parody*.
Peri, *round*, *periphrasis*.
Syn, with its forms, *sy*, *eyl*, *sym*, *to-
 gether*, *syntax*, *system*, *sylogism*,
sympathy.

AFFIXES.

I. Denoting the agent or doer of a thing.

An, as guardian.
Ant, as assistant.
Ar, as liar.
Ard, as drunkard.
Ary, as secretary.
Eer, as muleteer.
Ent, as student.
Er, as maker.
Ist, as atheist.
Ive, as representative.
Or, as factor.
Ster, as punster.

II. The person acted upon.

Ee, as trustee.
Ite, as favourite.
Ive, as captive.

III. Being or state of being.

Age, as parentage.
Ance, as ignorance; or
Ancy, as occupancy.
Ence, as consistence; or
Ency, as tendency.
Ihood, as childhood.
Ism, as heroism.
Ment, as treatment.
Mony, as sanctimony.
Ness, as kindness.
Ry, as slavery.
Ship, as hardship.
Sion, as extension.
Th, as health.
Tion, as motion.
Tude, as solitude.
Ty, as poverty.
Ure, as tenure.
Y, as villany.

IV. Diminutives.

Cle, as particle.
Kin, as lambkin.

Let, as streamlet.

Ling, as duckling.

Ock, as hillock.

V. Of or belonging to.

Al, as criminal.
An, as sylvan.
Ar, as globular.
Ary, as stationary.
En, as golden.
Ic, as angelic.
Ile, as infantile.
Ine, as marine.
Ish, as selfish.

Ory, as olfactory.

VI. Full of.

Ate, as passionate.
Ful, as joyful.
Ose, as jocose.
Ous, as nervous.
Some, as playsome.
Y, as healthy.

VII. Like.

Ish, as childish.
Like, as wartlike.
Ly, as friendly.

VIII. That may be.

Able, as portable.
Ible, as possible.

IX. Without.

Less, as worthless.

X. To make.

Ate, as regulate.
En, as harden.
Fy, as purify.
Ish, as finish.
Ise, as colonise.
Ize, equalize.

XI. Jurisdiction.

Dom, as kingdom.
Ric, as bishopric.

SAXON ROOTS WITH DERIVATIVES.

Ac, an oak: *acorn*.
Beatan, to beat: *batter, beetle*.
Bellan, to bellow: *baul*.
Beorgan, to protect: *burgh, borough*.
Betan, to improve: *better*.
Lidan, to wait: *bide, abode*.

Biddan, to pray: *bead, beads*.
Bindan, to bind: *bind, bond*.
Bitan, to bite: *bitter*.
Blac, pale: *bleach*.
Blawan, to blow: *blast, bluster*.
Blowan, to blow as a flower: *bloom*.

Boc, a book: *book, beech*.
 Bodig, stature: *body*.
 Brad, broad: *broad*.
 Breccan, to break: *breach, brake*.
 Bredan, to nourish: *bread*.
 Bredan, to weave: *braid*.
 Brytan, to break: *brittle*.
 Buan, to cultivate: *boor*.
 Bujan, to bend: *bough, elbow*.
 Burne, a stream: *boorn*.
 Byrnan, to burn: *burnish, brimstone*.
 Ceapian, to buy: *cheap, chapman*.
 Ceorl, a countryman: *churl, earlin*.
 Clufan, to cleave: *cliff, clover*.
 Cnafa, a boy: *knave*.
 Cnawan, to know: *acknowledga*.
 Cnyttan, to knit: *knot*.
 Cryc, a staff: *crook*.
 Cunnan, to know: *ken*.
 Cwethan, to speak: *quoth*.
 Cwysan, to crush: *quash, squeeze*.
 Cyn kin *kindred*.
 Daeg, a day: *dawn, daisy*.
 Doman, to judge: *deem*.
 Deore, precious: *dear, darling*.
 Dragan, to draw: *drag, drudge*.
 Drygan, to dry: *drought, drug*.
 Drypan, to drip: *drop, droop*.
 Dun, a hill: *downs, Dundee*.
 Duru, a passage: *door, through*.
 Dwoerh, bent: *dwarf*.
 Dwinan, to fade: *dwindle, dwine*.
 Dyppan, to dip: *dip, dive*.
 Erian, to plough: *car earth*.
 Faest, firm: *fast, fasten*.
 Faran, to go: *fare, ford*.
 Fedan, to feed: *food, father*.
 Feoh, value, cattle: *fee*.
 Fian, to hate: *fend, foe, feud*.
 Fleon, to flee: *fly, flutter*.
 Flowan, to flow: *float, flood, fleet*.
 Fot, the foot: *foot, feller*.
 Freon, to love, to free: *friend, freedom*.
 Fullan, to corrupt: *foul, filth*.
 Gabban, to scoff: *jibe, gabble*.
 Gangan, to go: *gang, gangway*.
 Geap, wide: *gap, gape*.
 Geard, enclosure: *yard, garden*.
 Georn, anxious: *yearn, earnest*.
 God, good: *God, gospel*.
 Grafan, to dig: *grace, grove*.
 Habban, to have: *behave, hap*.
 Healan, to heal: *health, holy*.

Healdan, to hold: *behold, hit*.
 Hefan, to lift: *heave, heaven*.
 Hyran, to hear: *hire, rehearsal*.
 Hund, a dog: *hound*.
 Lædan, to lead: *ladder, loadstone*.
 Læne, frail: *lean*.
 Læt, late: *last, lazy*.
 Leegan, to lay: *law, layer*.
 Leod, a countryman: *lad*.
 Magan, to be able: *may, main*.
 Mearc, a mark: *remark, marches*.
 Mengan, to mix: *minge, mongrel*.
 Mona, the moon: *month, Monday*.
 Neah, nigh: *near, neighbour*.
 Oga, dread: *ugly*.
 Pycan, to pick: *picket, peck*.
 Ranc, proud: *rank, rankle*.
 Reafian, to rob: *bereave, roser*.
 Ricc, power: *rich, enrich*.
 Ridan, to ride: *road, roadstead*.
 Ripan, to reap: *reaper, ripen*.
 Sceadan, to shade: *shadow, shed*.
 Sceapan, to form: *shape, shop*.
 Sceotan, to shoot: *shot, shut, sheet*.
 Sceran, to cut: *shear, scar, shire*.
 Scridan, to clothe: *shroud*.
 Scufan, to thrust: *scuffle, shovel*.
 Seoc, sick: *sigh*.
 Sean, to see: *sight, seer*.
 Settan, to set: *settle, seat, sad*.
 Slagan or s'ean, to kill: *slay, sly*.
 Slawan, to be slow: *slow, sath*.
 Spell, history, message: *spell, gospel*.
 Spinnan, to spin: *spider, spindle*.
 Snican, to creep: *snake, sneak*.
 Spor, a heel: *spur, spurn*.
 Steorfan, to die: *starve*.
 Stepan, to raise: *step, stirp*.
 Stigan, to ascend: *stage, stairs*.
 Styran, to steer: *stern, starboard*.
 Swam, a mushroom: *swamp*.
 Swifan, to turn round: *swivel, swift*.
 Tellan, to tell: *tale, told*.
 Thincan, to seem: *methinks*.
 Treow, true: *betroth, truth*.
 Twa, two: *twain, twin, betwixt*.
 Wanian, to fall: *wane, wan, want*.
 Weard, guard: *ward, warden*.
 Wed, a pledge: *wed, wedlock*.
 Wefan, to weave: *weft, web, wife*.
 Weg, a way: *wain, waggon*.
 Wenden, to go: *wend, went, wander*.
 Weed, ck'ing: *weed, widow's-weeds*.
 Weor, bad (comp. *wyræ*): *worse*.

Worth, worth; *worthy, worship*.
Wind, the wind; *winnow, winter*.
Witan or wissan, to know; *wit, wise, wizard*.

Wringan, to wring; *wring, wrangle*.
Writhan, to bind; *write, wreathe*.
Wunian, to dwell; *wont*.
Wyrt, root; *mugwort, liverwort*.

LATIN ROOTS WITH ENGLISH DERIVATIVES.

Acer, sharp; *acid*.
Acidus, sour; *acid*.
Acuo, I sharpen; *acute*.
Aedes, a house; *edifice, edit*.
Aequus, equal; *equality*.
Aether, the sky; *etheral*.
Aevum, an age; *coeval*.
Ager, a field; *agriculture*.
Agger, a heap; *exaggerate*.
Ago, actum, I do; *agent, agitate*.
Alacer, cheerful; *alacrity*.
Alienus, other's; *alien*.
Alo, I nourish; *aliment*.
Alter, another; *alternate*.
Altus, high; *exalt, altitude*.
Amo, I love; *amiable, amicable*.
Amplus, large; *amplify*.
Ango, I vex; *anger, anxiety*.
Angulus, a corner; *angular, angle*.
Animus, mind; *animate, animosity*.
Annus, a year; *annals, annual*.
Antiquus, ancient; *antic, antiquity*.
Aperio, apertum, I open; *aperture*.
Aplo, I fit, adaptation.
Aqua, water; *aquatic*.
Arbiter, a judge; *arbitrary*.
Arbor, a tree; *arbour, arboraceous*.
Arceo, I drive away; *coercion*.
Arma, arms; *army, armour*.
Aro, I plough; *arable*.
Ars, art; *artful, artist*.
Artus, the joints; *articulate*.
Asper, rough; *exasperate*.
Audio, auditum, I hear; *audience*.
Augeo, auctum, I increase; *augment, author*.
Auris, the ear; *auricle*.
Auspex, a soothsayer; *auspicious*.
Avarus, greedy; *avarice*.
Avis, a bird; *aviary*.
Barba, a beard; *barber*.
Beatus, blessed; *beatitude*.
Bellum, war; *rebel*.
Bellus, beautiful; *embellish*.

Bene, well; *benediction*.
Bibo, I drink; *imbibe*.
Bilis, bile; *antibilious*.
Bini, two by two; *combine*.
Bis, twice; *biped*.
Brevis, short; *brevity*.
Cado, casum, I fall; *casual, accident*.
Cedo, cecum, I cut; *decide, suicide, homicide*.
Calor, heat; *caloric*.
Calx, calceis, lime; *calcareous*.
Candeo (censum, in comp.), I shine; *candle, incense*.
Canis, a dog; *canine*.
Cano, I sing; *canticles*.
Capillus, hair; *capillary*.
Capio (ceptum, in comp.), I take; *capable, except*.
Caput, capitis, the head; *capital, precipitate*.
Carbo, a coal; *carbon*.
Carcer, a prison; *incarcerate*.
Caro, carnis, flesh; *carnal, carnivorous*.
Cartilago, a gristle; *cartilaginous*.
Carus, dear; *caress*.
Cavus, hollow; *concave*.
Cedo, cecum, I go or yield; *antecedent, recede*.
Celer, swift; *celerity*.
Cella, a cellar; *cell*.
Centrum, the middle; *centre*.
Centum, a hundred; *century*.
Cerno, cretum, I perceive; *discern, discern*.
Certus, certain; *certify*.
Charta, paper; *chart, charter*.
Chorda, a string; *chord*.
Cinctus, girt about; *precincts*.
Cito, I summon; *cite, citation*.
Civis, a citizen; *civil, civilize*.
Clamo, I cry out; *proclaim, clamour*.
Clarus, clear; *declare, clarity*.
Claudo, clausum, I shut; *clausure, exclude*.
Clemens, merciful; *clemency*.

- Clino, I bend; *recline*.
 Clivus, a slope; *declivity*.
 Coelum, heaven; *celestial*.
 Colo, cultum, I cultivate; *colony, cultivate*.
 Comes, a companion; *concomitant*.
 Convexus, crooked; *convex*.
 Copia, plenty; *copious*.
 Coquo, coctum, I boil; *decoction*.
 Cor, the heart; *concord, core*.
 Cornu, a horn; *unicorn, cornet*.
 Corona, a crown; *corolla*.
 Corpus, the body; *incorporate, corpse*.
 Cres, to-morrow; *procrastinate*.
 Credo, I trust; *credit, credulous*.
 Cresco, I grow; *increase, crescent*.
 Crimen, a charge; *criminal*.
 Crux, a cross; *crucify*.
 Cubo (cumbo, comp.), I lie; *cub, incumbent, accusation*.
 Culina, a kitchen; *culinary*.
 Culpa, a fault; *culpable, exculpate*.
 Cumulus, a heap; *accumulate*.
 Cura, care; *sinecure, cure*.
 Curro, cursum, I run, incur, excursion.
 Curtus, short; *curtail*.
 Curvus, crooked; *curve*.
 Cutis, the skin; *cuticle*.
 Damno, I condemn; *damnable, condemn*.
 Decor, decōris, grace, beauty; *decorous, decorate*.
 Dens, dentis, a tooth; *dentist, indent*.
 Densus, thick; *dense, condense*.
 Deus, a god; *Deity, deify*.
 Dexter, right-handed; *dexterity, dexterous*.
 Dico, dictum, I say; *dictate, predict*.
 Dies, day; *dial, diary, diurnal*.
 Dignus, worthy; *dignity*.
 Divido, divisum, I divide; *devise*.
 Do, datum, I give; *addition, date*.
 Docco, doctum, I teach; *docile, doctor*.
 Doleo, I grieve; *condole*.
 Dolor, grief; *dolorous*.
 Dominus, a master; *domineer*.
 Domus, a house; *domestic*.
 Duco, ductum, I lead; *induce, aque duct*.
 Duo, two; *duel, duet*.
 Durus, hard; *durable*.
 Edo, I eat; *edible*.
 Ego, I; *egotist*.
 Emo, emptum, I buy; *redeem, exemption*.
 Emulus, a rival; *emulation*.
 Eo, itum, I go; *circuit, exit*.
 Erro, I wander; *err, aberration*.
 Exter, outward; *external*.
 Facilis, easy; *facilitate, difficulty*.
 Facio, factum, I make; *facility, factor*.
 Fallo, I deceive; *infallible*.
 Fames, hunger; *famine*.
 Fanum, a temple; *profane*.
 Fari, fatus, to speak; *fate, fable*.
 Felix, felicitas, happy; *felicity*.
 Femina, a woman; *feminine*.
 Fero, latum, I carry; *ferry, confer*.
 Ferveo, I boil; *fervid, effervesce*.
 Fido, I trust; *confide, fidelity*.
 Filius, son; *filial, affiliate*.
 Filum, a thread; *filament*.
 Fingo, fictum, I feign; *faction*.
 Finis, an end; *final, finite*.
 Firmus, strong; *confirm*.
 Fiscus, a bag or purse; *fiscal, confiscate*.
 Flagro, I burn; *conflagration*.
 Flatus, a puff of wind; *inflation, flatus lent*.
 Flecto, flexum, I bend; *reflect, flexible*.
 Fligo, sictum, I beat; *conflict*.
 Flos, floris, a flower; *florist, floral*.
 Fluo, fluxum, I flow; *fluent, fluctuate*.
 Fodio, fossum, I dig; *fossil*.
 Foecundus, fruitful; *fecund*.
 Foedus, a treaty; *confederate*.
 Folium, a leaf; *foliage*.
 Folis, a bag; *follicle*.
 Foro, I bore; *perforate*.
 Fortis, strong; *fort, fortify*.
 Frango, fractum, I break; *fragile, fraction*.
 Frater, a brother; *fraternal*.
 Frico, I rub; *friction*.
 Frigo, I am cold; *frigid*.
 Frons, the forehead; *front, affront*.
 Fruor, I enjoy; *fruition, fructify*.
 Frustra, in vain; *frustrate*.
 Fugio, I flee; *refuge*.
 Fulgeo, I shine; *refulgent*.
 Fumus, smoke; *perfume, fumigate*.
 Fundo, I pour out; *refund*.
 Fundus, the bottom; *fundamental*.
 Fungor, functus, I perform; *function*.
 Gelu, frost; *congeal*.
 Gens, gentis, a nation; *gentile*.
 Genus, generis, a kind; *degenerate*.
 Germen, germinis, a bud; *germinate*.
 Gero, gestum, I carry; *gesture*.

Gigas, gigantis, a giant; *gigantic*.
 Gigno, genitum, I beget; *progeny*.
 Glans, an acorn; *gland*.
 Glomus, glomeris, a clow; *conglomerate*.
 Gluten, glue; *glutinous*.
 Gradior, gressus, I go; *retrograde*, *aggression*.
 Grandis, great; *aggrandize*.
 Gratia, favour; *gratuitous*, *grace*.
 Gravis, heavy; *gravity*.
 Grex, gregis, a flock; *gregarious*.
 Gula, the throat; *gullet*, *gully*.
 Gusto, I taste; *disgust*.
 Habeo, habitum, I have; *inhabit*, *habit*.
 Haereo, I stick; *adhere*.
 Haeres, haeridis, an heir; *hereditary*.
 Halo, I breathe; *exhale*.
 Haurio, haustum, I draw; *exhaust*.
 Herba, an herb; *herbage*.
 Hilaris, cheerful; *exhilarate*.
 Homo, a man; *human*, *humanity*.
 Hora, an hour; *horary*.
 Hortor, I exhort; *exhort*.
 Hospes, hospitis, a guest; *hospitable*.
 Hostis, an enemy; *hostile*.
 Humidus, moist; *humid*.
 Humus, the ground; *posthumous*.
 Idem, the same; *identity*.
 Ignis, fire; *igneous*.
 Imago, an image; *image*.
 Imperium, power; *imperial*.
 Index, indicis, a discoverer; *indicate*.
 Iners, slothful; *inert*.
 Infra, below; *infernal*.
 Ingenium, natural disposition; *ingenious*.
 Initium, a beginning; *initiate*.
 Insula, an island; *peninsula*, *insular*.
 Intus, intra, within; *internal*.
 Ira, anger; *ire*, *irritable*.
 Iter, itineris, a journey; *itinerate*.
 Jaceo, I lie; *adjacent*.
 Jacio (jectum in comp.), I throw; *abject*, *inject*.
 Janua, a gate; *janitor*, *January*.
 Jubilum, a shout of joy; *jubilee*.
 Juxta, judicis, a judge; *judicial*.
 Jugum, a yoke; *conjugal*.
 Jungo, junctum, I join; *juncture*, *adjunct*.
 Juro, I swear; *conjure*.
 Jus, juris, right, law; *jurisdiction*, *justice*.
 Juvenis, a youth; *juvenile*.
 Juvo, jutum, I help; *adjutant*.

Labor, lapsus, I fall; *lapse*, *relapse*.
 Lac, lactis, milk; *lacteal*.
 Lacer, torn; *lacerate*.
 Laedo (laum in comp.), I hurt; *collateral*.
 Lambio, I lick; *lambent*.
 Lamina, a thin plate; *laminated*.
 Lapis, lapidis, a stone; *dilapidate*.
 Latus, wide; *dilate*.
 Latus, lateris, a side; *lateral*.
 Laus, laudis, praise; *laudable*.
 Lauro, I wash; *laure*.
 Laxus, loose; *relax*.
 Lego, legatum, I send; *delegate*, *legacy*.
 Lego, I gather; *allege*.
 Lenis, gentle; *lenity*.
 Lentus, slow; *reluct*.
 Levo, I lift up; *elevate*, *lever*, *levy*.
 Lex, legis, a law; *legislate*, *legals*.
 Liber, a book; *library*, *libel*.
 Liber, free; *liberty*, *liberal*.
 Libra, a balance; *equilibrium*.
 Licet, it is lawful; *illicit*.
 Lignum, wood; *igneous*.
 Ligo, I bind; *ligament*.
 Limen, the threshold; *eliminate*.
 Linea, a line; *lineament*.
 Linguo, I leave; *relinquish*.
 Liqueo, I melt; *liquid*.
 Lis, litis, strife; *litigate*.
 Littera, a letter; *literal*.
 Locus, a place; *locality*, *local*.
 Longus, long; *longitude*.
 Loquor, locutus, I speak; *loquacity*, *eloquence*.
 Lucrum, gain; *lucrative*, *lucre*.
 Luctor, I struggle; *reluctant*.
 Ludo, lusum, I play; *ludicrous*, *illusion*.
 Lumen, luminis, light; *luminary*.
 Luna, the moon; *lunatic*, *sublunary*.
 Luo, I wash; *dilute*, *alluvial*.
 Lustro, I purify; *lustre*, *illustrate*.
 Lux, lucis, light; *lucid*.
 Macer, lean; *emaciate*.
 Macula, a spot; *immaculate*.
 Magnus, great; *magnify*.
 Major, greater; *majority*.
 Malus, bad; *malevolent*.
 Malleus, a hammer; *mallet*, *malleable*.
 Mamma, a breast; *mammalian*.
 Mando, I bid; *command*, *mandate*.
 Mando, I chew; *mandible*, *manger*.
 Maneo, I stay; *permanent*.
 Mano, I flow; *emanate*.
 Manus, a hand; *manum*.

- Mare**, the sea; *marine, maritime*.
Mars, martis, the god of war; *martial*.
Mater, matris, a mother; *maternal, matrimony*.
Matrus, ripe; *maturity*.
Medius, middle; *mediator, medium*.
Melior, better; *ameliorate*.
Memor, mindful; *memorable*.
Mens, mentis, the mind; *mental*.
Merge, mergam, I plunge; *emerge, immersion*.
Mereor, meritis, I deserve; *meritorious*.
Merx, mercis, merchandise; *commerce*.
Metior, mensus, I measure; *mete*.
Mico, I shine; *emulation*.
Migro, I remove; *migrate*.
Miles, militis, a soldier; *militant*.
Mille, a thousand; *millennium*.
Minister, a servant; *administer*.
Minor, less; *minor, minority*.
Minuo, I lessen; *diminution, diminish*.
Miror, I gaze; *mirror, admire*.
Miser, wretched; *miserable*.
Mitis, mild; *mitigate*.
Mitto, I send; *remit*.
Modus, a measure; *mode, modify*.
Mola, a millstone; *emolument*.
Moles, a mass; *molest*.
Mollis, soft; *mollify*.
Moneo, I warn; *admonish*.
Monstro, I point out; *demonstrate*.
Mors, mortis, death; *mortal*.
Mos, moris, a manner; *moral*.
Moveo, motum, I move; *remote*.
Mucus, slimy matter; *mucilaginous*.
Multus, many; *multiply*.
Munio, I fortify; *munition*.
Munus, munëris, a gift; *remunerate*.
Murus, a wall; *mural, immure*.
Musculus, a tendon; *muscle*.
Muto, I change; *mutable*.
Nasus, thenose; *nasal*.
Nascor, natus, I am born; *nascent, natal*.
Navis, a ship; *naval, navigate*.
Necto, I tie; *connect*.
Nego, I deny; *negative*.
Negotium, a thing; *negotiate*.
Nervus, a sinew; *enervate*.
Neuter, neither; *neutral*.
Niger, black; *negro*.
Nihil, nothing; *annihilate*.
Noceo, I hurt; *innocent, noxious*.
Nomen, nominis, a name; *denominate*.
Norma, a rule; *enormous*.
Nosco, notum, I know; *note, recognise*.
Novus, new; *novel, renovate*.
Nox, noctis, night; *nocturnal*.
Nubo, I marry; *connubial*.
Nudus, naked; *denude*.
Nullus, none; *annul*.
Numerus, a number; *numeral*.
Nuntio, I tell; *announce*.
Nutrio, I nourish; *nutriment*.
Obliquus, aslant; *obliquity*.
Oblivio, forgetfulness; *oblivion*.
Octo, eight; *octagon, octave*.
Oculus, the eye; *oculist*.
Odium, hatred; *odious*.
Odor, smell; *odoriferous*.
Oleo, I smell; *redolent*.
Omnis, all; *omnipotent*.
Onus, a burden; *onerous, exonerate*.
Opacus, dark; *opacity, opaque*.
Opto, I wish; *adopt, option*.
Opus, a work; *operation*.
Orbis, a circle; *orbit*.
Ordo, order; *ordain*.
Orior, I rise; *oriental*.
Orno, I adorn; *ornament*.
Oro, I beg; *oral, orator*.
Os, a bone; *ossify*.
Oscillo, I move backwards and forwards; *oscillate*.
Ovum, an egg; *oval*.
Pando, I spread; *expand*.
Par, equal; *parity*.
Pareo, I appear; *apparent*.
Pario, I produce; *parent*.
Paro, I prepare; *repair*.
Pasco, pastum, I feed; *pastor*.
Pater, a father; *paternal*.
Patior, passus, I suffer; *patient*.
Patria, native country; *patriot*.
Pauci, few; *paucity*.
Pauper, poor; *pauperism*.
Pax, pacis, peace; *pacific, pacify*.
Pectus, the breast; *expectorate*.
Pecunia, money; *pecuniary*.
Pellis, a skin; *pellicle, peel*.
Pello, pulsus, I drive away; *expel*.
Pendeo, pensum, I hang; *depend*.
Pendo, pensum, I weigh or pay; *compensate, expend*.
Pene, almost; *peninsula*.
Penetro, I pierce; *penetrate*.
Perior, peritus, I try; *experiment*.

Pes pedis, the foot: *pedestal*.
Peto, I seek: *petition*.
Pingo, pictum, I paint: *depict*, *Pieta*.
Pio, I atone for: *expiate*.
Placis, a fish: *expiscate*.
Pistillum, a pestle: *pistil*.
Plus, pious: *piety*.
Placeo, I please: *placid*.
Placo, I appease: *placable*.
Planus, plain: *plano-convex*.
Plaudo, I clap hands: *applaud*.
Plebs, the common people: *plebeian*.
Plenus, full: *replenish*.
Pleo, pletum, I fill: *complete*.
Plico, I fold: *complicate*.
Ploro, I wail: *deploro*.
Plumbum, lead: *plumber*.
Plumula, a little feather: *plumula*.
Pœna, punishment: *penal*.
Pollen, fine flour: *pollen*.
Polus, the pole: *polar*.
Pono, I place: *depono*.
Populus, the people: *popular*.
Porto, I carry: *export*, *portable*.
Potens, powerful: *potentate*.
Præda, plunder: *predatory*.
Prævus, wicked: *depravity*.
Preco, I pray: *deprecate*.
Prehendo, I take: *apprehend*.
Premo, pressum, I press: *compress*.
Pretium, a price: *appreciate*.
Primus, first: *primary*.
Privo, I take away: *deprive*.
Probo, I prove: *probable*.
Probus, good: *probity*.
Propago, I cut down: *propagate*.
Proprius, one's own: *appropriate*.
Pudens, bashful: *impudent*.
Puer, a boy: *puerile*.
Pugna, a fight: *pugnacious*.
Pulvis, dust: *pulverize*.
Punctum, a point: *punctuation*.
Pungo, I prick: *pungent*.
Pupula, the apple of the eye: *pupil*.
Puto, I lope, I think: *amputate*.
Putris, rotten: *putrefaction*.
Quæro, I ask: *query*.
Quatuor, four: *quadruped*.
Queror, I complain: *querulous*.
Quinque, five: *quinquennial*.
Radius, a ray: *radiate*.
Radix, a root: *radical*.
Rado, rasum, I scrape: *erase*.
Ramus, a branch: *ramify*.

Rapio, raptum, I seize: *rapacious*, *rapine*.
Rarus, scarce: *rarity*, *rarely*.
Ratio, reason: *rational*.
Recent, now: *recent*.
Rectus, straight: *rectilinear*.
Rigo, I rule: *regal*, *rector*.
Res, a thing: *reality*.
Reto, a net: *retina*.
Rideo, I laugh at: *deride*.
Rigeo, I am stiff: *rigid*.
Rigo, I water: *irrigate*.
Robur, oak, strength: *corroborate*.
Rodo, I gnaw: *corrode*.
Rota, a wheel: *rotation*.
Rumen, the throat: *ruminate*.
Rumpo, ruptum, I break: *eruption*.
Rus, the country: *rustic*, *rural*.
Sacer, sacred: *sacrifice*.
Sæx, wise: *sage*.
Sal, salt: *saline*, *salary*.
Salio, I leap: *salient*, *salmon*.
Saliva, spittle: *salivary*.
Salvus, safe: *salvation*.
Sanctus, holy: *sanctify*.
Sanguis, blood: *sanguinary*.
Sanus, sound: *sane*, *insanity*.
Sapio, I taste: *sapid*, *insipid*.
Satis, enough: *satisfy*.
Satur, full: *saturate*.
Scala, a ladder: *scale*.
Scando, I climb: *scan*, *ascend*.
Scindo, I cut: *reincind*.
Scio, I know: *science*.
Scribo, I write: *inscribe*.
Scrutor, I search diligently: *scrutiny*.
Sculpo, I carve: *sculpture*.
Seco, sectum, I cut: *dissect*.
Secundus, second: *secondary*.
Sedeo, I sit: *sedentary*.
Semen, seed: *seminary*, *disseminate*.
Semi, half: *semicircle*.
Senex, old: *senior*.
Sentio, I feel: *sensient*.
Septo, septum, I enclose: *transsep*.
Sepultus, buried: *sepulchre*.
Sequor, I follow: *subsequent*.
Servo, I keep: *preserve*.
Sidus, a star: *sideral*.
Signum, a sign: *signal*.
Silex, flint: *silicious*.
Silva, a wood: *silvan*, *savage*.
Similis, like: *similar*.
Simul, at the same time: *simultaneous*.

- Simulo**, I feign: *disimulation*.
Siste, I stop: *assist, desist*.
Socius, a companion: *social*.
Solaris, solar: *parasol*.
Solacio, I comfort: *console*.
Solus, alone: *solitude*.
Solvere, I dissolve: *dissolve, solution*.
Sono, I sound: *sonorous*.
Sopor, a deep sleep: *soporific*.
Sorbeo, I suck in: *absorb*.
Sors, a lot: *assort*.
Spargo, I spread: *disperse*.
Spatium, space: *spacious, expatiate*.
Species, a form: *specific*.
Specio, I look at: *species, aspect*.
Speculum, a mirror: *specular*.
Spina, a thorn: *spine*.
Spiro, I breathe: *conspire, expire*.
Spolium, plunder: *spoil, spoliation*.
Spondeo, I promise: *respond*.
Spongia, a sponge: *sponge*.
Sponte, of one's own accord: *spontaneous*.
Statuo, I set up: *statue, constitute*.
Stella, a star: *constellation*.
Storilis, barren: *sterile, sterility*.
Sterno, I throw down: *consternation*.
Stigma, a mark or brand: *stigmatize*.
Stillo, I drop: *distil*.
Stimulus, a spur: *stimulate*.
Stinguo, I put out: *extinct, extinguish*.
Stipula, a straw: *stipulate*.
Stirps, the trunk of a tree: *extirpate*.
Sto, I stand: *stature, stagnant*.
Stringo, I bind: *stringent, strict*.
Struo, I build: *structure, destroy*.
Stultus, foolish: *stullity*.
Stylus, a pen: *style*.
Suadeo, I advise: *dissuade, persuasion*.
Suavis, sweet: *suavity*.
Sugo, I suck: *suction*.
Sulphur, brimstone: *sulphuric*.
Summus, highest: *summit*.
Sumo, I take: *assume*.
Surgo, I rise: *insurgent, resurrection*.
Tacitus, silent: *tacit, taciturn*.
Tango, I touch: *tangent, contact*.
Tardus, slow: *retard*.
Tego, I cover: *protect, impugn, ment*.
Temo, I despise: *contemn*.
Templum, a temple: *contemplate*.
Tempus, tempora, time: *temporal*.
Tendo, I stretch: *dis-tend, extent, intense*.
Teneo, I hold: *contain*.
Tento, I try: *tentative*.
Tenuis, thin: *tenuity, attenuate*.
Tepidus, warm: *tepid*.
Terminus, a boundary: *termination*.
Tero, I rub: *constrite*.
Terra, the earth: *terrestrial*.
Tertius, third: *tertiary*.
Testis, a witness: *testify, attest*.
Texo, I weave: *texture*.
Thorax, the breast: *thoracic*.
Tollo, I lift up: *extol*.
Torreo, I roast: *torrid*.
Torqueo, I twist: *extort*.
Totus, the whole: *total*.
Tracto, I handle: *tractable*.
Traho, I draw: *extract*.
Tremo, I tremble: *tremulous*.
Tribuo, I give: *distribute*.
Trudo, I thrust: *intrude*.
Tuber, a bump: *protuberance*.
Tubus, a tube: *tubular*.
Tutor, I see: *tuition, intuitive*.
Tumeo, I swell: *tumour, tumid*.
Tunica, a waistcoat: *tunic*.
Turba, a crowd: *turbulent*.
Turgeo, I swell: *turgid*.
Turpis, base: *turpitude*.
Uber, fertile: *exuberant*.
Ultimus, last: *ultimate*.
Umbra, a shadow: *umbrella*.
Unda, a wave: *undulate*.
Unguo, I anoint: *unguent*.
Unus, one: *uniform, unit*.
Urbs, a city: *urbanity*.
Uro, I burn: *combustion*.
Utilis, useful: *utility*.
Vacca, a cow: *vaccination*.
Vaco, I am empty: *vacation, evacuate, vacuum*.
Vado, I go: *inade, vade*.
Vagor, I wander: *vagrant*.
Valeo, I am strong: *prevailent*.
Vallum, rampart: *interval*.
Valvae, folding doors: *valve*.
Vas, vessel: *vase*.
Vasto, I lay waste: *devastation*.
Veho, I carry: *vehicle*.
Vello, I pull: *consume*.
Velox, swift: *velocity*.
Vena, a blood-vessel: *vein*.
Venio, I come: *advent*.

Venter, the belly; *ventriculism*.
 Ver, the spring; *vernal*.
 Vergo, I incline; *diserge*.
 Vertex, the top; *vertical*.
 Verto, versum, I turn; *avert*.
 Verus, true; *aver*, *verity*.
 Vestis, a garment; *invest*.
 Vetus, old; *veteran*.
 Via, a way; *deviate*, *obvious*.
 Vibro, I shake; *vibrate*.
 Vicinus, neighbouring; *vicinity*.
 Video, visum, I see; *visible*.
 Vigil, watchful; *vigilant*.
 Vinco, I conquer; *invincible*.

Vindex, defender; *vindicate*.
 Virus, poison; *virulent*.
 Viscus, bird-lime; *viscid*.
 Vita, life; *vital*.
 Vivo, I live; *survive*.
 Voco, I call; *revolve*.
 Volo, I will; *voluntary*.
 Voio, I fly; *volatile*.
 Volvo, volutum, I roll; *revolve*.
 Voro, I devour; *voracious*.
 Voveo, votum, I vow; *vote*.
 Vox, vocis, the voice; *vocal*.
 Vulcanus, the god of fire; *vulcanus*.
 Vulgus, the rabble; *vulgar*.

GREEK ROOTS WITH ENGLISH DERIVATIVES.

Achos, pain; *ache*.
 Acros, highest; *acrogenus*.
 Aer, the air; *aerial*.
 Agōgos, a leader; *demagogue*.
 Akouo, I hear; *acoustics*.
 Alēlōn, each other; *parallel*.
 Anēmos, the wind; *anemone*.
 Aner, andros, a man; *monandria*.
 Angello, I tell; *evangelist*.
 Anthos, a flower; *anthology*.
 Anthrōpos, a man; *philanthropy*.
 Arche, I rule or begin; *monarch*, *hierarchy*, *archbishop*.
 Aretos, a bear, the north; *arctic*.
 Aristos, best; *aristocracy*.
 Arithmos, number; *arithmetic*.
 Arōma, odour; *aromatic*.
 Asthma, breath; *asthmatic*.
 Astron, a star; *astronomy*.
 Athletes, a wrestler; *athlete*.
 Atmos, vapour; *atmosphere*.
 Autos, one's self; *autograph*.
 Ballo, I throw; *payable*.
 Bapto, I dip; *baptism*.
 Baros, weight; *barometer*.
 Basis, the bottom; *base*.
 Biblos, a book; *bible*.
 Bios, life; *biography*.
 Bolbos, an onion; *bulbous*.
 Botanē, an herb; *botany*.
 Chalybs, chalybos, steel; *chalybeate*.
 Charis, love; *eucharist*.
 Cheir, the hand; *surgeon*.
 Chloros, green; *chloride*.
 Cholē, bile; *choleric*.
 Christos, anointed; *Christ*.
 Chronos, time; *chronometer*.
 Chrysos, gold; *chrysolis*.
 Chylos, juice; *chyle*.

Chymos, juice; *chyme*.
 Cubos, a cube; *cubic*.
 Daktylos, a finger; *dactyl*.
 Deka, ten; *decatalogue*.
 Demos, the people; *epidemic*.
 Dendron, a tree; *rhododendron*.
 Despōtes, a lord; *despotic*.
 Dis, twice; *dissyllable*.
 Dotos, given; *anecdote*.
 Doxa, opinion; *orthodox*.
 Dromos, a race; *dromedary*.
 Drys, an oak; *druid*, *dryad*.
 Dynāmis, power; *dynamics*.
 Eclēipō, I fall; *ecliptic*, *eclipse*.
 Eidōs, a form; *idol*, *cycloid*.
 Eiron, a dissembler; *irony*.
 Ekklesia, the church; *ecclesiastic*.
 Elasto, I drive; *elastic*.
 Embryon, a bud; *embryo*.
 Entōma, insects; *entomology*.
 Epitōmē, an abridgment; *epitomize*.
 Epos, a word; *epic*, *orthopsy*.
 Erēmos, a desert; *hermit*.
 Ergon, work; *energetic*.
 Ethos, a custom; *ethica*.
 Eu, well; *eulogy*.
 Gala, milk; *galaxy*.
 Gamos, a marriage; *bigamy*.
 Gaster, the belly; *gastric*.
 Gē, the earth; *geography*.
 Gennao, I produce; *oxygen*.
 Glossa, glotta, the tongue; *glossary*.
 Glypho, I carve; *hieroglyphica*.
 Gonias, a corner, an angle; *polygon*.
 Gramma, a letter; *grammar*, *telegram*.
 Grapho, I write; *autograph*.
 Gymnos, naked; *gymnastics*.
 Gynē, a woman; *monogyny*.
 Haima, blood; *emeroda*.
 Hētra, a seat; *cathedral*.

- Helios, the sun: *aphelion*.
 Heméra, a day: *ephemeral*.
 Hemispha, ha. f: *hemisphere*.
 Hepta, seven: *heptagon*.
 Hetéros, different: *heterodox*.
 Hex, six: *hexagon*.
 Hiéros, holy: *hierarchy*.
 Hippos, a horse: *hippopotamus*.
 Hodos, a way: *exodus*.
 Holos, the whole: *catholic*.
 Homos, similar: *homologous*.
 Hydor, water: *hydrostatics*.
 Ichnos, a footprint: *ichnography*.
 Isos, equal: *isocetes*.
 Kakos, bad: *cacophony*.
 Kalos, handsome: *kaleidoscope*.
 Kalypto, I cover: *apocalypse*.
 Kalyx, a cup: *calyx*.
 Kausis, a burning: *caustic*.
 Komos, an ode: *comedy*.
 Kratos, strength: *aristocracy*.
 Kreas, flesh: *pancreatic*.
 Kryptos, hidden: *crypt*.
 Krystallos, ice: *crystal*.
 Kyklos, a circle: *cycle*.
 Kylinde, I roll: *cylinder*.
 Kyon, a dog: *cynic*.
 Laos, the people: *laity*.
 Lithos, a stone: *lithography*.
 Logos, a word: *catalogue*.
 Lysis, a loosening: *analyze*.
 Malasso, I soften: *amalgam*.
 Mania, madness: *maniac*.
 Martyr, a witness: *martyr*.
 Mathéma, science: *mathematics*.
 Mechané, a machine: *mechanic*.
 Melan, black: *melancholy*.
 Melos, a song: *melody*.
 Meter, a mother: *metropolis*.
 Meteoros, lofty: *meteor*.
 Metron, a measure: *geometry*.
 Micros, little: *microscope*.
 Miso, hatred: *misanthrope*.
 Monos, alone: *monosyllable*.
 Morphé, shape: *metamorphosis*.
 Mythos, a fable: *mythology*.
 Naus, a ship: *nautical*.
 Nekros, dead: *neeromancy*.
 Neos, new: *neology*.
 Nesos, an island: *Peloponnesus*.
 Nitron, nitre: *nitrogen*.
 Nomos, a law: *astronomy*.
 Oeto, eight: *octave*.
 Odé, a song: *melody, comedy*.
 Otkos, a house: *economy*.
 Oligos, few: *oligarchy*.
 Oon, an egg: *oolite*.
 Optónai, I see: *optical*.
 Orgánon, an instrument: *organic*.
 Ornis, ornithos, a bird: *ornithology*.
 Orthos, right: *orthography*.
 Oxya, acid: *oxygen*.
 Pais, paidos, a boy: *pedagogue*.
 Pas, pan, all: *panoply*.
 Pathos, feeling: *pathetic*.
 Penté, five: *pentagon*.
 Petalon, a leaf: *petal*.
 Petros, a stone: *petrification*.
 Phaino, I appear: *phenomenon*.
 Phemi, I speak: *blasphemy*.
 Philos, a friend: *philosophy*.
 Phobos, I terrify: *hydrophobia*.
 Phoné, a sound: *euphony*.
 Phren, the mind: *frenzy*.
 Phthongos, a sound: *diphthong*.
 Physis, nature: *physical*.
 Phytón, a plant: *zoophyte*.
 Polémos, war: *polemical*.
 Poleo, I sell: *bibliopole*.
 Polis, a city: *metropolis*.
 Polys, many: *polygon*.
 Poros, a passage: *pore*.
 Potámos, a river: *hippopotamus*.
 Pous, podos, the foot: *antipodes*.
 Presbytéros, older: *presbyterian*.
 Pteron, a wing: *aptera*.
 Pyr, fire: *pyramid*.
 Sarkos, sarkos, flesh: *sarcophagus*.
 Schizo, I divide: *schism*.
 Scleros, hard: *sclerotic*.
 Seléné, the moon: *selenite*.
 Sitos, corn, food: *parasite*.
 Skopeo, I see: *telescope*.
 Sophos, wise: *philosopher*.
 Sphaira, a globe: *sphere*.
 Spora, a seed: *spore*.
 Stalazze, I drop: *stalactite*.
 Stello, I send: *apostle*.
 Stereos, solid: *stereotype*.
 Sykon, a fig: *sycophant*.
 Taphos, a tomb: *epitaph*.
 Techné, art: *technical*.
 Telé, distant: *telescope*.
 Temno, I cut: *atom*.
 Téreō, I keep: *artery*.
 Theoreo, I see: *theory*.
 Theos, God: *atheist*.
 Thermos, warm: *thermometer*.
 Thesis, a placing: *hypothesis*.
 Topos, a place: *topography*.
 Zoon, an animal: *zoology*.

LESSONS IN ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION is vocal delivery. It may be said to comprise both a *science* and an *art*. The science embraces the principles which constitute the basis of reading and speaking; the art, the practical application of these principles.

Elocution is naturally divided into two parts; namely, *Vocal Gymnastics* and *Gesture*.

Vocal Gymnastics is the philosophy of the human voice, as well as the art of training the vocal organs in speech and song.

Gesture is the various postures and motions employed in vocal delivery

PART I.

VOCAL GYMNASTICS.

VOCAL GYMNASTICS is the philosophy of the human voice, as well as the art of training the vocal organs in speech and song.

Vocal Gymnastics is subdivided as follows:—

- | | |
|------------------|-----------|
| 1. ARTICULATION. | 3. FORCE. |
| 2. PITCH. | 4. TIME. |

Articulation is the act of forming, with the organs of speech, the elements of vocal language.

Pitch is the degree of the elevation of sounds.

Force is the degree of the loudness of sounds.

Time is the measure of sounds in regard to their duration.

SECTION I.

ARTICULATION.

ARTICULATION is the act of forming, with the organs of speech, the elements of vocal language.

These elements may be formed separately, as in the utterance of the letters of the alphabet, as well as conjunctively, as in the pronunciation of words.

By the utterance of the letters of the alphabet is not meant the pronunciation of the mere *names* of the letters, but the formation of the various *sounds* which the letters represent.

A good articulation is the *perfect* utterance of the elements of vocal language.

The first step towards becoming a good elocutionist, is a *correct articulation*. "A public speaker, possessed of only a moderate voice, if he articulates correctly, will be better understood, and heard with greater pleasure, than one who veriferates without judgment. The voice of the latter may indeed extend to a considerable distance, but the sound is dissipated in confusion. Of the former voice not the smallest vibration is wasted, every stroke is perceived at the utmost distance to which it reaches; and hence it has often the appearance of penetrating even farther than one which is loud, but badly articulated.

"In just articulation, the words are not to be hurried over, nor precipitated syllable over syllable; nor, as it were, melted together into a mass of confusion: they should not be trailed, or drawled, nor permitted to slip out carelessly, so as to drop unfinished. They should be delivered from the lips as beautiful coins newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, in due succession, and of due weight."*

* Austin's *Chironomia*.

Without good articulation, it is impossible to be a correct reader, or speaker. Those who have been accustomed to pronounce their words in a careless or slovenly manner, will find it difficult, even with their best efforts, to utter them distinctly. The organs of articulation, for the want of proper exercise, become, as it were, paralysed. The pupil, therefore, at the very commencement of his studies, should be conducted through a series of exercises calculated to strengthen the muscles of articulation, and render them obedient to the will. The best method for effecting these purposes, is to exercise the voice on the elements of speech; first, on each element separately; secondly, on various combinations.

Under the head, Practical Elocution, will be found a variety of exercises on the elements of the English language, which are calculated to develop the voice, increase its compass, and give flexibility to the muscles of articulation. In that part of this work which consists of Exercises in Reading and Declamation, most of the sounds liable to be omitted or imperfectly articulated, are represented by italic letters. Hence the reader, if he pay proper attention to the subject, will have no difficulty in correcting all ordinary defects in his utterance.

The value of vocal gymnastics cannot be duly appreciated by those who have not experienced, or witnessed, their beneficial results. But, I feel confident, the time is not far distant when these exercises will be considered, by all intelligent persons, an essential part of primary instruction.

CHAPTER I.

THE ELEMENTS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The Elements of vocal language are the Sounds of which words are composed. These sounds are represented by graphic characters, called letters.

The number of *letters* in the English language is twenty-six; but the number of *elements* is thirty-eight.

Hence, as the number of elements exceeds the number of their literal signs, the same letter is employed, in different situations, to represent different sounds. Thus *a* represents four different sounds; *e*, two; *i*, two; *o*, three; *u*, three; *z*, two; and there are six sounds, each of which is represented by two letters—*ou*, *ng*, *sh*, *wh*, *th* in *then*, and *th* in *thin*. If we had a perfect alphabet, every elementary sound would be represented by its appropriate character.

The elements, as well as the letters by which they are represented, are usually divided into two classes, *Vowels* and *Consonants*. A more philosophical division, however, is into three classes, *Vowels*, *Subvowels*, and *Aspirates*.

The *vowels* are pure vocal sounds; their number is fifteen.

The *subvowels* have a vocality, but inferior to that of the vowels; their number is fourteen.

The *aspirates* are made with the whispering breath, and, consequently, have no vocality; they are nine in number.

Classification of the Elements.

VOWELS.

English.

French.

ā	as heard in	ale, day, fate,	and in	etc.
ā	arm, farm,	arme, gaz, gaze.
ā	all, law, far,
ā	an, man, idea,	aller.
ē	eve, see, deed,	êle.
ē	end, met, err,	elle.
ī	ile, fly, pine,
ī	in, pin,	il.
ō	old, no, more,	eau.
ō	lose, too, move,	voûte.
ō	on, lock, not,	ecole.
ū	tube, few, pupil,
ū	up, her, hurt,	Europe.
ū	full, pull, wolf,	ow.
ou	our, now, flour,

SUBVOWELS.	English.	French.
b as heard in	<i>bow, orb, barb</i>	and in <i>bon.</i>
d „	<i>day, bid, did,</i>	„ <i>Dieu.</i>
g „	<i>gay, fig, gig,</i>	„ <i>gai.</i>
l „	<i>light, all, lull,</i>	„ <i>loup.</i>
m „	<i>mind, storm, main,</i>	„ <i>mon.</i>
n „	<i>no, on, nine,</i>	„ <i>non.</i>
ng „	<i>song, think,</i>	„ <i>agneau (nearly).</i>
r „	<i>roll, war, rare,</i>	„ <i>roue</i>
TH „	<i>then, with,</i>	„ —
v „	<i>vile, live, valve,</i>	„ <i>vil.</i>
w „	<i>wo, went, world,</i>	„ <i>oui (nearly).</i>
y „	<i>yoke, yonder,</i>	„ <i>yacht.</i>
z „	<i>zone, his, prism,</i>	„ <i>zone.</i>
z „	<i>azure, enclosure,</i>	„ <i>jardin.</i>
ASPIRATES.		
f „	<i>fame, if, drift,</i>	„ <i>femme.</i>
h „	<i>hut, hence,</i>	„ —
k „	<i>kite, wreck, kick,</i>	„ <i>cor.</i>
p „	<i>pit, up,</i>	„ <i>papa.</i>
s „	<i>sin, nice, crisp,</i>	„ <i>sœur.</i>
sh „	<i>shade, push, flushed,</i>	„ <i>chaise.</i>
t „	<i>tin, it, tart,</i>	„ <i>tour.</i>
th „	<i>thin, truth, months,</i>	„ —
wh „	<i>what, when, which,</i>	„ —

The reader may ask why C, J, Q, and X, have not been classed with the elements. These letters have no sounds which are not represented, in the above scheme, by other letters. C has three sounds—the sound of k, as in cat; that of s, as in cedar, and that of sh, as in ocean. J expresses the combined sounds of d and z in azure. Q has the sound of k. X, as in exercise, expresses the combined sounds of k and s; in example, the combined sounds of g and z in zone; in anxious, the combined sounds of k and sh. In Xenophon, x has the sound of z in zone.*

* X in *Xenophon* was pronounced by the ancient Greeks as we pronounce x in *exercise*, thus, *Ksenophon*; and I am informed by Mr. Castanis, a native of the island of Scio, that the modern Greeks so pronounce it.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOWELS.

THE vowels are divided into *Monothongs*, *Diphthongs*, and *Triphthongs*.

The *Monothongs* consist of one kind of sound throughout their concrete movement, and consequently are *simple* elements; they are represented by the italics in the following words:

arm, all, an, eve, end, in, on, up, full.

The *Diphthongs* consist of two vowel sounds, which coalesce so intimately that they appear like one uniform sound; they are represented by the italics in the following words:

ale, ile, lose, tube.

The diphthong *a*, as well as *i*, has a characteristic sound for its radical, and the monothong *i* for its vanish. These diphthongs, under certain circumstances (for instance, when they are carried through a wide range of pitch, as an interrogation with surprise), are converted into triphthongs, the third constituent being the monothong *e*.

The diphthong *o*, as well as *u*, has a characteristic sound for its radical, and the subvowel *w* for its vanish.

The *Triphthongs* consist of *three* vowel sounds, which coalesce so intimately that they appear like one uniform sound; they are represented by the italics in the following words:

old, our.

The first constituent of *o*, as well as that of *ou*, is a sound characteristic of this element; and the diphthong *o* constitutes the second and the third constituent of these triphthongs.

The following scheme is an analysis of the diphthongs and triphthongs. The reader will observe that the letters

which are employed to represent the diphthongs and triphthongs, are used under the head *Constituents*, to represent their *radicals* only.

ā	ā — i	ā*	ā — i — ē
i	i — i	i*	i — i — ē
ō	ō — w	ō	ō — ō — w
ū	ū — w	ou	ou — ō — w

There is one diphthong, and three triphthongs, besides those already noticed; they are represented by the italics in the following words:

oil, ay, boy, buoy.

But, as all their constituents are to be found among the fifteen vowels before enumerated, they do not increase the number of the elements. This may be seen by the following analysis:

ai	ā — i	ay	ā — i — ē
		oy	ō — i — ē
		uoy	ō — i — ē

During the utterance of a *monothong*, the aperture of the mouth remains stationary; but during that of a *diphthong*, or *triphthong*, the aperture is gradually diminished till the commencement of the last constituent; it then remains stationary till the sound is ended.

CHAPTER III.

THE SUBVOWELS.

B CONSISTS of a vocal sound and an aspirate. The first constituent is formed with the lips closed; the second

* I have said that a and i are sometimes diphthongs, and sometimes triphthongs; hence, above, they appear under both heads.

by aspirating the vowel \bar{u} at the moment of their separation.*

When B is doubled, as in *rabbit*, the second constituent of the first B is omitted. When B is whispered, the second constituent only is heard. When words in which B is doubled are whispered, the first B is mute.

D consists of a vocal sound and an aspirate. The first constituent is formed with the tip of the tongue pressed against the gums of the upper incisory teeth; the second, by aspirating the vowel \bar{u} at the moment of its removal.*

When D is doubled, as in *addition*, the second constituent of the first D is omitted. When D is whispered, the second constituent only is heard. When words in which D is doubled are whispered, the first D is mute.

G consists of a vocal sound and an aspirate. The first constituent is formed with the root of the tongue pressed against the curtain or vail of the palate; the second, by aspirating the vowel \bar{u} at the moment of its removal.*

When G is doubled, as in *haggard*, the second constituent of the first G is omitted. When G is whispered, the second constituent only is heard. When words in which G is doubled are whispered, the first G is mute.

L is a vocal sound, made with the tip of the tongue pressed against the gums of the upper incisory teeth.

M is a nasal sound, made with the lips closed.

N is a nasal sound, formed with the tip of the tongue pressed against the gums of the upper incisory teeth.

NG, as in *song*, is a nasal sound, formed with the root of the tongue pressed *gently* against the curtain of the palate.

R is a vocal sound, of which there are two varieties. The first is called the *trilled* R, and is made by causing the tongue to vibrate against the gums of the upper incisory teeth, while the breath is propelled through the mouth; the second is called the *smooth* R, and is made with the tip of the tongue elevated towards the centre of the roof of the mouth. R should be trilled when it

* Care should be taken not to make the second constituent vocal.

precedes a vowel, as in *roll*, *crush*, etc.; but when it follows a vowel, as in *air*, *orb*, etc., it should be made smooth.

I have met with a number of individuals who could not trill the R, and others who did it with difficulty. Those who cannot trill it in a graceful manner, had better not attempt it in public; let such, however, not despair—their vocal organs may be rendered flexible by frequent and energetic exercise.

TH, as in *then*, is a compound of vocality and aspiration, formed with the tip of the tongue resting against the inner surface of the upper incisory teeth.

V is a compound of vocality and aspiration. It is formed with the under lip pressed against the edge of the upper incisory teeth.

W is a vocal sound, formed with the lips contracted as in the act of whistling.

Y is a vocal sound, formed with the lips and teeth a little separated.

Z, as in *zone*, is a buzzing sound, a compound of vocality and aspiration. It is formed by pressing the tip of the tongue gently against the gums of the upper incisors, and forcing out the breath.

Z, as in *azure*, is a compound of vocality and aspiration. It is formed with the tip of the tongue nearly in the same position as is z in *zone*, though drawn a little further back, and somewhat widened, so as to enlarge the aperture formed by its upper surface and the roof of the mouth, through which the breath is forced.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ASPIRATES.

F, LIKE V, is formed with the under lip pressed against the upper incisory teeth.

H is the inceptive part of a vowel sound, aspirated in a particular way. H may be uttered in as many varieties

of ways as there are vowels in the language; each requiring the same posture of the mouth which the vowel itself requires.

K is formed by pressing the root of the tongue against the curtain of the palate, and then aspirating the vowel *û*.

When this element is doubled, as in *fickle* (pronounced *fikk^l*), the first k is mute.

P is formed by closing the lips, and then aspirating the vowel *û*.

When this element is doubled, as in *happy*, the first P is mute.

S is a hissing sound, and, like *z* in *zone*, is formed with the tip of the tongue pressed gently against the gums of the upper incisory teeth. It is nearly the same as *z* in *zone* aspirated.

SH is formed with the tongue in the same position as is *z* in *azure*. SH is nearly the same sound as *z* in *azure*, aspirated.

T is formed by pressing the tip of the tongue against the gums of the upper incisory teeth, and then aspirating the vowel *û*.

When T is doubled, as in *attempt*, the first T is mute.

TH, as in *thin*, like *th* in *then*, is formed with the tip of the tongue pressed against the upper incisory teeth. It is nearly the same sound as the subvowel TH aspirated.

WH is the inceptive part of the vowel *û* aspirated in a particular way. The sound which is produced in the formation of this element, is nearly the same as *hû*, whispered. WH requires the same posture of the mouth that the vowel *û* requires.

That *hu* and *wh* are not identical, may be proved by pronouncing, alternately, the words *hoom* and *whoom*, and observing the contrast between them

CHAPTER V.

THE POSTURES OF THE MOUTH.

AN accurate knowledge of the positions which the organs of articulation should assume in the formation of the several elements of vocal language, is very important to those who would speak with ease and elegance.

The pupil should exercise his organs of speech, in the most forcible manner, three times a week, and, if possible, even every day, on all the elements. The vowels should be exploded from the throat, both interrogatively and affirmatively, in every range of pitch within the compass of the voice, and with every possible degree of force.

The vowels are exploded in the following manner: make a full inspiration, close the glottis, and contract the muscles of expiration so as to condense the air in the lungs, then utter the element with a sudden and forcible emission of the breath. The sounds thus produced may be denominated *vocal thunder*; the effect upon an audience is electrical.

This exercise strengthens the vocal organs, and enables the speaker to be heard at a great distance, with very little effort or expenditure of breath. It is also beneficial to health.

CHAPTER VI.

DEFECTIVE ARTICULATION.

ARTICULATION is defective when one or more elements of a word are omitted, or imperfectly formed; or when one element is substituted for another.

Defective articulation is exceedingly common: perhaps there is not one individual in ten thousand whose articulation is *perfect*. This arises from the neglect of a proper

gymnastic training of the organs of speech in childhood. As soon as children are capable of imitating sounds, they should be taught the elements of vocal language; and, to facilitate their acquisition of this knowledge, they should be made to exercise before a mirror, so as to compare the movements of their own lips with those of the lips of their instructor. By pursuing this course, a good foundation will be laid for a perfect and graceful articulation.

In that part of this work which consists of Exercises in Reading and Declamation, all, or nearly all, the letters representing sounds liable to be omitted, or imperfectly articulated, are italicised. Hence it is not necessary to furnish examples, and treat of the subject minutely, in this place. There are, however, some instances of defective articulation which are not pointed out by the italic letters—these are so important that they deserve special notice. I allude to those cases in which one element is substituted for another. The remainder of this chapter will be devoted to their consideration.

Children are apt to substitute the sound of *d* for that of *g* in *gay*; and the sound of *t* for that of *k* or *c* in *cat*. Thus, for *gay*, they say *day*; for *cake*, *tate*, etc.

To enable the pupil to correct these faults, I explain to him the manner in which the sounds of *g* and *k* are produced—they are formed by pressing the root of the tongue against the soft palate, and not like *d* and *t* by pressing its tip against the gums of the upper incisors. I then direct him to pronounce, after me, the elements, *d*, *g* and *t*, *k*, and the syllables *da*, *ga*, and *ta*, *ka*, thus:

d, *g*; *d*, *g*; *d*, *g*; *d*, *g*; *d*, *g*; *d*, *g*; *d*, *g*; *d*, *g*.

t, *k*; *t*, *k*; *t*, *k*; *t*, *k*; *t*, *k*; *t*, *k*; *t*, *k*; *t*, *k*.

dā, *gā*; *dā*, *gā*; *dā*, *gā*; *dā*, *gā*; *dē*, *gē*; *dē*, *gē*; &c.

tā, *kā*; *tā*, *kā*; *tā*, *kā*; *tā*, *kā*; *tē*, *kē*; *tē*, *kē*; &c.

The object of this exercise is to contrast the substituted sound with the correct one.

When this plan does not prove successful, I open my mouth as widely as possible, so that the tip of the tongue cannot touch the gums of the upper teeth, and request

the pupil to open his in like manner. I then direct him to pronounce, after me, the following syllables:

gâ, gû, gâ, gû; gô, gô; gî, gî; gô, gô, gô; gû, gû, gû; gou.
 kâ, kû, kâ, kû; kô, kô; kî, kî; kô, kô, kô; kû, kû, kû; kou.
 âg, âg, îg, âg, âg, oug; âk, âk, îk, âk, âk, ouk.

When neither of these schemes proves successful, I request the pupil to press his tongue downwards, and backwards, with his index finger, while I do the same, and pronounce after me the syllables in the preceding exercise. This I have never known to fail.

Some children omit the element *z* when it follows *d*, and the element *sh* when it follows *t*; for instance, they pronounce *John*, *don*, and *Charles*, *tarles*, etc.* My method of correcting these defects is to contrast the false pronunciation with the true one, as in the following exercise:

dâ, dâ; dâ, dâ; dâ, dâ; dâ, dâ; dâ, dâ; &c.
 tâ, tshâ; tâ, tshâ; tâ, tshâ; tâ, tshâ; tâ, tshâ; &c.

The *v* and *w* are confounded by some persons; for instance, when they would say *vine*, they say *wine*, and *vice versa*. An attention to the proper postures of the mouth in the production of these elements, will soon enable the pupil to correct this fault. The following exercise, founded on the principle of contrast, should be frequently practised by the pupil, in the most energetic manner:

vâ, wâ; vâ, wâ; vâ, wâ; vâ, wâ; vâ, wâ; &c.
 wâ, vâ; wâ, vâ; wâ, vâ; wâ, vâ; wâ, vâ; &c.

In correcting faults in articulation, I often find it advantageous to exercise the pupil before a mirror, that he may observe the contrast between the movements of his own mouth and those of mine.

* *J* is a compound of *d* and *z* in *azure*; and *ch* is equivalent to *tsh*.

SECTION II.

PITCH.

Pitch is the degree of the elevation of sounds.

As pitch regards the elevation of sounds, it respects their acuteness and gravity. I use the term *pitch* in its widest signification.—In the science of music, it is used not only in the sense in which I employ it, but it also has a special application: in the latter, it is applied to the medium note, the regulating note to which instruments are brought by the act of tuning. When applied in this sense, it is termed concert-pitch. The note which has been adopted, by common consent, as the pitch-note, is A, the open note of the second string of the violin: it is written in the second space of the treble staff.

A *lax* division of pitch is into high and low; in other words, into acute and grave (those notes being called high, or acute, which are above the *natural* pitch of the voice; and those low, or grave, which are below it).

Strictly speaking, the application of *high* and *low* to pitch, is without philosophic foundation; it has originated, not from any principles in the acuteness and gravity of sound, but from the relative position of the notes in the graphic scale. This is obvious from the fact that the degrees of the scale may be exemplified in a horizontal line, by varying the forms of the graphic notes, as was done by the Greeks.

An *exact* division of pitch, as demonstrated by the diatonic scale, is into tones and semitones.*

The word *tone*, as here employed, signifies a certain degree of difference in pitch between two notes, as that between the first and second note of the scale. But in some cases we use the word *tone* as synonymous with *note*; for instance, in some persons the tones of the voice are more musical than in others—that is, the *notes* of the voice.

The diatonic scale consists of seven sounds, moving discretely from grave to acute, or from acute to grave, by different degrees of pitch, of which the semitone may be the common measure, or divisor, without a fraction.

* Diatonic [Greek *δια*, by or through, and *φωνη*, sound]. Ascending or descending by sounds whose proximate intervals are not more than a tone, nor less than a semitone.

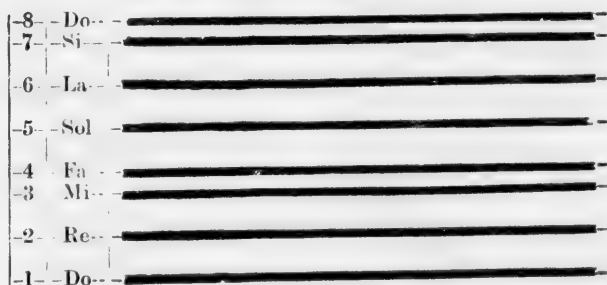
The scale, however, is not complete without the octave, which is a repetition of the first note in the eighth degree.

The notes do not ascend by equal degrees of pitch, but by tones and semitones, the semitones occurring between the third and fourth, and seventh and eighth. The order of the scale, therefore, is as follows: two tones and a semitone, three tones and a semitone. And should it be desirable to extend the series of sounds, the eighth note of the first octave will become the first note of the second octave; the eighth note of the second octave, the first note of the third, and so on.

In teaching the pupil to "raise and fall the eight notes," as it is called, the monosyllables Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si,* may be employed.

Diag. 1 is a graphic representation of the scale. The heavy, horizontal, parallel lines represent the notes; and the spaces between them, the consecutive intervals of the scale.

THE DIATONIC SCALE (*Diag. 1*).



An interval is a difference in pitch. Intervals are either discrete or concrete. A discrete interval is the difference in pitch between any two notes which vary from each other in acuteness and gravity. A concrete interval is that portion of the scale through which the voice slides on a concrete of speech.

The difference in pitch between the first and second

+ Pronounced D¹, R¹, M¹, F¹, S¹, L¹, S¹.

note of the scale, is called the interval of a tone, or second; between the second and third, a tone; between the third and fourth, a semitone; between the fourth and fifth, a tone; between the fifth and sixth, a tone; between the sixth and seventh, a tone; between the seventh and eighth, a semitone.

Diag. 2.

Medium Compass of the Human Voice.		
Natural Voice.	Falsetto Voice.	
	8	Do—
	7	Si—
	6	La—
	5	Sol—
	4	Fa—
	3	Mi—
	2	Re—
	1	Do—
	7	Si—
	6	La—
	5	Sol—
	4	Fa—
	3	Mi—
	2	Re—
	1	Do—
	7	Si—
	6	La—
	5	Sol—
	4	Fa—
	3	Mi—
	2	Re—
	1	Do—
	7	Si—
	6	La—
	5	Sol—
	4	Fa—
	3	Mi—
	2	Re—
	1	Do—

Treble.

Tenor.

Bass.

The difference in pitch between the first and third note of the scale, is called the interval of a third; between the first and fourth, the interval of a fourth; between the first and fifth, the interval of a fifth; between the first and sixth, the interval of a sixth; between the first and seventh, the interval of a seventh; between the first and eighth, the interval of an octave.

The intervals between the first and third, fourth and sixth, and fifth and seventh, are called major thirds; because they contain two tones, or four semitones; but as the intervals between the second and fourth, third and fifth, and sixth and eighth, contain but three semitones, they are denominated minor thirds.

In the expression of our thoughts by oral language, we employ three sorts of voice—the *natural voice*, the *falsetto voice*, and the *whispering voice*, which I shall now attempt to describe.

The medium compass of the voice, in those whose voices have been properly cultivated, is three octaves.* There is, however, a point of pitch at which the voice, in ascending

* It is said that the ear is capable of perceiving nine octaves.

the scale, is said to break. This point, in a majority of persons, is about two octaves above the lowest note of the voice. The natural voice embraces all the notes below this point; the falsetto, all the notes above it (see Diag. 2).

The Italians call the natural voice *voce di petto*, and the falsetto voice *voce di testa*;* because they suppose the former to come from the chest, and the latter from the head. This error has arisen from a want of anatomical and physiological knowledge of the vocal organs. Voice is never formed in the chest or in the head; it is always formed in the upper part of the larynx, at the aperture of the glottis. It is, however, formed higher or lower in the *throat*, according to its degree of acuteness or gravity. At the command of the will, the larynx may be elevated or depressed, and the aperture of the glottis enlarged or diminished. The larynx is the most depressed, and the aperture of the glottis the most dilated, when the gravest sound is formed; and the larynx is the most elevated, and the aperture of the glottis the most contracted, when the acutest sound is formed. Hence grave sounds appear to come from the chest, and acute ones from the head, or roof of the mouth. From this circumstance, no doubt, has arisen the error of calling the natural voice *voce di petto*, and the falsetto voice *voce di testa*.

The whispering voice does not, like the natural voice and the falsetto, owe its peculiarity to pitch, but to the absence of what is generally understood by the term *vocality*. The compass of the whispering voice is about an octave. My own extends through ten degrees of the scale.†

The natural pitch of the female voice is an octave above that of the male voice. The pitch of the female voice corresponds to that of the violin; the pitch of the male voice, to that of the violoncello. The voices of boys are of the same pitch as the female voice—one octave above a man's voice. When boys are about the age of fourteen, their voices undergo a change of pitch.

The notes of the falsetto voice‡ are called *treble*; the

* *Voce di petto* (Ital.), voice from the breast. *Voce di testa*, voice from the head.

† Notes analogous to those of the whispering voice may be made on the German flute, and some other wind instruments, through the compass of an octave.

‡ When I speak of the voice, I speak of the adult male voice, unless otherwise stated.

upper notes of the natural voice, *tenor*; and the lower notes of the natural voice, *bass*. (See Diag. 2.)

The divisions of the voice, as given by Italian authors, and adopted by many musicians of other countries, are as follows:

"There are three departments in the human voice, viz., the high, the middle, and the low. These departments are in the female, as well as in the male voice. *Soprano*, *mezzo soprano*, and *contralto*, are female voices. *Tenor*, *baritono*, and *basso*, are male voices."*

The reader will observe that the *falsetto* voice is not included in the above division.

To a bass, a baritone, and a contralto voice naturally good, or made so by cultivation, Dr. Rush applies the term *orotund*.

KEYS OF THE SPEAKING VOICE. (Diag. 3).

10	A	Vociferation.	
9	G		
8	F	Very spirited declamation.	{ Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as as we possess, etc. My brave associates, etc. Friends, Romans, etc. The tree of deepest, etc. He scarce had ceased, etc. I had a dream which, etc. O when shall day dawn, etc.
7	E		
6	D		
5	C	Spirited declamation.	
4	Bb	Ordinary declamation.	
3	A	Modest declamation.	
		Ordinary narrative.	
2	G	Dignified narrative.	
		Sublime description.	
1	F	Very solemn discourse.	

The *speaking* voice, in good elocution, seldom rises higher than a fifth above the lowest note of its compass. Supposing the lowest note which can be made with a full intonation to be F, the above scheme will show the relative pitch of keys, adapted to the expression of different kinds of sentiments.

* Introduction to the Art and Science of Music, by Phil. Trajetta.

We not unfrequently meet with individuals who always speak in the highest key of the natural voice, and we occasionally meet with some who even speak in the falsetto. A high pitch in speech is unpleasant to a cultivated ear; and though it may answer in the business transactions of life, it is totally inadequate to the correct expression of sentiments of respect, veneration, dignity, and sublimity.

CHAPTER I.

INFLECTIONS.

INFLECTIONS, in the science of elocution, are notes of speech—notes that, in regard to pitch, undergo a continual change during the time of their pronunciation.

Writers on elocution describe six different notes of speech, namely, the *rising inflection*, the *falling inflection*, the *acuto-grave circumflex inflection*, the *gravo-acute circumflex inflection*, the *acuto-gravo-acute circumflex inflection*, and the *gravo-acuto grave circumflex inflection*.

In the rising inflection, the movement of the voice is from grave to acute; in the falling inflection, from acute to grave; in the acuto-grave circumflex, from grave to acute, thence back to grave; in the gravo-acute circumflex, from acute to grave, thence back to acute; in the acuto-gravo-acute circumflex, from grave to acute, thence back to grave, and thence again to acute; in the gravo-acuto-grave circumflex, from acute to grave, thence back to acute, and thence again to grave.

In that part of this work which consists of Exercises in Reading and Declamation, these notes of speech are represented by the acute, grave, and circumflex accents, thus:

Rising inflection ('). Acuto-grave circumflex (ʹʹ).

Falling inflection (˘). Gravo-acute circumflex (˘˘).

Acuto-gravo-acute circumflex (ʹ˘).

Gravo-acuto-grave circumflex (˘ʹ).

In reading and speaking, each syllable has some one of these inflections; but for *practical* purposes it is necessary to mark those only which are *emphatic*.

The various movements of the voice, in song and speech, may be explained in the following manner:

When the bow is drawn across an open string of the violin, or any of its species, a sound is produced of a uniform pitch from beginning to end. This sound is a pure note of music, and, so far as pitch is concerned, is identical with a note of song. When the bow is drawn across the same string, while the centre of the string is pressed down with the finger, a sound is produced similar to that of the open string, but an octave higher. The intermediate notes of the diatonic scale may be produced by pressing down the string at the proper places, and drawing the bow across it.

When a string of the violin is pressed down by the finger, and, at the same time, the finger is made to slide upon it towards the bridge of the instrument during the drawing of the bow, a sound is produced which gradually increases in acuteness from beginning to end. When the finger is made to slide in the opposite direction during the drawing of the bow, a sound is produced which gradually increases in gravity during its prolongation. When the finger is made to slide towards the bridge, and thence back again, during the drawing of the bow, a simple circumflex note is produced. When the finger is made to slide towards the bridge, thence back again, and thence again towards the bridge, during the drawing of the bow, a compound circumflex note is produced.

Other varieties of the slide might be given, but these are sufficient to answer the purpose of explanation.

"The slide is a grace of much simplicity and beauty, evidently drawn from nature. It expresses the most tender and affectionate emotions: we hear it in those little gusts of passion which mothers use in caressing their infants; it is one of the most endearing tones in the language of nature.

"The *portamento*, or carriage of the voice, as the Italians term it, is an easy mode of sliding from one tone to another. Hence second-rate singers find it a convenient method of encountering those notes which lie at remote and awkward distances. In some voices it is so fixed, by habit, that two bars cannot be sung without it. When so used it utterly destroys every pretence to good singing, by interposing an effect of the most sickening kind; when used with discretion, it adds much to the force of expression; and in Madame Caradori it was a grace both tender and agreeable.

"The violinist Paganini, the present wonder of the world, plays an entire *cantabile** upon one string, sliding through all

* *Cantabile*, a term applied to movements intended to be per-

the intervals with a single finger—the effect of which is so plaintive and desolate, as to move his audience to tears. Velluti, the first singing-master of the age, uses this grace with incomparable beauty; in his voice it imparts a tenderness not to be described.”*

The sliding notes above described are analogous to *drawing* notes of speech. Speech, to be natural, requires each syllable to be uttered with a certain degree of force. This force is always in proportion to the length of the syllable. A syllable is *drawled* when it is pronounced with inadequate force, in other words, with force less than that which constitutes the *minimum* degree of natural speech.

The extent of the concrete intervals of the notes of speech is various under various circumstances. A *rising* inflection *may* be carried through the whole compass of the voice. But in the most energetic *interrogation*, the voice seldom rises higher than an octave; though sometimes it extends to a tenth, or a twelfth. The smallest concrete interval does not, perhaps, exceed a quarter tone.

The concrete intervals of rising inflections are greater than those of their corresponding falling inflections. This may be illustrated by pronouncing the letter *a* interrogatively and affirmatively, several times, with increasing energy, making the intervals of each succeeding pair greater than those of the preceding, as shown by the following diagram :

RIISING AND FALLING INFLECTIONS, THROUGH VARIOUS INTERVALS OF PITCH. (Diag. 4.)



In the above diagram, each falling inflection commences in a lower degree of pitch than that in which it is formed in a graceful, elegant, and melodious style. — *Busby's Dictionary of Music*.

* Gardiner's *Music of Nature*, p. 164-5.

corresponding rising inflection terminates. Should a falling inflection be made to extend through the same interval as its corresponding rising inflection, it would be a drawing note, and not a pure note of speech.

Falling inflections may be uttered with greater force than rising inflections. This is shown in Diag. 4, by the relative widths of the notes.

Rising inflections are far more numerous than falling inflections: the former constitute the main body of oral language, while the latter are employed for the purposes of emphasis, and in the formation of cadences. Rising inflections are often emphatic; but their emphasis is weaker than that of falling inflections.

The circumflexes are used for the purposes of emphasis. The acuto-grave circumflex, when carried through a wide interval, is employed for the expression of irony and scorn.* When the circumflexes are properly introduced, they are very expressive. These movements of the voice, however, are seldom required; when improperly employed, they affect the ear of a good reader as unpleasantly as the too frequent use of the portamento does that of a good musician.

Writers on Elocution have given numerous rules for the regulation of inflections, but most of these rules are better calculated to make *bad* readers than good ones. Those founded on the construction of sentences might perhaps do credit to a *mechanic*, but they certainly do none to an *elocutionist*.

The subject is of such a nature that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to give rules for the regulation of all the inflections of the voice in reading and speaking; and, as any rule on this part of elocution must necessarily be limited in its application, I have thought proper to dispense with them altogether. This work, however, does not leave the reader without a guide: in the practical part of it numerous examples are given, which, I

* "The circumflexes, *acuto-grave*, are characteristic of the Irish tone; and the circumflexes, *gravo-acute*, are characteristic of the Scottish tone."—Steele's *Prosodia Rationalis*.

trust, will have a tendency to form a correct taste. When the student shall have acquired a knowledge of the principles of elocution, he will have no occasion for rules.

The reader should bear in mind that a falling inflection gives more importance to a word than a rising inflection. Hence it should never be employed merely for the sake of *variety*, but for *emphasis* and *cadences*. Neither should a rising inflection be used for the sake of mere "*harmony*," where a falling inflection would better express the meaning of the author.

The *sense* should in *all* cases determine the direction of inflections. Hence the absurdity of the term "*harmonic inflection*," as employed by Walker and his disciples—an inflection which, *for the sake of harmony*, takes a direction contrary to that required by the sense. If a sentence is pronounced so as to bring out the sense in the most forcible manner, *all* the inflections must necessarily be *harmonic*, or, more correctly speaking, *melodic*.* Every modification of the voice which is not compatible with the sentiment, weakens the force of the elocution by drawing off the attention of the hearer from the *sense* to the *sound*.

CHAPTER II.

MELODY.

MELODY is a series of simple sounds emanating from the voice or an instrument, so varied in pitch as to produce a pleasing effect upon the ear. The series of *graphic* notes by which these sounds are represented, is also called melody.

Melody is distinguished from *harmony* by not necessarily including a combination of parts. The term *harmony*, as employed in the science of music, signifies a union of melodies, a succession of combined sounds moving at consonant intervals, according to the laws of modulation.*

* The term *harmonious* is correctly employed when applied to two or more sounds whose union is consonant or agreeable; it is incorrectly employed when applied to the notes of a single

Notation is the graphic representation of a melody : in other words, the expression of a melody by written characters.

Intonation is the act of sounding the notes of a melody, either with the voice or an instrument. When each note is produced in its proper degree of pitch, the intonation is true ; when the intervals are not observed with exactness, the intonation is false. Correct intonation in speech is highly important ; in song and instrumental music, it is indispensable ; for, if the intonation is false, melody loses its charms, and harmony becomes discord.

The melody of speech is founded on *sense* ; that of song generally on *sound*. Words containing opposite sentiments may be sung to the same air, with effects equally good, if the force and time be properly varied. Thus, if the two songs, *March to the Battle Field*, and *Oft in the Still Night*, be sung to the same air—the former with great force and in quick time, the latter with diminished force and in slow time—there will be as much difference of expression between them as there is between that of joy and sorrow.* But *speech* is not so accommodating. Here every sentence must not only have its appropriate *tune*, but the tune must be properly *pitched*.

The melody of song is graduated on a scale whose degrees are as definite as those of the scale of *Gunter*. But the melody of speech is not formed with such mathematical exactness ; it has no scale of *determinate* degrees. Hence it is difficult to represent it *graphically*, to give to each note

“ A local habitation and a name.”

But even if an exact notation of the melody of speech melody, as is done by some authors, who confound it with the word *melodious*.

* The reader must not infer that I entertain the opinion that in song, melody cannot be adapted to sentiment. I believe that if the composers of music were *elocutionists*, they would always construct their melodies with reference to the sentiments to be expressed.

should be given, it is doubtful whether it would be of much practical importance to the generality of mankind, as none but a Paganini would be able to read it. Such a notation, however, is a desideratum—it would be highly interesting to the philosopher; and I would advise all elocutionists who have a good ear for music, and can perform on stringed instruments of the violin species, to direct their attention to the subject.*

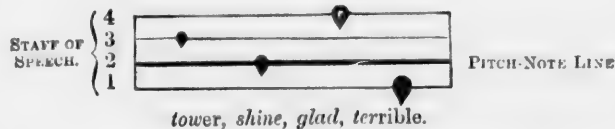
For *practical* purposes, however, it is not essential to present *every* syllable in speech under its proper note, as is done in song: it is only necessary to give a notation of the *relative* pitch of the *emphatic* syllables. Such a notation may be read by those who have no knowledge of music whatever, and consequently does not require the aid of a Paganini. Besides, if the relative pitch of the heavy or emphatic syllables and their inflections are given, the light or unemphatic syllables will naturally take their proper degrees of elevation.

The series of notes by which the relative pitch and inflections of the emphatic syllables are represented, is denominated an *emphasis melody*. The emphasis melodies are written on four horizontal, parallel lines. These lines are called the *staff of speech*, in contradistinction to the staff of music, which consists of *five* horizontal, parallel lines and the intermediate *spaces*.

"Ye are the things that tower, that shine, whose smile makes glad, whose frown is terrible."

In the above sentence there are four emphatic points, which are represented by the following

EXAMPLE OF EMPHASIS MELODY (*Diag. 5*).



* Any essays on this subject by one who cannot perform on a musical instrument, must prove entirely abortive.

Each note in the above diagram has the falling inflection, and no two have the same radical pitch. There is a gradual increase in the size of the notes from the first to the last, which represents a gradual increase of force, forming a sort of climax.

In that part of this work which consists of Exercises in Reading and Declamation, the notes of the emphasis melodies are represented by graphic inflections placed at different degrees of elevation, thus:

"Ye are the things that tower, that shine, whose smile makes glad, whose frown is terrible."

In reading and speaking there is one note which predominates; and in *correct* reading and speaking, the pitch of this note is always in accordance with the sentiment. This predominant, leading, or *pitch-note of speech*, is written on the second line of the staff, counting from below. To render the pitch-line conspicuous, it is made heavier than the other lines of the staff. (See Diag. 5.) In the Exercises in Reading and Declamation, the pitch-note is represented by the graphic inflection which commences at the centre of the body of the letter. (See the word *shine* in the foregoing example.) When one reads altogether in the pitch-note, the reading is monotonous; when the voice is properly varied in pitch, it occasionally rises a degree, or two degrees above, or descends a degree below it, as represented by the staff.

The reader must not conclude that the melody of speech is confined to four degrees of pitch, whose intervals are as determinate as those of the diatonic scale. The intervals between the several notes of an emphasis melody vary according to circumstances. In energetic declamation, and in interrogative and exclamatory sentences, they may be said to be at their *maximum*; in solemn and in plaintive discourse, at their *minimum*. Neither must the student conclude that the melody of speech consists solely of *emphasis melodies*. These form, as it were, the grand outlines of the picture, and the notes of the syllables not included in the emphasis melodies, constitute the filling up and the shading of it.

The graphic notes of song represent *absolute*, as well as *relative* pitch. But as the graphic notes of an emphasis melody of speech denote *relative* pitch only, two emphasis melodies similarly constructed, though different in their relative intervals, may be represented by the same series of graphic notes.

In reading emphasis melodies, beginners are apt to make the intervals too great. Care should be taken to avoid this fault, or the melody will be caricatured. A little practice under a good teacher will enable almost any one who is not insensible to the changes of pitch, to observe the proper intervals with tolerable accuracy. And as these melodies are founded in the nature of the subject, those who have a taste for elocution will scarcely require a teacher, for they will read them, as it were, by intuition.

CHAPTER III.

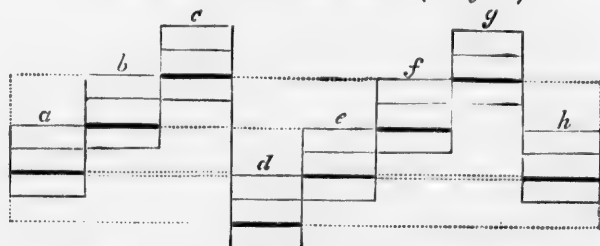
MODULATION.

MODULATION is a changing of the *pitch-note* to a higher or lower degree of elevation—in other words, it is the process of changing the *key*, or of passing from one key to another. This change is sometimes made to a proximate key; at other times, a bold and abrupt transition to a remote key is necessary to produce the desired effect. Modulation is generally attended with a change of force or time, and not unfrequently with a change of both. There is not a more important requisite in Elocution—nothing which contributes more to the pleasure of an audience, nothing which gives stronger proof that an orator is master of his art—than a well-regulated and expressive modulation. Modulation, however, should never be resorted to for the sake of mere *variety*—it should always be subservient to the sense; for it is the province of modulation to mark changes of sentiment, changes in the train of thought, and parenthetical clauses.

Under ordinary circumstances, the various modulations of the voice in reading and speaking may be represented by a staff of four lines. That this staff may not be confounded with the *staff of melody* described in the preceding chapter, it is made of lines composed of dots, and called the *staff of modulation*. The lines of this staff, like those of the staff of melody, are counted from below upward. The second line is called the *pitch-note line of the staff of modulation*.

A series of modulations, as represented by the following diagram, might very appropriately be termed a *melody of melodies*.

A SERIES OF MODULATIONS. (Diag. 6.)



This diagram shows the modulations of the voice in the correct reading of the following extract from *Ossian's Address to the Sun*:

(a) ²The moon herself is lost in heaven; | (b) ³but thou art for ever the same, | (c) ⁴rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. | (d) ¹When the world is dark with tempests, | (e) ²when thunder rolls, and lightning flies, | (f) ³thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, | (g) ⁴and laughest at the storm. | (h) ²But to Ossian thou lookest in vain.

Staff a, in Diagram 6, is designed for the first section in the above extract; staff b, for the second section, and so on. The transition from c to d is abrupt, also that from g to h. The pitch-note of staff a is identical with that of staff e and that of staff h, and corresponds to the pitch-note of modulation.

In that part of this work which consists of Exercises in Reading and Declamation, the modulations of the voice are indicated by *small numerals* prefixed to the words where the transitions should take place. These numerals are 1, 2, 3, 4, and represent respectively the first, second, third, and fourth line of the staff of *modulation*. This is shown in the preceding extract from *Ossian's Address to the Sun*. No. 2 is prefixed to the *first* section, to show that this section is to be read in the *pitch-note of modulation*; No. 3 is prefixed to the *second* section, to show that this section should be read in the *third* degree of the staff of modulation; No. 4 is prefixed to the *third* section, to show that this section should be read in the *fourth* degree of the staff of modulation; No. 1 is prefixed to the *fourth* section, to show that this section should be read in the *first* degree of the staff of modulation; and so on (see the Extract and Diag. 6).

Some public speakers, who are ignorant of the principles of Elocution, but who nevertheless are considered by the *vulgar* as great orators, modulate their voices in the most erratic and hyperbolic manner. I once heard a clergyman pronounce the following sentence in the way which I shall describe:

"While God's omniscient eye passes from seat to seat, | and ranges throughout the house, | he beholds what is passing in every heart."

The first section, *while God's omniscient eye passes from seat to seat*, he pronounced in the first degree above the lowest note of his voice; the second section, *and ranges throughout the house*, he uttered with great force, in the highest note of his natural voice; the third section, *he beholds what is passing in every heart*, he pronounced with a mixture of vocality and aspiration in the lowest note of his voice. Such wild and extravagant transitions, though they may astonish the ignorant, "cannot but make the judicious grieve." The manner in which the speaker pronounced the first and third section in the above sentence is good; and had he pronounced the second section in the same pitch and force with the first, his elocution would have been faultless.

There are other public speakers who never modulate their voices, however necessary it may be to give proper expression to their sentiments; and, what is worse, they generally pitch their voices a third, a fifth, or an octave too high. I once listened to an excellent discourse, from a very learned man, which, however, was nearly lost upon the audience from the disgusting manner in which it was delivered. The lecturer pitched his voice an octave

too high, and spoke an hour and a half, without any variation in pitch, force, or time; and, what rendered his delivery still more offensive, every syllable was marred with an intolerable drawing. Such elocution is discreditable to any man who speaks in public, and ought not to be tolerated by an educated community.

SECTION III.

FORCE.

FORCE is the degree of the loudness of sounds. It is also the degree of exertion with which sounds are made.

A lax division of force is into loud and soft: those sounds are called loud which are made with greater effort than the ordinary tones of conversation, and those are called soft which are made with less effort.

Some use the terms *high* and *low*, as synonymous with *loud* and *soft*. But this is an improper application of these words. High and low regard the acuteness and gravity of sounds only, and not their force; a sound may be high and soft, as well as high and loud—a sound may also be low and loud, as well as low and soft.

For convenience, force is divided into nine degrees. These degrees are expressed by the following abbreviations:—

<i>ppp</i>	(<i>pianissimo</i>), ...	as soft as possible.
<i>pp</i>	(<i>più piano</i>),	more soft, very soft.
<i>p</i>	(<i>piano</i>),	soft.
<i>mp</i>	(<i>mezzo piano</i>), ..	middling soft, rather soft.
<i>m</i>	(<i>mezzo</i>),	half middle, mean.
<i>mf</i>	(<i>mezzo forte</i>), ...	middling loud, rather loud.
<i>f</i>	(<i>forte</i>),	loud.
<i>ff</i>	(<i>più forte</i>),	more loud, very loud.
<i>fff</i>	(<i>fortissimo</i>),	as loud as possible.

The nine degrees of force are represented by *Diag. 6*. The upper line of the diagram contains notes of song, the lower one notes of speech.

Force may be considered in reference to its application to sentences and paragraphs, as well as in reference to

its application to syllables. The application of force to sentences may be varied in the following manner:—

1. A sentence may be pronounced with uniform force.
2. A sentence may be pronounced with a gradual diminution of force.
3. A sentence may be pronounced with a gradual increase of force.
4. The first part of a sentence may be pronounced with a gradual increase of force, and the second part with a gradual diminution of force.
5. The first part of a sentence may be pronounced with a gradual diminution of force, and the second part with a gradual increase of force.

FORCE, OR STRESS (*Diag. 7*).

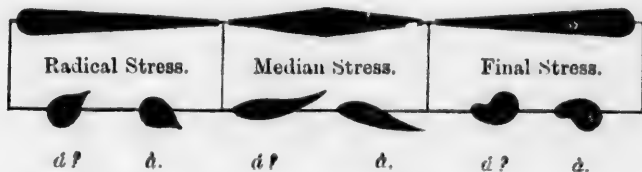


Force, however, is generally applied to sentences in a more irregular manner. It should always be varied according to the varying demands of sentiment.

Force applied to a *note* or *syllable*, is denominated *stress*.

Radical stress is the application of force at the beginning of a note or syllable; it corresponds to the *diminuendo* in music.

Diagram 8.



Median stress is the application of force at the middle

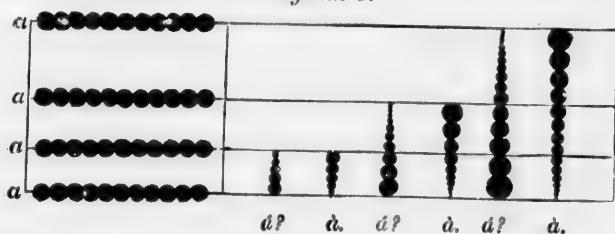
of a note or syllable; it corresponds to the swell or *crescendo et diminuendo* in music.

Final stress is the application of force at the end of a note, or syllable; it corresponds to the *crescendo*, or rather *rinforzando*,* in music.

Explosive stress is the abrupt application of force to a note or syllable; it corresponds to the *forzando* in music.

Tremour is iterated stress on a note or syllable. Examples of the tremour are given in the following diagram:

Diagram 9.



The tremour, in all its forms, may be illustrated on the violin by sounding the notes with a vibratory motion of the bow.

Great attention should be paid to the subject of force, as much of what is called *expression*, depends on some modification of this attribute of the voice. Indeed, force may be considered the *light* and *shade* of elocution.

SECTION IV.

TIME.

TIME is the measure of sounds in regard to their duration.

Time, in song and instrumental music, is divided into













* *Rinforzando* is a sudden increase of sound from softness to loudness.

equal measures by rhythmical pulsation—in other words, by a periodical return of similar accents.* In graphic music, these measures are rendered conspicuous to the eye by vertical bars, as in the following line of poetry:




| Hail to the | chief who in | triumph ad- | vances. |

In speech there is also a return of similar accents, but they do not always occur at regular intervals of time. Hence the rhythm of speech, like its melody, is more or less irregular.

The time of a note or syllable, is called *quantity*. The time of a *rest* is also called quantity; because *rests*, as well as notes, are a constituent of rhythm. Hence the characters used for the expression of quantity, are either of sound or silence. The former are called notes; the latter, rests. These characters, and their relative lengths, are as follows:

NOTES.		RESTS.	
Semibreve,	 = 4	Semibreve Rest,	 = 4
Minim,	 = 2	Minim Rest,	 = 2
Crotchet,	 = 1	Crotchet Rest,	 = 1
Quaver,	 = ½	Quaver Rest,	 = ½
Semiquaver,	 = ¼	Semiquaver Rest,	 = ¼
Demi-Semiquaver,	 = ⅛	Demi-Semiquaver Rest,	 = ⅛

Hence, a semibreve is equal to two minims; equal to four crotchets; equal to eight quavers, etc.

A dot following a note, or rest, increases its length in one-half—in other words, increases its length in the ratio of 2 to 3. Thus, a dotted semibreve () is equal to a semibreve and a minim () or to three minims ()

* It is rhythmical pulsation which enables a band of musicians to perform in concert. It is this also which enables a company of soldiers to march synchronously, and which governs the movements of the feet in dancing.

a dotted minim ($\text{♩}.$), to a minim and a crotchet ($\text{♩} \text{♩}$), or to three crotchets ($\text{♩} \text{♩} \text{♩}$); and so on.

There are two general modes of time—*common* and *triple*. In common time each measure is divisible by 2; in triple time each measure is divisible by 3.

There are several varieties of each of these modes of time. When a piece is in common time, and each measure contains two quavers, or their equivalent, the figures $\frac{2}{8}$ are prefixed to the words, or the music; when each measure contains two crotchets, the figures $\frac{2}{4}$ are prefixed; and when each measure contains four crotchets, a capital C, or the figures $\frac{4}{4}$ are prefixed. When a piece is in triple time, and each measure contains three quavers, the figures $\frac{3}{8}$ are prefixed to the words, or the music; when each measure contains three crotchets, the figures $\frac{3}{4}$ are prefixed; and when each measure contains six quavers, the figures $\frac{6}{8}$ are prefixed to the words, or the music. The upper figure, in each of these cases, shows how many notes of a certain description there are in each measure; and the lower figure, how many of these notes are equal in value to a semibreve.


EXAMPLES.


Common Time; two Quavers in a Measure.

$\frac{2}{8}$ 
Oft has it been my lot to mark



A proud, con - ceit-ed, talk-ing spark.

Common Time; two Crotchets in a Measure.

$\frac{2}{4}$ 
The cur - few tolls—


The knell of part-ing day.

Triple Time; three Quavers in a Measure.

$\frac{3}{8}$ 
The rose has been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower.

MOVEMENT

Movement is the velocity with which a sentence is read or sung, or a strain of instrumental music is played.

The rate of movement should be such as the sentiment demands. Solemn discourse requires a slow movement; simple narrative, a medium rate of utterance; animated description, as well as all language expressive of any sudden passion, as joy, anger, etc., a movement more or less rapid, according to the intensity of emotion. In the science of music, various terms have been employed to denote the rate of movement, the principal of which are the following:—

Adagio,..... very slow; the slowest time.

Largo, slow time.

Larghetto, ... slow, but not so slow as largo.

Andante, ... medium time.

Andantino, .. a little quicker than andante.

Allegretto, ... rather quick, but not so quick as allegro.

Allegro,.... quick time.

Presto,..... very quick.

Prestissimo, . as quick as possible.

Adagio, *andante*, and *allegro*, are the three chief divisions of time; the other terms mark the intermediate degrees.

In addition to the foregoing terms, which mark the movement, there are others which indicate the style of performance. Some of these are as follows:—

Affetuoso, . affectionate—a soft and delicate style of performance.

Brillante, . shining, sparkling—a gay, showy style.

Furioso, ... fierce, mad—a vehement style

Spiritoso, . spirited—a spirited style.

Sometimes these terms are used in connection with those which express the rate of movement, thus:—

Allegro con spirito, quick with spirit—in a quick and spirited manner.

The rate of movement is not *definitely* marked by the terms *adagio*, *largo*, *larghetto*, etc.; it may, however, be designated with precision by means of the

METRONOME.

This instrument has a graduated pendulum, to which is attached a sliding weight. The higher this weight is moved upon the pendulum, the slower are its vibrations; and the contrary. When the weight corresponds to the number 50, the vibrations of the pendulum are the slowest; when it corresponds to 160, they are the quickest. All the numbers on the instrument have reference to a *minute of time*. Thus, when the weight is placed at 50, fifty beats or ticks occur in a minute; when at 60, sixty beats in a minute; when at 100, one hundred beats in a minute, etc.

In reading, as a general rule, the time should be marked on the metronome by whole measures—in other words, each measure should correspond to one tick of the instrument.

EXAMPLES OF THE SEVERAL MOVEMENTS.

In the following examples, the words which indicate the movement and the corresponding numbers on the metronome, are both employed.

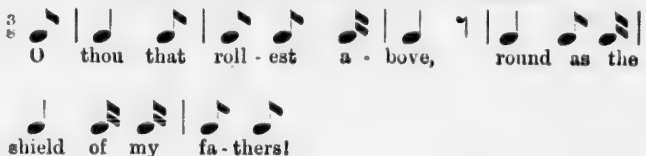
Adagio. Metronome 60—two beats in a measure.



Largo. Metronome 56—one beat in a measure.



Larghetto. Metronome 66—one beat in a measure.



Andante. Metronome 76—one beat in a measure.



Andantino. Metronome 100—one beat in a measure.



Allegretto. Metronome 112—one beat in a measure.



* NOTE.—The figure 3 over the three quavers which compose the first measure, signifies that they are to be pronounced in the time of two.

Allegro con spirito. Metronome 104—one beat in a measure.



Animato. Metronome 100—one beat in a measure.



PART II.

GESTURE.

GESTURE is the various postures and motions employed in vocal delivery: as the postures and motions of the head, face, shoulders, trunk, arms, hands, fingers, lower limbs, and the feet.

Graceful and appropriate gesture renders vocal delivery far more pleasing and effective. Hence its cultivation is of primary importance to those who are ambitious of accomplishment in elocution.

CHAPTER I.

POSTURES OF THE BODY.

THE postures of the body, with respect to vocal delivery, may be divided into favourable and unfavourable; and, the better to suit my purpose in giving their illustration, I shall first treat of the unfavourable.

The most unfavourable posture is the horizontal. If a reader or a speaker should lie prone, or supine, he would not be likely to deliver a discourse with energy and effect. I have never known an *orator* to deliver a discourse in the horizontal posture; but I have known individuals to speak in public in postures almost as inappropriate.

The human mind is so constituted, that, in its education, order becomes almost indispensable. Hence, any thing that interrupts methodical instruction is a serious

obstacle to the growth of intellect. Nor is order more necessary than perseverance; consequently all postures of the body which are calculated for repose, should be avoided by the student in elocution. And as grace and dignity are of primary importance in vocal delivery, all postures which are inconsistent with these attributes should also be avoided.

The erect posture of the body is the best for vocal delivery; the trunk and limbs should be braced in proportion to the degree of energy required by the sentiments to be delivered. The right foot should be from two to four inches in advance of the left, and the toes turned a little outwards; meanwhile the body should be principally sustained by the left foot.

The next best is the *erect* sitting posture, in which the shoulders do not rest against the back of the seat, and in which the body is retained in its proper position by muscular action.

The next best is the *erect* sitting posture in which the shoulders rest against the back of the seat.

These are the only postures which are at all favourable to vocal delivery.

MANNER OF HOLDING THE BOOK.

The book should be held in the left hand, from six to eight inches from the body, and as high as the centre of the breast, so as to bring the face nearly perpendicular. It should not, however, be held so high as to prevent the audience from having a view of the reader's mouth, as his voice would thereby be more or less obstructed. The fingers of the right hand may take hold of the margin of the book lightly, so as to be ready to turn over the leaves, as occasion may require; or they may be placed upon the page, just below the line the reader is pronouncing, to aid him in keeping his place; or, particularly if the reader is pronouncing an original composition, the right hand may be employed to illustrate and enforce the sentiments by appropriate gesticulation. If the reader be a lady, the

right hand may support the left arm. I do not, however, advise ladies to adopt this posture exclusively, but deem it not ungraceful for them.

The eyes should occasionally be directed from the words of the discourse to the audience.

In demonstrating on the black-board, the face, and not the back, should be turned to the audience.

CHAPTER II.

NOTATION OF GESTURE.

THE want of a language for expressing the different modifications of gesture with brevity and perspicuity, is the principal cause of the general neglect with which the cultivation of this art has hitherto been treated. For this desideratum the world is indebted to the Rev. Gilbert Austin of London. In 1806, this distinguished elocutionist published a quarto volume of six hundred pages; and from that work I have taken the system of notation, of which the following is a specimen:—

When the right arm is elevated backwards, and the left extended forwards, in a horizontal direction, he calls the posture of the former *elevated backwards*, and notes it *eb*; and the posture of the latter *horizontal forwards*, and notes it *hf*. Now the abbreviations *eb* and *hf* are placed over any word which requires these postures of the arms, thus:—

eb—hf
Jehovah's arm

Snatch'd from the waves, and brings to me my son!*

—Douglas, Act III.

The original idea of this system of notation, says Mr. Austin, was suggested by the labour of teaching declamation.

* Although an explanation of the gestures on *Jehovah's arm*, in the above sentence, is sufficient to answer my present purpose, it may not be improper to inform the reader that another gesture is required on the word *son*.

PART III

EXERCISES IN READING AND DECLAMATION, FOR JUNIOR STUDENTS.

*For the explanation of the Characters used in the
Exercises, see page 447.*

SPEECH OF SATAN TO HIS LEGIONS.

(JOHN MILTON.)

Narrative.

He scarce had ceas'd, | when the superior fiend |
Was moving tow'rd the shore; | his pond'rous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round, |
Behind him cast; | the broad circumference^a |
Hung on his shoulders like the moon | whose orb
Through optic glass | the Tuscan artist^b views
At evening | from the top of Fes'ole, |
Or in Valdarno,^c | to descry new lands,
Riv'ers, or mountains,^d | in her spotty globe. |
His spear | (to equal which | the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills, | to be the mast
Of some great amiral,^e | were but a wand) |
He walk'd with, | to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marl, | (not like those steps
On heaven's a'zure!^f) | and the torrid clime |
Smote on him sore besides, | vaulted with fire; |
Nathless^g he so endur'd, | till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, | and call'd
His legions, | angel-forms | who lay entranc'd |

^a Sêr-kûm'fê-rêns. ^b Galileo. He was born at Florence, the capital of Tuscany, in Italy. ^c Valdarno, *Vallée di Arno* (Italian), the vale of the Arno, a delightful valley in Tuscany. ^d Moun'tins. ^e Am'i-ral (French), admiral. ^f A'zûr. ^g Nâth'lês.

Thick as autumnal^a leaves | that strow the brooks
 In Vallombrosa^b | where the Etrurian shades, |
 High over-arch'd, imbow'r ; | or scatter'd sedge,
 Afloat, | when with fierce winds, | Orion,^c arm'd, |
 Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast | whose waves o'erthrew
 Busiris,^d | and his Memphian^e chiv'alry,^f |
 While with perfidious^g hatred | they pursu'd
 The sojourners^h of Go'shen, | who beheld
 From the safe shore, | their floating carcasses, |
 And broken chariot wheels ; | so thick bestrown, |
 Abject, and lost, | lay these, | covering the flood, |
 Under amazementⁱ of their hideous^j change. |
 He call'd so loud, | that all the hollow deep
 Of hell resound'ed ! |

Speech.

Princes, | po'tentates, |
 Warriors,^k | the flow'r of heav'n, | once yours ; | now lost, |
 If such astonishment^l as this^m | can seize |
 Eternal^m spirits : | or have ye chosen this place, |
 After the toil of battle, | to repose
 Your wearied virtue, | for the éase you find
 To slumber here, | as in the vales of heav'n ? |
 Or, in this abject posture, | have ye sworn
 To adore the Conq'ror ? | who now beholdsⁿ
 Cherub, and seraph, | rolling in the flood |
 With scatter'd arms, and ensigns ; | till anon |
 His swift pursuers, | from heav'n-gates | discern^o
 The advan'tage, | and descending, | tread us down, |
 Thus drooping ; | or, with linked thunderbolts, |
 Transfix' us | to the bottom of this gulf. |
 Awake ! | arise ! | or be for ever fallen, ! |

^a A-tûm'nâl. ^b Vallombrosa (*valle*, a vale ; *ombrôso*, shady), a shady valley in the Apennines, fifteen miles east of Florence.
^c Or'ion, a constellation, in the southern hemisphere. ^d Busi'ris, Pharaoh. ^e Memphian, from Memphis, ancient capital of Egypt.
^f Shîv'al-rê. ^g Pêr-fîd'i-ûs. ^h Sô'd'urn-ûr. ⁱ A-mâz'mént.
^j Hîd'ê-ûs. ^k Wâr'yûr. ^l As-tôn'ish-mént. ^m E-tér'nâl. ⁿ Bê-hôldz, not burholds. ^o Diz-zérn'.

BRUTUS' ORATION ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

(WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.)

Romans, coun'trymen, and lovers ! | hear me for my
cause ; | and be silent | that you may hear. | Believe
me for mine honour^a ; | and have respect' unto mine
honour | that you may believe. | Censure me in your
wisdom ; | and awake your senses | that you may the
better judge. |

If there be any in this assembly, | any dear friend of
Cæsar's, | to him I say | that Brutus' love to Cæsar, | was
no less than his. | If, then, that friend demand | why
Brutus rose against Cæsar, | this is my answer : | Not
that I loved Cæsar, less,^b | but that I loved Rome more. |
Had you rather Cæsar were living, | and die all slaves, |
than that Cæsar were dead, | and live all free-men ? |

As Cæsar loved me, | I weep for him ; | as he was for-
tunate, | I rejoice at it ; | as he was valiant, | I honour him ; |
but, as he was ambitious, | I slew him. | There are tears
for his love, | joy for his fortune, | honour for his valour, |
and death for his ambition. |

Who is here so base | that [he]^c would be a bond-man ? |
If any, | speak ; | for him have I offended. | Who is here
so rude | that [he] would not be a Roman ? | If any, |
speak ; | for him have I offended. | Who is here so vile
that [he] will not love his coun'try ? | If any, | speak ; |
for him have I offended. | I pause for a reply. |

None ! | Then none have I offended. | I have done
no more to Cæsar, | than you should do to Brutus. | The
question of his death | is enrolled in the Ca'pitol ; | his glory
not extenuated, | wherein he was worthy ; | nor his
offences enforced, | for which he suffered death. |

Here comes his body, | mourned by Mark Antony :
who, though he had no hand in his death, | shall receive

^a Mine honour ; not mine-non'hur. ^b Cæsar less ; not Cæsar-less.^c The words in brackets are not in the original ; they are introduced
to make the language good English.

the benefit of his dying,—| a place in the common-wealth; | as which of you shall not? | With this, I depart: | That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, | I have the same dagger for myself, | when it shall please my country | to need my death. |

ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

(WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.)

Friends, Ro'mans, countrymen! | lend me your ears. |
I come to bury Cæsar, | not to praise him. |
The evil that men do, | lives after them; |
The good | is oft interred with their bones: |
So let it be with Cæsar. | The noble Brutus
Hath told you, | Cæsar was ambitious. |
If it were so, | it was a grievous fault; |
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it. |
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest, |
(For Brutus is an honourable man; |
So are they all, | all honourable men;) |
Come I | to speak in Cæsar's funeral. |

He was my friend, | faithful, and just to me |
But Brutus, says, he was ambitious; |
And Brutus is an honourable man. |
He hath brought many captives home to Rome, |
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill: |
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious? |
When that the poor have cried, | Cæsar hath wept. |
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. |
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious; |
And Brutus is an honourable man. |

You all did see | that, on the Lupercal,* |
I thrice presented him a kingly crown, |
Which he did thrice refuse. | Was this ambition?

* *Lupercalia*, solemn sacrifices, and plays, dedicated to Pan, kept on the 15th of February.—CICERO.

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ; |
 And Brutus is an honourable man. |
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke ; |
 But here I am to speak what I do know. |
 You all did love him once, | not without cause, |
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ? |
 O judgment ! | thou art fled to brutish beasts' ; |
 And men have lost their reason ! | Bear with me ; |
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar ; |
 And I must pause till it come back to me. |

But yesterday, | the word of Cæsar, might
 Have stood against the world : | now lies he there ; |
 And none so poor* to do him reverence. |
 O masters ! | if I were disposed | to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, |
 I should do Brutus wrong, | and Cas'sius wrong, |
 Who, you all know, | are honourable men. |
 I will not do them wrong ; | I rather choose
 To wrong the dead', | to wrong myself, and you', |
 Than I will wrong such honourable men. |

But here's a parchment, | with the seal of Cæsar. |
 I found it in his closet : | 'tis his will. |
 Let but the commons hear this testament ; |
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read) |
 And they would go, and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds', |
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ; |
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory, |
 And, dying, mention it within their wills, |
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue. |

If you have tears, | prepare to shed them now. |
 You all do know this mantle : | I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on ; |

* The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar.—
 JOHNSON.

'Twas on a summer's eve'ning, | in *his* tent : |
 That day he overcame the Ner'vii^a— |
 Look ! | in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through : |
 See what a rent the envious Casca, made : |
 Through this, | the well-beloved Brutus, stabb'd ; |
 And as he pluck'd *his* cursed steel away, |
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it ! |
 'This was the most unkindest cut of all ; |
 For when the noble Cæsar saw *him* stab, |
 Ingrat'itude, | more strong than traitor's arms, |
 Quite vanquish'd *him*. |

Then burst *his* mighty heart,
 And, in *his* mantle muffling up *his* face, |
 E'en at the base of Pompey's statue, |
 (Which all the while ran blood !) great Cæsar fell. |
 O what a fall was there, my countrymen ! |
 Then I, | and you', | and all of us, fell down, |
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd^b over us. |
 O now you weep ; | and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity. | These are gracious drops. |
 Kind souls ! | what ! | weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's ves'ture wounded ? | Look you here ! |
 Here is *himself*, | marr'd, as you see, by traitors. |

Good friends, | sweet' friends ! | let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny— |
 They that have done this deed, | are hôn'ourable ! |
 What private griefs they have, | alas ! | I know not, |
 That made them do it— | they are wise and hôn'ourable ; |
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you ! |
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts : |
 I am no orator, as Brutus is ; |
 But, as you know me all, | a plain, blunt man, |
 That love my friend ; | and that they know full well, |
 That gave me public leave to speak of *him*. |

^a Ner'vè-l. ^b That is, flourished the sword.—STEEVENS.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth, |
Action, nor utterance, | nor power of speech, |
To stir men's blood : | I only speak right on. |
I tell you *that* which you yourselves do know ; |
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, | poor, poor, dumb
mouths, |
And bid them speak for me. | But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, | there were an Antony |
Would ruffle up your spirits, | and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, | that should move
The stones of Rome | to rise in mutiny. |

[This illustrious father of English Oratory, having expressed himself in the House of Commons with his accustomed energy, in opposition to one of the measures then in agitation, his speech produced an answer from Mr WALPOLE, who, in the course of it, said, in formidable sounds, and furious declamation, confident assertions, and lofty periods, may affect the young and inexperienced; and, perhaps, the honourable gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory by conversing more with those of his own age, than with such as have had more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments." And he made use of some expressions, such as vehemence of gesture, theatrical emotion, etc., applying them to Mr PITT's manner of speaking. As soon as Mr WALPOLE sat down, Mr PITT got up and replied as follows.]

The atrocious crime of being a young man, | which the honourable gentleman has, | with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, | I shall neither attempt to palliate, nor deny; | but content myself with wishing | that I may be one of those | whose follies cease with their youth, | and not of that number | who are ignorant in spite of experience. |

Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, | I will not assume the province of determining : | but surely age may become justly contemptible, | if the opportunities which it brings | have passed away without improvement, | and vice appears to prevail | when the passions have subsided. |

The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is

surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, | and deserves not that his grey head | should secure him from insult. |

Much more is he to be abhorred, | who, as he has advanced in age | has receded from virtue, | and becomes more wicked with less temptation: | who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, | and spends the remains of his life | in the ruin of his country. |

But youth is not my only crime. | I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. | A theatrical part | may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, | or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, | and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man. |

In the first sense, | the charge is too trifling to be confuted, | and deserves only to be mentioned | to be despised. | I am at liberty, | like every other man, | to use my own language; | and though I may, perhaps, have some ambition; | yet to please this gentleman, | I shall not lay myself under any restraint, | or very solicitously copy his diction, or his mien, | however matured by age, | or modelled by experience. |

If any man shall, | by charging me with theatrical behaviour, | imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, | I shall treat him as a calumniator | and a villain: | nor shall any protection | shelter him from the treatment which he deserves. | I shall, on such an occasion, | without scruple, | trample upon all those forms | with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves: | nor shall anything but age | restrain my resentment: | age which always brings one privilege: | that of being insolent and supercilious | without punishment. |

But with regard to those whom I have offended, | I am of opinion | that if I had acted a borrowed part, | I should have avoided their censure. | The heat that offended them | is the ardour of conviction, | and that zeal for the service of my country | which neither hope nor fear | shall influence me to suppress. |

I will not sit unconcerned | while my liberty is invaded, | nor look in silence upon public robbery. | I will

exert my endeavours, | at whatever hazard, | to repel the aggressor, | and drag the thief to justice, | what power soever may protect the villainy, | and whoever may partake of the plunder. |

EXPLANATION

OF THE CHARACTERS USED IN THE EXERCISES IN
READING AND DECLAMATION.

(|) A vertical bar, employed to divide each paragraph into sections of a convenient length for concert reading.

(_) A separation mark. It signifies that the words between which it is placed should not coalesce.

(~) A rest. Where this character is employed there should be a slight suspension of the voice.

(-) A hold. The vowels over which this character is placed, should have an unusual prolongation.

(^ , ^) Acute and grave accents. They are employed to represent the rising and falling inflections, and also the emphasis in melodies. [See page 439, etc.].

(^) Acuto-grave accent, or acuto-grave circumflex. [See p. 444.]

(^) Gravo-acute accent, or gravo-acute circumflex.

(*ir*) Irony. The passage to which these letters are prefixed is ironical.

(*rp*) Reproach. When these letters are prefixed to a passage it contains the language of reproach.

(*wh*) Whisper. The passage to which these letters are prefixed should be whispered.

(1, 2, 3, 4) These numbers represent the degrees of modulation.

The italic letters represent sounds which are liable to be omitted, or imperfectly articulated. When *all* the letters in a word are italic, the word is emphatic. The emphatic words, however, are seldom, in this work, marked by italic letters.

In designating the pronunciation of words, in the foot-notes, I have used the letters which, on pages 401-403, represent the elements of the English language. No *superfluous* letters are employed, as is done by the lexicographers. The pronunciation of each word is determined by the letters which represent the sounds of which it is composed, and by the situation of the accent.